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GREATER ENGLAND.

Being a Brief Historical Sketch of

THE VARIOUS POSSESSIONS

OF

HER MAJESTY, THE EMPRESS QUEEN,

IN

EUROPE, ASIA, AFRICA, AMERICA, AND OCEANIA.

BY

J. FREDERICK HODGETTS,

Late Professor and Crown Examiner at Moscow.
Author of 'Older England,' 'The English in the Middle Ages,' 'The Champion of Odin,' Lectures on Anglo-Saxon Dress and Habits, Food and Dwellings, etc., etc., etc.

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TO

The Most Hon. the Marquis of Lorne, K.T.

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

AS A SLIGHT MARK OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE object of the following pages is to give a kind of collective historical view of the Colonial possessions of Her Majesty the Queen (*plus* the great Anglian population of the United States), and to consider the whole as one great English-speaking nation, whose unification is already almost complete, and whose disruption would be the greatest misfortune that could befall mankind.

In Germany we have recently seen the results of union from one point of view. Several minor kingdoms, speaking the same language and animated by one idea, have formed together the most splendid Empire of modern times. The little Electorate of Brandenburg has advanced, within a short and present-day experience, to the glorious position of arbitrator among nations. There is no dread of war when Germany says 'Peace.'

In our case the countries to be united are free States, not only speaking one language, but animated

by the same ideas respecting the right of man to perfect *freedom*, both in religious and in civil matters.

This peculiar bent of mind I have ventured to indicate by the expression, 'Anglian Thought;' and I have endeavoured in these pages to trace its origin and history, and to show that in forming a grand whole of all the countries where this thought prevails, we should be doing what the brave old German Emperor has done, only in a different way, and upon very different lines.

The outcome of this union would be peace; for such a grand confederation would minimise the possibility of war as much as any scheme could do it. And if a war must come, the natural alliance of thought, and speech, and blood is there already in overwhelming force.

I have consulted all the authorities within my reach when treating of our separate Colonies, and freely taken from them such facts as bear upon my views on this important question. As a traveller in many lands I have myself gained something from personal experience in the countries I refer to, but it has fallen outside the scope of the work itself to refer to that experience very specially. Nor has it come within my plan to give the results of many years of service in Prussia and in Russia.

The result of German union has been most startling in the improvements in her arts and manufactures. When I was living at Berlin (from 1858 to 1866) various articles in almost every branch of human industry were reckoned twice as valuable, at least, if bearing the stamp of English workmanship. Many unprincipled German manufacturers even went so far as to put names of English makers on their goods. When passing through Berlin on my return from Russia in 1883, I had the curiosity to go to several shops which still remained much as they were in my time, but still I found a change had taken place. The price of German goods was somewhat raised, the quality was much improved, and all were marked with German stamps. And in the very shop where I had paid four thalers for an English pocket-knife a quarter of a century before, the shopman was surprised to hear a person asking for an English knife at all. 'Why,' he said, 'we export knives now; we don't import them as my father used to do.' Twenty-five years had scarcely passed, and yet within that time the change had been immense.

Much of the improvement that I saw upon revisiting Berlin must be attributed to the new sense of confidence and of superiority given to the Germans by their success in the last war, and this success was

clearly due to the prompt action of united Germany against the common foe.

It is a short-sighted policy that would confine the attention of the wisdom of our nation to what is wanting for the welfare of this island, which, in comparison with what is claimed by our vast progeny forming the Greater England, is now a very 'Little Britain.' I want to see the plan which the late Prince Consort first conceived, of having such an empire as I have endeavoured, though very feebly, to mark out, thoroughly established. The *modus operandi* by which a widely-scattered state like 'Anglia' could be directed and administered, without infringing on the liberty of any individual portion of the whole, is not a very difficult or abstract problem, but it is one which should be left to statesmen for solution.

The experiment is well worth trying, and its success would prove that an alliance so national and so extensive, founded in peace and love, would be far stronger even than the German Empire, and far more beneficial in its influence on trade and industry. The fleets of Anglia would put a girdle round the world which could not very well be loosened, while in these days of electricity and steam there should be no more difficulty in communication with the farthest thread of this enormous network than there is now

in flashing messages from Windsor up to Downing Street.

As a prominent portion of this mighty subject is the consideration of the aborigines of Africa and other portions of the globe where we have settlements, I have devoted many of these pages to the consideration of the mode of life and habits of such races as we call savage. And here I must return my very warmest thanks to Dr. Bond and other officers of the British Museum, for their extreme kindness and great readiness in assisting me, by facilitating my use of the grand Ethnological Collection there preserved under the special care of Mr. Franks.

I have preferred to give a list of the books I have consulted while preparing this work to mentioning them constantly in footnotes at the bottom of the page, which is a practice that in the opinion of many readers greatly disfigures a book. I only claim originality in the view I take of our Asiatic possessions, and of their value to the world and to ourselves.

Fifteen years' residence in Russia has convinced me that, although some of the pessimist ideas of our alarmists are unfounded as to immediate danger from the North, the Duke of Wellington was right in saying that 'from thence our future enemy would

come.' And hence it is important for us to render all attacks of hostile powers impossible by union which is strength.

My friend Professor Ruskin, who has already in another place* expressed his sympathy with me and with the strong feeling which has impelled me to search out the moving cause of what we have good and noble in us among the records of our Scandinavian past, writes me a letter in answer to my request that he would send me a few words by way of preface. Short as the letter is, it is so strongly to the point that I have yielded to the wish of other friends, and have printed it as an introduction by a great man to the public of a writer whose name has been too short a time before them to ensure success or even a kind hearing.

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* Lectures at Oxford on 'The Pleasures of Learning,' 1884.

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire.

23rd Feb., '87.

Dear Mr. Hodgetts,

I rejoice to hear of your being at work on this lovely subject, but cannot myself write a word on any subject, now, that touches my sense of incurable ignorance. And I am ignorant beyond hope of any cure of the nature of what you call 'Anglian Thought.' But I have the deepest respect for your many-branched historic learning, and deep and warm sympathy with your generous enthusiasm; and I am sure (if my surety be of any weight with publisher or public) that whatever you record of the past or recommend to the future will be faithful, delightful, and wise.

Ever affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

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GREATER ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

LITTLE BRITAIN.

Macaulay was quite right when he said that 'nothing in the early history of Britain gave promise of her future glory.' He was quite right if he only regarded the dwellers on the soil, just before the advent of the Romans, as Britons. He was quite wrong if he confounded *us* with Britons. The Britons never were great. They had none of the elements of greatness in them. A more miserable set of despicable savages never disgraced the earth. Macaulay's other friend, the New Zealander, in his tattooed and savage state, with somebody else's thigh-bone as an ornament and a collar of shark's teeth by way of costume, was a gentleman compared to the disgusting brute described by Cæsar as a Briton!

I hold that a nation may be judged by the manner in which their women are treated. The Australian savage dies out because he has fallen so low as to ill-

use his poor, wretched *gin*, whom he glories in beating and degrading. The New Zealander was a warrior, and could afford to treat his wife or wives with respect, but the debased brute described by Cæsar was, in his treatment of women, such a despicable rascal that the modern pen, hard though it be, would refuse to chronicle his foulness. Yet we get mixed about Britons, and English people pride themselves on being descended from those whom Cæsar describes with indignation and contempt.

As Macaulay further remarks: 'Britain was the last of Rome's conquests and the first of her conquests to be laid aside.' Quite true, but of no interest to us as Englishmen who never—thank God!—stooped to take directly from the Romans either a word of their language or the faintest tinge of their manners, until the Church of Rome spread over all the then known world and imparted to us some of her influence, but not until two centuries had passed, seeing us masters of the British soil which had become England.

These wretched savages were always quarrelling amongst themselves, but were unable to face a foe, and when the Romans left them they began to whine for their conquerors to come back and help them against the Scots (who seem to have been in every respect a superior race) and the Picts.

Having been taught to call ourselves Britons because we were born on the island formerly called Britain (as if a man must be a horse because he was

born in a stable!), we have grown to be ashamed of the accounts brought down to us by the muse of history of those who are thus taken to be our ancestors, and, instead of reading the truth on her pages, we try to make her authorities in the wrong when they say disagreeable things of Britons. We say that the account given by Gildas is fictitious, that William of Malmsbury knew nothing about the British race, that the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* was biassed in some way or other, that the Venerable Bede was an old woman, and Alfred the Great a copyist; that the *Brut* is a mere translation of one-sided fiction, and those dear, good Britons, our respected progenitors, were maligned!

But Cæsar was not the man to have been biassed. It would not have paid anybody to suggest to him to abuse the Britons in his *Commentaries* 'for the sake of unborn millions!' Nor had he any interested motives for painting the Britons of a deeper dye than their own woad could produce.

I have, before writing this little book, devoted years to the patient study of Nennius, Gildas, William of Malmsbury, Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, Layamon's *Brut*, the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, Cæsar's *Commentaries*, Tacitus (*Hist. Germ.*), Sharon Turner's *History of the Anglo-Saxons*, and other books bearing on this important question; and the result of much groping in the works of ancient writers is the conviction that whether some of these are improperly influenced by their partial feelings or not, they all agree in one point, which is

that, of all the people subdued by the Romans, the Britons were the lowest and most degraded.

That they were unable to cope with the warrior Scots (Irishmen they should be called properly) and Picts, there is absolutely no reason whatever to doubt; that they called in the help of the Scandinavian Teutons, there is no ground whatever to disbelieve; and that such heroes as Hengist and Horsa really existed, although doubted, has never been disproved. I have brought forward some evidence on this point in the *Antiquary*, in a series of papers on 'The Scandinavian Elements in English History,' published last year.

There was amongst the Scandinavians a small tribe of warriors, whose local habitation was in the obscure district near Sleswig Holstein in Denmark, called Angeln. These people called themselves generically Danes, but specifically Angelsk-men, or men of Angeln. The pronunciation of *sk* in Scandinavian languages, under certain circumstances, resembles the English *sh*. The word in question would be pronounced Angelsk-man or Angelsh-man; the true adjective form would become Ængelisk-man, pronounced Engelish-man, which is our name to-day, as it was in the fifth century.

We came from Angeln, and, according to Scandinavian custom, brought with us a handful of English earth on the brow of each dragon-ship, and a heartful of the legendary lore of Thor, Odin, Baldur, and Valhalla, in the memory of each man. We brought our

scalds to sing our praises and to keep us in mind of the dear old saga literature of our youth, and, more than all, we brought our wives and households with us, for we were good husbands in those days, and loved and honoured woman as something nearer to the gods than we. Her words were often inspired and always respected. So we brought wife, priestess, vala (or prophetess) to Britain. There we found the 'land good, but the men beyond all measure vile, mean, base, and cowardly.' They had small swords, or daggers, made of bronze to imitate the Roman gladius, but we bore with us such a sword as had laid Rome's legions low. We asked the Briton where his foe was lurking, and marched against this enemy, whom we soon routed.

The Britons were delighted, but despised us because, forsooth, they were baptized and we were not! They were good Christians! but we did not like the creed. Ours pleased us better. Odin was Allfather; he would reward the faithful, and we *were* faithful unto death. We knew that in his mead-hall we should quaff the golden mead in gold-tipped drinking horns, while the sage song-god Bragé would sing the praise of Odin and ourselves until the last day came, when heaven and earth should pass away to be succeeded by a new, resplendent, eternal heaven, called Gimlé the Golden, and that should never pass away.

Aye! we were Danes—spear bearing, shield cleaving, fighting Danes; and these poor, crawling cowards dared despise us—*us*, who were champions of Odin!

Who were *they*, with their pale Roman gods—their Peter, Paul, James, John, and others such? No, our gods were warriors, not puling monks with all their hair shorn close, with neither sword, nor lance, nor helmet! Gods, quotha?

We have fought with aborigines like these (only not quite so sunk in vice and lost to decency)—fought during fourteen centuries, and it has ever been the same old story. Down with the *Welsh* (for so we called a foreigner of Roman stock in those old days), up with the English flag!

We called them Welsh, and they in turn dubbed us all '*Sassenach*,' meaning a foreigner, a word which became applied to all those Germans living near the Gauls, while the term 'Welsh' is used by us for men of Wales, and by the Germans for the men of Rome. 'Sassenach,' reduced to 'Saxon,' is used in speaking of the dwellers in a certain part of Germany, and by the Welsh in speaking of us.

The Britons could not keep their land against the Picts, who were half-naked savages, but very brave. How could they keep it, then, against such men as we? No, they went down. We drove them out, and soon our matrons formed a brighter Angeln in the corner of the island that we took. The Britons threatened us with curses from their priests, and then we laughed and raised gigantic stones to Odin—stones that he loved, set up in such grand circles as those we had at home. Soon Scandinavia lived again in Britain. The sacrifice

to Thor and Odin smoked where formerly a Christian temple stood, and we were merry. We quaffed the golden mead, the rich brown ale, and slew the Britons.

We had a store of learning with us. The scalds brought legends of our ancient home, of mighty gods, of deeds that we had done; and we were lords of Britain, which we divided, as time wore on, among the various kindred tribes that joined us—all sons of Odin, children of the sword.

Gildas, a monk of British blood, who saw us still advancing in our pagan pride, waging a devastating war upon his kinsmen, reproaches them with having made no effort to Christianise their foes. He pours out lamentable groans upon their many vices, and adds to these the vice of want of charity in not approaching nearer to the English and making them, too, Christians.

This would be very much as though some well-intentioned Maori should have endeavoured to convert to his belief an English Governor, say, Sir George Grey, for instance, who in his kind benevolence of heart has done so much to make New Zealand love him. *That* would be too much for even him. And just as difficult—nay, more so—would it be to think of Scandinavian warriors listening to men whom they despised for want of valour, the chief and greatest good in their Odinic code!

We talk of our forefathers at the present day in the most vague and contradictory way. We glory in King Arthur, who was the enemy of our race. Grant

him a brave and able warrior, but he was no more an Englishman than Tippoo Sahib or Napoleon Bonaparte. Then when King Alfred comes upon the scene—the greatest man, or one of them, our race has yet produced—we call him Anglo-Saxon! *He* called his people and his language *English*, and surely he must have known what he was doing when he employed the words!

We seem to have taken to the name of Briton because the first inhabitants of England were called by it, and yet we grow more inconsistent when the Normans come and take from us what we had taken from the Britons! Many a turncoat Englishman in these degenerate days boasts of his Norman blood as though (even if he possessed it, which he does not) it were a thing to boast of. Some men claim to be Saxon, but few have cared to know that they are really English.

One of the old Odinic laws forbade the champions of the faith to marry with the daughters of another race. The priestess, vala, wife, was worshipped as a demi-goddess. With her the right lay to divorce her husband should he prove *Nithing*, that is, mean, or base, or cowardly. These women did not wield the sword, but they inspired the warriors, who for their praise would 'rush on death, and laugh, and die.' There was no foe *they* feared, but all feared them. Even the legions of proud Rome, at the first sight they had of Gothic warriors, laid down their arms and

fled. Marius could never bring them to the charge until he hit upon the plan of forming an encampment, by which his men might grow accustomed to the eagle wings, chain mail, and frightful battle-axes wielded by men of giant size, taller than our Life-guardsmen. These men, against whose spear and sword the armoured ranks of Rome herself formed no defence, these warriors who 'laughed at death, and died,' were courteous and gentle to their women, whom they believed to be the best and purest on the earth. Before their women they were most respectful, holding them in awe as well as love, and something of their spirit has, I am very proud to feel, come down to us. And would these women let their sons wed with Britons?

Compare the high-souled English with the Britons Cæsar paints. Compare their Anglian thoughts with the gross impurity of thought and manners in the Arthurian cycle of later British legends, and then say which is the prouder title, Englishman or Briton.

The fact seems very clear to me that, being retentive of their ancient customs, the English were *as* English here in Britain as they had been at home in Angeln or any part of Scandinavia. They were conservatives, and their old customs have most of them come down to us. Some of these, though pagan as can be, have even been called Christian. So little do we know either of our history or ourselves.

The faith which we brought with us has not quite died out, in consequence of this conservatism. We

call the days that form our week precisely as we called them fifteen hundred years ago, and even the Church of Rome, with all the power she possessed, could not effect the simple change of having Sunday christened the Lord's Day, though this was tried in the eighth century.

These names are those of seven Pagan gods: Baldur (the sun); Máni (the moon); Tys, a youthful warrior; Odin, the god of wisdom; Thor, the god of war, whose province is to slay the giants; Freya, the goddess of domestic bliss; and Surtur, the destroyer.

The sequence of these seven days is full of mystic teaching, and it is very curious that something of this teaching should have been seen by Shakespeare, the greatest and most English Englishman of all the glorious workers in the glorious field of English literature. The myth of our week (which I treated more at length in a paper read before the British Archæological Association some years ago) is briefly as follows:—

Man, the sun-child, the offspring of the gods, is born into the recipiency of all delight. The earliest age is one of bliss and perfection; the numeral *one* is divine. It means Odin, as his name means *one*. And as he is the leader of the gods, the ordinal is 'First' (cognate with German *Fürst*), a leader or a prince.

Born into the world, the sun-child requires tuition, so he is placed under the tutelage of the warrior Máni, whose badge is a white shield (the moon). He rules

the tides, marshals the months, and, being lord of the sea, is, on account of the emblematical value of water (meaning external knowledge which has not yet become actual wisdom) the fitting guide to bring youth forwards on the onward course. The number two means the first separation of the two primal elements, goodness and truth, or love and wisdom. Therefore, Máni rules the second day.

When the young soldier has achieved some deed which may procure him entrance to the Ting, or meeting-place of warriors, he comes directly under the protection of the youthful god called Tys, or Tyr. And here it may be noticed that Tyr is the first of the Valhalla group whose name is given, the former days being indicated merely by the attributes of the respective gods. And three means what is most divine. The holy three is always predicated of the gods as Odin, Villi, and Ve. Henceforward the young warrior becomes one of those who may wear the blood-red camb (or kamb, or comb) upon his leathern hat or cap, which dubs him kæmber (pronounced chemper), or wearer of the comb, whence our word champion and the Latin cambri.

Then comes the fourth and most important day or state, middle life, which Odin guards for himself as his own special day, hence our Wednesday. The champion now may wear the eagle's wings bound to the iron or gold ring that forms the base of Odin's helm, which is a leathern cap surrounded by a ring, and

further guarded by two half rings of iron crossing each other at the apex, and permitting the purple coloured cap to be discerned below. This is the prototype of our imperial crown, which is more English than men generally think. Upon this day once every year the mystery of Odin's Ash Yggdrassill is explained. On this Ash Wednesday, the myth of the tree which is the Cosmos is expounded. It has nine roots reaching to nine inferior worlds, each one of which is gnawed at by a serpent; the mighty trunk, whose wood forms Odin's spear-shaft, pierces the circular disc called middle-earth, which is the place where men abide. Here in the centre, near the tree, the earth is green and lovely; beyond, the waters flow named Eilivágr, or the ocean, where the monster serpent, one of Loké's progeny, is cast, holding his tail between his jaws, forming the mystic ring to keep the world together. Beyond the waves of Eilivágr are the hills of ice, the terrible abode of giants, foes of the gods and men. Returning to the centre of the plane of earth, the mighty stem of Yggdrassill, we come to where a mountain rises, called Valhalla. Upon this mountain Odin sits enthroned; upon each shoulder sits a mystic raven. One is called Hugin and the other Munin, meaning respectively the memory and the mind. A squirrel, Rattatösk, runs up and down the tree, bearing to Odin news of what is done below amongst the mortals.

There is a plain below this mountain called Idavöllr, where the gods and champions chosen from the battle-

field meet and practice warlike games, and round the plain twelve gleaming dwellings are arranged, in each of which some god or goddess dwells, their homes together forming Asgárd, or the dwelling of the Æsir.

A rainbow forms the bridge between Valhalla and the earth, and is continued downwards to the nine roots of Yggdrassill, forming the nine worlds which are the 'lower earth,' and this is under the control of Hela, another of the progeny of Loké, the calumniator of the gods. Here flock all cowards, all adulterers, all liars, all who die a peaceful death, without the wound upon the breast that stamps them sons of Odin. Her name still lives among us as the abode of evil spirits rather than a person, but it is the word.

Four is the square of two, the reunion of what had been severed, making a perfect number; hence Odin is perfection. He is maturity, he is manhood deified, wise beyond all conception: so the fourth day is his.

Thursday is corrupted from the old word Thunresday, or Thunder's Day, meaning the Day of Thunder, the Day of Thor, the god of battles, who also is the god of thunder. When man has reached maturity he is assailed by various desires and cravings, which he must subdue. The first of these is a grim giantess, by name, 'The Love of Gold.' She must be quelled, with others of her kin, who, as a step in their assault upon the gods, attack poor mortals on the middle-earth; these would be swallowed up and lost but for the aid of Thor, who rushes to the rescue.

The descent of a divinity pervades all Aryan myths. It was a truth foreshadowed in the vedas, repeated in a different form in our own Scandinavian myth, and constantly, though not so awfully approached, in the mythologies of Greece and Rome. It was the remnant of some very ancient teaching foreshadowing what surely would take place.

Thursday is then a state of conflict with our baser passions, called Eoten, or eaters, in the eddas, because all sensuality is selfish, and would assimilate and make its own whatever seems to gratify desire. The strife must come, the eaters must be vanquished, but not by man alone.

Then comes rejoicing in Valhalla. The spear-heads glisten and the helm-rings gleam; the chain-mail byrnie rustles, the eagle pinions in the helmets wave aloft, towering above the warriors on parade. Then Odin comes to see his champions; he rides his war-horse Sleipner, and as he rides twelve hundred times twelve hundred champions draw their flashing swords; they strike their gold-bound shields, and their applause descends below to Hela and the dead, who, pale with fear, tremble like aspens at the martial din.

Five is the symbol number of great force, wherefore the fingers of our hand are five, and Thor himself, the god of strength, is called the Five-strong god, or Fimbultyr, to whom the fifth day must be dedicated.

The war is over. What reward may man demand

for such a victory? When all the viler passions are subdued, but not before, he is considered worthy to receive the holiest, best, and noblest gift that Odin can bestow, who tells the goddess Freya to furnish forth a bride to bless the valiant champion. A being full of love, whose golden heart is shadowed forth by the long tresses that deck her lovely head, whose eyes have in them the colour of forget-me-nots—which is the colour of the skies, from whence she came and whither she is ever hoping to return, bearing her champion with her—she who shall be to him a priestess, prophetess, and friend, now comes as his reward.

Six is a perfect number: the holy three is multiplied by two, and man is only perfect when united to a wife whose love shall cheer him in the hour of gloom and nerve his arm to doughtier deeds in battle.

Seven is, according to some creeds, most holy, being the junction of the holy three with four, the square of two; but in the Scandinavian system it, like eleven, means disaster. On the seventh day Satur, or Surtur, comes from Muspelheim, the abode of flames. He rushes over Bifröst, the glowing bridge, by mortals called the rainbow. Heimdal, the porter of the gods, seizes his horn. The golden cock with the blood-red comb gives out his warning note. The gods arise to combat, the champions charge, the monsters are unloosed, and rush to the attack. Flames consume Valhalla, the monsters destroy the gods, and are slain by them.

Heaven and earth pass away, to be succeeded by a new heaven, Gimlé the Golden, and a new earth, which shall not pass away.

A grand, manly, noble system is the Odinic creed, and one that we should study rather than the licentious details of the Greek and Roman *culte*, which truly do not suit us. Our teachers try to force them on us, but neither Greek nor Latin, generally speaking, stops in English heads, and the foul legends of the Greek mythology are mostly too unfitted to our tastes to stay long after.

The names of days of the week are not the only remnants of this martial *culte*. The ceremonies marking various times and seasons of the year are Scandinavian. The good Augustine could no more have banished 'Yule' and 'Easter' than he could have banished winter time and summer. Yule was christened into Christmas, but it remained a pagan feast for all the change in name, having no more connexion with our Saviour's birth than with any other event in that august procession of His works of mercy which marked His stay on earth.

Yule is a softening of the ancient Geolg, which was the twelfth of Odin's mystic names, and therefore given to the festival at which his praise was sung, and where his health was drank. Ostensibly the feast was a conjoint one devoted to his service, and to Baldur, whose death was mourned on Christmas Eve, the 'Mother Night' of all the year. The mistletoe, the holly, and other things held sacred to this beaming one, have been

explained already in a work called *Older England*, to which I may refer the reader curious in such details.* Easter has retained the name of Eostra, wife of Auster, who was one of the supernatural guardians of the four pillars on which the dome over Valhalla was supported. Her function was to draw the purple curtain of the dawn to let the hero-god Baldur ride in his chariot into Valhalla. So important a goddess was not likely to be forgotten by the rough and ready, but chivalric and poetic, sons of the North, from whom we are descended. And as the Jewish Paschal-time coincided very nearly with this feast, and the crowning act of glory recorded in the Christian writings took place at the same period, we find the pagan name preserved, though the modern feast of Easter refers to the resurrection of the Christian Christ, and not to that of pagan Baldur, albeit the agreement in the world of nature and the world of mind on this auspicious point bears out my argument that early man saw in the outer world reflex phenomena of spiritual life: hence the remarkable accordance between all systems of mythology and certain natural phenomena, and, further still, with actual revelation.

The reverence for, and peculiar value of, number both in mythology and revelation has been quite lost sight of, yet we are told in the only book of Christian prophecy that he who has wisdom should

* *Older England.* First and Second Series. Whiting and Co. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1884.

'count the number of the beast.' Again, after enumerating certain numbers, the comment is, 'Herein is wisdom.'

The Scandinavians venerated three, four, five, six, and twelve, because they meant respectively, divinity, completeness, strength, perfection, and entirety of all the elements required for the highest order of perfection. Hence with them the duodecimal system was in favour, which we retain in having twelve pence to make a shilling, and in other matters. They had twelve months to make a year, whereas the Romans had but ten. The Roman year, before the Roman intercourse with 'barbarians,' ended with December, and lacked July and August, which were added in honour of Julius and Augustus Cæsar respectively; but they were added in imitation of the Teutons, whose religion and whose arts were all derived from Scandinavia. The Romans, too, had no particular names for any of their weekdays until they took the Scandinavian names, replacing them by names of Roman gods as nearly as they could obtain them: thus, Sunday was *Dies Solis*, Monday, *Dies Lunæ*, neither of which names meant anything in Roman ears beyond the name for the celestial bodies, sun and moon. They would certainly have called these days by other names had they but known the mythic teaching of the Northern week. *Dies Martis* gives the warrior god fairly enough, but they were blocked by Odin, for whom they substituted Mercury, the god of

cunning, patron of thieves and robbers, having no more relation to the solemn, awful Father of All than Julius Cæsar had to our Jack Sheppard. Thursday, the day of Thunder, is of course translated *Dies Jovis*, Jupiter being the god who thundered. This was apt enough, and perhaps the reason why the day of Odin was not translated *Dies Jovis*, which in all respects would have been better, in that the function of the chieftain of the gods is better rendered by Jupiter than Mercury. Friday is recognised as a lady's day, and Venus stands (*Heu pudor!*) for our Freya; hence *Dies Veneris* is Friday among the Latin-speaking people of Europe. Satur is so near to Saturn in sound that the transition seems natural, independently of the respective functions of the two deities. In later times, when Christianity was introduced, the Roman Church contrived to substitute the name of *Dominus* for 'Sol,' and *Dies Domini*, or the Lord's Day, was adopted in Latin-speaking countries. A form of this *Dies Dominici* has been in France corrupted into *Dimanche*. A form of Surtur in the south of Germany is *Samtar*, whence in those parts of the empire the name for Saturday is *Samstag*, transformed in French to *Samedi*.

With us, as more conservative of ancient things than other people are, the old traditions of our race remain, though changed in form, for many a nursery tale and many a rustic superstition is traceable to Anglian thought, quite as much so is the desire to put off to sea and colonise far distant lands with

English thoughts of high antiquity brought down to civilise the desert and replace the savage.

The glowing, flashing, martial heaven of Odin's warriors remains with us unconsciously, for the old blind Puritan who sang the fall of man two centuries ago has reproduced Valhalla in the clash and clang of arms in heaven. He was acquainted, when in Holland, with a translation into Latin by the scholar Junius of Cædmon's Early English or Anglo-Saxon poem upon this subject, and though this poem of Cædmon is the work of Christian art, it bears within it traces of early Anglian thought, which I believe is such a soil for growth of Christian truth that even our paganism in pre-Christian times was less opposed than other creeds have been to the development of actual truth.

There was a love of freedom in the Scandinavian heart that would not brook control, and when the good Augustine and his priests arrived in England to convert our sires, they would not take a word on mere authority which they could not at once and clearly understand. They weighed the matter thoroughly, and they rejected certain dogmas altogether, and put so many questions as puzzled good Pope Gregory to answer. Many of these are given by the Venerable Bede in his curious and useful history.

We have maintained this right, and every Englishman, whether a citizen of London, or New York, or Melbourne, has the same instinct that inspired his ancestors at once and firmly to assert it.

Our honour to the gentler sex is purely Anglian. Woman is our queen, our mother, wife. The silly make-believe of this respect for her in the French-Norman days was but a parody upon the thing which had existed in the olden time, and which, becoming tainted by the grossness of 'Romance,' declined until again Teutonic Luther flung a fresh javelin at Rome by the espousal of a nun. No nation saw the value of the Reformation so thoroughly as we, the sons of Rome's hereditary foes. It was an *English* feeling. Freedom for the soul, and English hearts beat once again when thus appealed to.

The course of justice in the Scandinavian lands was twofold—military and civil. In military questions arms were appealed to, and the judges who presided had the right to say, if they thought proper, that the combat should be stayed, judging by certain signs which of the combatants was right before the death of one of them cleared up all doubts for ever. The trial by battle was still part of English law as late as the year 1818, and the Royal Champion's Office had not been abolished when William IV. was crowned.

In civil matters we had judge and jury, where the number twelve—the emblem of completeness—prevailed. The ancient Ting was like our parliament, where king and yarls and freemen met in arms to legislate, to try offenders, and to debate on war. The king was an elected monarch, chosen either from the royal race or from the yarls or nobles. The titles, king

and earl (which anciently was pronounced as iarl) remain still with us, so does alderman, although the word no longer means a prince.

The king would take his stand on such a stone erection as that in Kent, there called Kitt's Cotty House. Around him, on single stones ranged in a ring like those in Salisbury Plain, the yarls stood armed except the lance. They formed a ring about their leader, and beyond that ring the freemen stood who held their lands on military tenure. Outside these, again, the ceorls (modern churls or peasants) were crowded in a wider ring.

It was the privilege of any person called to attend the 'Ting' to speak his mind freely and fully. Speech was 'free under heaven,' so that when the turn came to the poorest freeman he might say his say with the most powerful yarl. Churls and thralls did not speak, nor did the traders.

The house-ting was a meeting for some special local or domestic purpose, and was often held on temporary platforms. Hence our hus-ting, where, strange to say, the word rather implies the wooden platform than the meeting.

The ceremony opened with religious forms. A victim was devoted to the gods, and from the warm, still beating heart or lungs an augury was drawn, which often would decide the question, to debate on which the 'Ting' had been convened, before it could be put. No roof could intervene between these war-

riors and their gods; the temple had no roof save that which formed the floor of high Valhalla.

When military oaths were taken men swore upon the sword, to them the dearest, highest, holiest of their possessions. In civil matters—at least in Scandinavia—the ring was used, and military oaths, when sworn upon the ring, were not considered binding. Therefore, when Alfred, who had no idea of this distinction, made the Danes take an oath upon their rings or bracelets, because he knew that oaths *were* taken on a ring, they took the oath, and—broke it, for he should have sworn them on the sword, an oath they would have kept, because the question was a military one.

Our reverence for the ring remains in marriage, which in the old pre-Christian times was celebrated by exchange of certain gifts denoting various duties in the married state. The bride would give a shirt of chain-mail armour, a sword and spear, and helmet. The bridegroom gave a pair of oxen, a plough, a horse caparisoned for war, a sword, a spear, and shield. These were to show her that her jurisdiction extended over the whole estate, and that her duty was to see the fields attended to as well as the inner house and 'bower,' where the maidens spun and wove their cloth or worked their tapestry, and, more than this, her duty to her lord called her to ride behind him when he marched forth to war, to tend his wounds, encourage him in fight, bear witness to his valour, or slay him on the spot should he retreat.

These mutual presents were at last dispensed with. Golden rings were substituted, which were exchanged instead of the more clumsy gifts referred to. In Scandinavia and in Germany the interchange of rings takes place at the present day. With us the bridegroom gives the ring and 'all his worldly goods,' in token that the gift of so great a boon as a good wife is worth all other worldly considerations, while the form of the ring, being that assumed by the Midgárd serpent to hold the world together, was, and remains, a token of the binding and enduring nature of the contract.

The various kindred tribes speaking one language, having one faith, one common interest in settling here, made slow and steady way against the Kymri, whom they cut down and dispossessed, whom they made slaves of as a lower race—as we continued still to do with Africans until not very long ago—were far too warlike to remain at peace, and many wars took place before the kingdoms of the English could be united, fused into one as England. To this great end the spread of Christianity contributed. The judicious government of a queen, the wise and noble-hearted Saxburga, did much to soften and improve the countries which in her time were already approaching towards the union finally accomplished by the valour and prudence of an Egbert.

The greatness of King Alfred lay in his self-conquest and his power as a warrior, which displayed itself in the use of the sword, for which his natural gentleness

of disposition and state of physical suffering greatly unfitted him. Having subdued himself, he quelled the Scandinavian tribes that harassed the shores of his island. Thinking only for his people, living and working but for them, this monarch raised them to a place among the nations of the earth to which their selfishness and ignorance would have prevented their attaining. He, who thought little of himself, and gave himself a willing sacrifice for England, is the only English king to whom the title 'Great' has ever been applied.

The English disposition led to lavish hospitality and careless jollity rather than to steadfast application. The vice of Scandinavia was drink, but in the older time, when fierce activity enabled men to throw off readily the sad effects of drunkenness, no great amount of harm ensued from copious draughts. When peace and idleness set in the consequences were disastrous. A carelessness about the active duties of a citizen resulted, and Alfred's problem was to move the inert mass, which first had to be disciplined in the hard school of grim adversity before it could be roused. This vice apart, the early Englishman was a far better fellow than his Norman cousin. He was not cunning, cruel, or suspicious, but lived an open-handed, careless, free-and-easy sort of life, at variance with the sterner laws and martial rule he owned in former times. His hall was like the Scandinavian home, to which his mind continually referred. It was wide, straggling, un-

defended, open to the stranger with lavish hospitality, and full of stores of food.

The supine folly of a later king, more than three-quarters monk, gave the fair land of England to the spoiler, who, after all, was near akin by blood to us. For William was descended from Rolf Ganger, one of the yarls who, to escape the tyranny of Harold Háfagra, had colonised the opposite coast, and there his progeny and that of all his host gave up their Northern language, with their creed, and became Frenchmen. When the time arrived that they should seek a home in England they came as foes into a kinsman's land. Here, too, the supine sluggishness to which the English sank helped the invaders, who, constantly at war in France, retained their warlike nature, some few traditions of the Scandinavian past, but certainly no love for Englishmen.

The numbers of the Normans were so small that any well-directed effort of our sires would easily have put them to the sword. But many thanes held distantly aloof, partly from jealousy of Harold, partly from indolence, and let the Normans riot as they would.

The wide and hospitable Saxon 'Hall' gave place to Norman 'Castles,' built not to protect the people but to keep them down. The Tower was built to overawe the Londoners, Rochester Castle to subdue the men of Kent. Those piles remain to show us what we gained by change of masters—and the land was full of such! Laws were enacted dealing with us—with *us*,

descendants of the sons of Odin!—as though we were a flock of sheep, a tribe of conquered savages, not as the nation over which a kinsman of our monkish king had come to rule and raise from barbarism.

The early Scandinavians hated walls and towers, but the Norman Frenchman, by association with the Franco-Roman race, had lost this feeling. We had retained it. We had remembered the grand old Viking maxim:—

'Have no house upon deck, seek no safety in walls;
Behind walls lurk the coward and slave.
Be thy shield then thy bed and thy broadsword thy trust;
Odin's sky is the roof of the brave.'

The oppression with which the Normans, when they were safe behind their walls, treated the English fills many a page of the Saxon Chronicles. They invented tortures such as had never been known before, one of which was called the 'Sachentage,' and consisted of a heavy collar of iron attached to a long piece of wood or beam in such a manner as to prevent the wretch who had been forced to wear it from lying down or standing up with ease! Other direful torments they invented with which to destroy the English body and soul. Then they quarrelled amongst each other, making England bear the brunt of these intestine wars.

In contemplating the two kin races shut up to fight the grimmest fight that history records within the

limits of a little island, we are forced to compare the relative advantages provided for that island by each respectively. First we have the English homestead, open in profuse and lavish hospitality, the host a careless but good-natured sort of fellow, who would not see his thralls (or serfs) illused by others. The Church was in the hands of monkish priests, whose rule was not so strict as it might have been, perhaps, with some advantage; good-natured fellows, too, not averse to cakes and ale, and, as a rule, not given to asceticism. In point of fact, the Church was queerly served, but whether the people suffered more or less from this remains an open question. Hospitality was a virtue cultivated in hall and cloister. No man was turned away who craved a fair night's rest and food while on a journey.

The hall was in pure Scandinavian taste, accessible by two doors, one at the north end the other at the south. Along the walls were tapestries, the work of the lady and her maidens, and near these, but not quite in contact, were the ale benches, far enough removed to allow the maidens of the household to pass behind the guests to fill their horns with mead. The shield and arms of each respective warrior hung on the wall behind his seat; before the warriors or guests were tressels on which long planks were laid to form the 'board;' these were covered with a dainty cloth, and furnished with the bowl, the punctured spoon, sometimes the wooden platter. Knife, of course,

there was none, for the curved dagger or seax was the ready instrument with which to cut the solid food. Forks were unknown.

The line of benches on the western wall was broken by the high bank, subsequently called the daïs, on which the table of the lord and lady of the house, together with their more honoured guests, would sit. From these, in regular gradation, the friends, retainers, and those menials sat whose duty did not call them to be active at the fire.

This fire was in the centre of the hall, and round it the cooks plied their busy trade. The cauldron or kettul (kettle) sent up its fragrant steam, mingled with the smoke that rose in a murky column blackening the rafters as it went. In the centre of the hall, that is, between the fire and the tables—*for there were never any tables in the centre*—a space was left for servitors, who brought the bowls of soup from the reeking cauldron, or joints of meat, or birds upon the spit, to the warriors to whom these dainties were presented *en face*, for only the damsels of the house were privileged to go behind them, and no warrior sat with his back to the fire! the intervening space was filled with gleemen or minstrels, and various persons engaged to amuse the guests.

So that after all things were not so very bad in Merry England.

Let us turn to the interior of a Norman castle fifty years later. The baron sits in his hall, but

this is guarded by thick walls in which are narrow apertures through which to shoot at foes. (Why are there foes in one broad land?) The baron on his daïs has three companions: one an esquire, another is a palmer from the Holy Land, a third a Norman knight just come to England on a visit. Upon the table there are no horn cups for beer and mead, but silver flagons full of costly wine, and each man save the palmer has a silver cup—he has a cup of water. The fire burns also in mid chamber, but there is no sound of joy. The baroness is ill, she cannot bear the fogs of the 'accursed island,' so there are no ladies present. Round the wall there runs a sort of platform on which two sentinels are pacing, who ever and anon look through the oylette holes into the gloom beyond. Above, upon the ramparts, sentries pace, all keeping jealous watch. The drawbridge—new to England—is drawn up, and every portion of the castle shows a glittering lance-head gleaming in the moonlight as the soldiers pass from post to post.

Below the hall, which is not on the lower floor but higher up, in what would be the first floor of a modern house, below this is the donjon with its dreadful engines made to tear men limb from limb, to flay them living, and otherwise to torture them, some of such foul and ghastly sort as to describe would be a work of torture in itself. God help the English prisoner within the Norman baron's hold!

There is a horn without. The baron starts. It is

repeated. At last a troop of Norman horse arrives. One of their number has been shot down by men in ambuscade, and as the rest know not what men these were, the law decides that they were English.

'Pile up the fire in the torture-chamber. Prepare the direst tortures ever yet devised. Harry the nearest villages, bring in what ye may find of human form—old men, young maidens, anything, but torture them!'

Then there is mounting in fierce haste to find the victims, and the Roman rule sits heavy on the land. The Gothic spear is blunt, and Rome is now the victor through these recreant sons of warlike Scandinavia, who, having lost their language and their name, are truly of 'the she-wolf's litter,' being half wolves, half men, real actual bisclaverts, or, as the English phrased it, 'wer-wolves.'

Alas for Merry England in such hands!

For more than a century such things as these were borne, and they were hard to bear, but it was fortunate for us that Norman wolves behaved thus savagely, in that it kept us from becoming Normans in our thoughts, and from assuming the detested Latin mixed with Frankish and Scandinavian words, which jargon we were required to assume.

These horrors saved our noble language and ourselves. Force can do nothing in a case like this. The people—not the peasants, but the people—the bulk of those who lived in England, loved their dear speech the more for having it suppressed. Writers arose who

knew the English heart, and books were written in the English tongue instead of monkish Latin or Norman French. And these were loved and read. There are two copies extant of the English version of the poem called *The Brut*, a metrical account in English of the whole story of the island known in the Norman times, and much mixed up with fable. English lives of saints, homilies, and translations were actually produced in secret, and now exist to show how strong the love of English was in Englishmen.

Then came the Crusades, which, taking off the Normans to make war upon the Turks, relieved us from the pressure. Those who remained behind in England were in a minority. Their influence was shown in the licentious manners of the clergy, and in a loosening of the respect for woman which had marked our early sires as good and moral men. This poison rankled. It was fought against, not by a mighty thane or belted knight, but by one who knew the people, and the people—not the peasants and the untaught vulgar, but the better sort of yeomen, certain lords included—made a guerilla fight against oppression. The outlaws of the time were not all robbers; on the contrary, they were in general high-souled and valiant men who formed the 'opposition' so to speak. They warred against the clergy, who were really evil-doers, taking the bread the peasant earned out of his mouth to sell again that *they* might fare the better. The Normans were waylaid and slain, the English rose,

gained courage, and in time displayed that bent of thought which since has leavened all the world with love of freedom. The Northmen, who in Normandy retained the name of Normans, became quite French; those who remained alive in England merged into Englishmen, and were too few in number to affect the race. Their language died out with them, but left the traces of its influence in giving us some words which we did not require, and which have served a little to unsettle us. There is no doubt that the uncertainty about the letter H, which much defaces English in some classes of the community, is due entirely to Norman influence, for Frenchmen could not aspirate. Three words—hour, honour, heir, with compounds of them such as hourly, honourable, heirship, and the like, are quite enough to puzzle people who find H sometimes sounded, sometimes not. Hence the confusion. The English W was generally aspirated, as in Hwæt, Hwen, Hwæther, Hwær, &c. Many such words have been adopted by the French, who put a G to represent the aspirate, hence Guerre, Guerrier, Guard, Guelph, for Hwer (war), Warrior, Hwærd (ward), and Hwolf (wolf).

When England burst this foreign thraldom, she was soon destined to sustain a deeper trial, and one less easy to get rid of, resulting as it did from her own snobbishness.

During the ages called by historians (very aptly) dark, there was no learning save the learning of the

monks, who, to be popular with other monks, wrote Latin. Alfred was not a monk; moreover, though he could read Latin, he did not write it, so he wrote English for his countrymen to read. Some of the early monks, during the Norman usurpation, wrote English too, as we have seen. But Rome was busy, and decreed that learned men should write in Latin as the language of the Church, and as the only vehicle for scholarship. This Latin affectation spread. Our schools and universities taught us no English—Latin was the tongue in which a learned man should write. And in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when English ships sailed on the Spanish Main, and English sailors bowed Castillian pride, when English merchants, trading in the East, laid the foundation of our empire there, even in those days of good Queen Bess Latin was written in by learned men, nay, she herself was no mean Latin scholar. So it went on. The sturdy language which had freed itself by its own vast vitality from Norman taint fell under Roman influence once more, and terms of science and of art were coined and copied from the tongue of Rome. So much was this the fashion that the sneer against the greatest sage and poet ever born, compared to whose productions all the classic authors seem as dwarfs before a giant, the sneer against our English Shakespeare was that he possessed but 'little Latin and less Greek.' For which the gods be praised! For had he trod the hackneyed path prescribed by Roman critics, *Macbeth*

and *Hamlet* never had been written. And I may say that those two works alone are worth all that the Romans ever could produce.

This silly fancy clogged our mother tongue, and Milton has the blame of adding somewhat to the evil by using Latin words where English ones should have appeared. Then came the pedant schools, with Johnson at their head, who did their worst to swamp us.

But like the field of corn buried beneath a sheet of snow falling untimely on it, the English language bursts its way through all, and lives, a Scandinavian-Teutonic form of speech. I have compared it to a Christmas-tree, a plant of northern growth hung round with silly, glittering toys and worthless gimcracks, but in itself a sturdy pine that through all treatment at the hands of man remains a pine, still ever green, unbroken, firm, and upright.

Now, as the exponent of Anglian thought, the English language is most valuable in its history. It points out to us that we must not faint even if in the battle we be thrown and trodden down. If English *could* have passed away it would have yielded long ago to these attacks of Roman influence. But Rome has always been a tyrant, England the nurse of freedom. The old fierce game is playing still as actively as when our fathers flung their javelins and made the tyrant tremble. We are gaining strength, as may be seen by correspondent strengthening of our tongue, which grows more healthy as

we throw foreign words away and study ancient English models.

The earliest dawn of modern history shows us our Gothic sires at war with Rome. They march rejoicing to the battle as to a wedding feast. They shout for joy to see the legions fly, and still more joyfully when they show front and fight. Next we see them at issue with the pupils of the Romans, the Britons on this island. Then Rome prevails by means of Churchmen, and an English king becoming half a monk and quite a Roman, bequeaths his crown to one who, in the power of Rome, comes over to sustain his claim by slaughter of the English. Then the Norman-Roman sway threatens to stamp us out, but fresh adventure on the Syrian shore attracts the Norman robber, who assumes the cross as a fit badge to slay his fellow creatures under! A traitor and a coward fills the Norman throne, and Englishmen begin again to breathe. The Anglian heart beats still. Free air is what is wanted. That, too, is found. The castles are destroyed. Another century rolls by. Edward III. appears as quite an Englishman; the battle with the ancient tyrant is renewed. Englishmen dare to think, and the same thoughts are theirs that filled the Viking hearts that won this island for us. Freedom from Rome! Whether the tryanny be of State or Church, we will have none of it. Grant that the doctrines taught are all that man could wish, we will not have them *forced* upon our minds!

As when of old the meanest freeman claimed the right to speak his thoughts in open Ting, so the 'Lollard' claimed the right to say his say in matters of the faith. Then rose the cries of tortured men once more. Rome's tyranny worked in the same old groove, and England was a place of terror. But the Teutonic blood, kin to the Scandinavian, rose to the fray, and soon we see a champion in the German Luther preaching the right to have the Word of God translated into tongues that other men could understand beside the favoured Romans. This was a blow at the imperial mistress of the seven hills more deadly than the downward sweep of double-barded axe or thrust of Gothic spear. *We* took the quarrel up, and, as before, proud Rome went down! England suffered more than ever during that fierce struggle, but she at last was victor. She could give shelter to the persecuted within her island shores, and succour their distress.

On went the battle of the races. Call it a war of policy, call it a war of faith, it was a struggle to the knife; and what has England gained? The right of doing what she feels to be her mission—proclaiming freedom to the world. Nor would she, in one-sided policy, say to Rome, 'Thou shalt not think in other guise than I'—as Rome had said to her. No, she invites all lands to meet and aid her in the cause of universal freedom according to their lights.

The present day is rich in trophies gained in

times long past, and it is the object of these pages to show that the advantages our swords and brains have gained should not be stored up in a sort of treasure-house to gaze at, when we wish to feel a little flattered with our own success, and say with boastful pride, 'Lo! these are ours, won by our sword and lance!' The Anglian thought seeks to express itself in act. Therefore, men call us *practical.* And we must spread the blessings we possess over the world as far as the vanquished waves can carry us, as far as our thought can travel.

Order and civilisation have followed us hitherto, and the bleak desert 'smiles with pleasure—buds and blossoms with the rose!'

In no country does the population increase as in England. The overflow burdens our parishes, crowds our hospitals, and fills our jails. In this land of luxury there is a depth of poverty unknown elsewhere. Man feels debased before his fellow man because of poverty. The love of gold is rising in her hideous form, and she must be destroyed. What can be done? We cannot—for we are a race of freemen—ordain that those whose labour or whose brain may have acquired for them wealth, must render up that wealth because idle or foolish men have nothing. But we can say, 'The land can bear but so many people on a given space, exceeding which the Viking cry goes forth, "To sea! to sea!"' On the rich plains of Africa is space enough for millions. There already Portuguese

wile is doing harm again, marring the good that Belgium strives to do. And we, with starving thousands—aye, hundreds of thousands—are squabbling over paltry questions which the good sword should answer, curtly and well; while those neglected ones should sail away as emigrants to Anglicise the lands of Zanzibar, to settle on the Congo, to form fresh Englands everywhere. Nature is pushing us! England is the heart, the centre of the globe. Let not the veins be stopped and circulation checked. Westward and Eastward Ho! should be the watchword, and the East End of London should put forth its surplus life, not into 'almshouse, hospital, and jail,' but into teeming lands that wait but English hands for culture.

Then comes the question, How shall these be helped and guarded in their exodus? Surely the wealthy, who have also much increased, will gladly aid in such an undertaking. A grand association of our richest men might surely raise a fund to find such means as served—*cæteris paribus*—as outfit for the founders of our race when they came over fifteen hundred years ago. Let there be raised a corps of farmers, cutlers, smiths, and other tradesmen necessary in an infant State. Let these be drilled and taught the use of arms. Then give them ships; send, let us say, a fleet, a hundred strong, of ships all full of armed artificers and labourers, with wives and children, to any country where the soil is promising but now in savage hands. The savages retire, the fight has done our

people good; men prize the land they purchase with their blood. Their mighty camp becomes a town; the desert smiles with golden corn; the flag of Anglia waves over it, and Anglian thought spreads more and more, fulfilling England's destiny.

The parent country sends fresh men and stores, until the cultivated land yields more than any colony can want; then, as the son should help his aged parent, so the strong colony sends corn and wine to England. Nor should the colony become a foreign land, as has almost been seen in dear America, who raised the stars and stripes from our own fault at home. Kindness is rarely lost when shown with judgment. So we should still supply our adolescent countries with means until they cease to want them. Then we should say, when the new land has reached the Odin phase, 'Wear now the eagle wings; we have been sire and son, let us now join our hands as champions in one cause, as true-fast friends, knit firmly to each other in the endearing bonds of mutual love and charity.'

With such an understanding, war between the parent and the offspring would be parricide on one part and murder on the other!

In the last fifty years the progress made in science and invention has perhaps exceeded all that had been accomplished for fifteen hundred or two thousand years before. The light of Christian truth in every possible form, as suiting the peculiar receptivity of different kinds of mind, has been sent forth in streams of lustre

over all the world. The British and Foreign Bible Society, the Whitworth gun, the Snider rifle, railways, cheap books, electric telegraphs, missionaries, Gatlins, and many other things, each wonderful, each perfect in its kind, have been invented all to one great end, namely, to spread the love of God over the habitable globe. For the destructive engines I have named in this haphazard list are, in our hands, but guards to save the treasure which an Almighty Father has bestowed on us ; and where the savage has to be subdued surely it is most merciful to do it at a blow ! A single battle—if it come so far—should do the business, and would do it better than a series of wars entailing hatred, and not love, on the survivors. Surely the most merciful invention would be one which would make war impossible ! And if that be a fearful engine of such destructive power as no army could oppose, or such a federation as I have proposed, which should decide all questions by the light of truth, in either case the wished for end is peace.

A mighty warrior is a great pacificator. While the dear old unvanquished Duke of Wellington still lived, after the famous victory at Waterloo, peace lasted. When he died, war, as if it had feared its master while he lived, unfolded its grim, monster wings again. I know how he detested war as to its horrible details, yet, as a master of the science, his equal never lived. Now, Prince Bismarck and the Iron Emperor are the great peacemakers, because they are the greatest war-

riors of their time. Peace means bayonets and Bibles. The one protects the other as the sword protects the Word; and when the savage in direful rage opposes the onward march of truth, then he must find that truth is symbolised as much by the gleaming sword as by the milder manifestations of its power. Mercy it is on both sides to do what must be done thoroughly, well, and at a blow.

We find that aborigines do not, as a rule, repay our work when they have fallen very low—the Dyaks, for example, and certain tribes of Caffres, and the like—just as our fathers found the Kymri did not pay to elevate. When they were sure of this, they cut them down, and did not mar the race of Odin by any mixture with them. When we have tried the other tack, we have most marvellously failed.

But we can reclaim those nations which have not sunk so low. The Brahmins and the Buddhists will receive the faith; and where those lived who once opposed it, our sons shall flourish in stupendous colonies that shall secure by force of sheer goodwill to men, expressed in overwhelming strength of numbers, that Peace on Earth which has been prophesied.

It is our mission to preach freedom to the world. As Campbell says, 'We conquer but to save,' and our colonial policy should be to bring all English-speaking people under one firm bond of freedom. Thus will our conquest of the distant nations of the globe be a deliverance to them from tyranny. The Hindus feel

that they are part of us—they feel themselves delivered from the thraldom of their rajahs; Canadians in the Northern portions of the Western world feel themselves free and happy under our flag; Maoris feel that peace is better than their silly tribal jars; and, by the labours of our Church, most of these far-off people in such far-off lands find a securer peace than mere political contrivance can procure.

The bold, adventurous spirit animating Hengist and Horsa, which led to Scandinavian colonies in Britain, sent us afloat to spread our love of freedom here and hopes of peace hereafter over the surface of the globe. But we at home must not, like unnatural parents, cast off our offspring, and let them fight their way as best they can unaided and alone. That were to make a swarm of enemies instead of one grand brotherhood of love. We should, in doing so, be like the ancient octarchy, a house divided, whereas our aim should be to bring our modern octarchy under one Anglian flag.

CHAPTER II.

NORTH AMERICA.

If we ask a person of average culture, who has been to school and not quite forgotten everything taught there, who in his opinion was the first discoverer of America, the answer will, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, be, Christopher Columbus. The odd *one* will, probably, say something vague about Cabot and his discovery of Newfoundland in 1497. Very few, indeed, would be in a position to tell us that Scandinavian adventurers discovered the American continent some five hundred years before Cabot's expedition.

Yet such was the case; and as the story is not generally known, I will now relate it on the authority of two Icelandic sagas, called respectively the saga of Eirek the Red, and the saga of Thorfinn Karlsefni. These sagas were probably first committed to writing in the twelfth century, having been, previous to that date, handed down from scald to scald during four generations after the events recorded took place.

And here I would fain draw attention to the service done by these scalds in the cause of knowledge of the past. But for them we should have been in ignorance of the beautiful and abstract

teachings of the eddas, we should have missed a quantity of valuable information regarding actual families, and we should have been deprived of our knowledge of the old Scandinavian language, which has been preserved in Iceland through the efforts of these useful minstrels; for before the tenth century we may, broadly speaking, say that we have no genuine Teutonic MSS., and of those which do exist the Icelandic MSS. are the most recent, not having been written before the eleventh century.

In or about the year 975, a Norwegian chieftain was banished to Iceland for having slain a man in anger. This chieftain's name was Thorwald, and he left his native Norway for the ruder and bleaker Thulé, accompanied by his son Eirek, surnamed the Red. Some years after this event, it is conjectured in 982, Eirek was sentenced to three years' banishment for a similar offence, and he accordingly set sail towards the west in search of a coast which had recently been described by a Norwegian navigator. His search proved successful, and he landed on a small island west of Cape Farewell, where he passed the first winter. When the spring came he paid a visit to the mainland, which he found agreeable by contrast, and so he called it 'Greenland,' thinking that so promising a name would induce people to come and settle there.

Now when his three years had been 'done,' he went back to Iceland, where he induced a number of

people to accompany him in another visit to Greenland with the view of settling on the island. He established himself at a place called Brattahlid, or the 'steep slope,' on the shore of a creek called Eirek's Fjord in compliment to him, and this soon became a very considerable colony.

In about 997 the son of this Eirek, Leif Eirekson, made a voyage to Norway, where he was well received by King Olaf Tryggvason, who converted him to Christianity, and then sent him back, accompanied by a priest, to convert the whole colony. Eirek was at first angry with his son for deserting the faith of his ancestors, but he was at last obliged to give his very reluctant consent to the Christianisation of his followers, though he himself remained a son of Odin to the day of his death.

Among those who accompanied Eirek the Red to Greenland was a man named Herjulf, whose son Bjarni was at that time trading to Norway. This Bjarni returned in the summer of 986 to Iceland, wishing to seek his father's hearth—he found the whole family departed for Greenland. Nothing daunted, he set out on an expedition to join them, though neither he nor any of his men had ever navigated the Greenland seas before, but so great was his desire to see his friends again that this circumstance did not induce him to abandon his project.

In those days the seaman—viking or merchant—could do nothing during winter but rest from the fatigues

he had undergone, and drink the brown mead *'under the sooted roof,'* as the phrase was. The hearthstone was set securely in the centre of the hall or common room, and the family with the guests sat round, all with their backs to the wall and their faces to the roaring fire, the smoke of which, curling high aloft, sought exit by a hole left for its passage, blackening the rafters as it went. In smaller homes the number of guests and retainers were fewer, but the family would often sit *round the fire* in a genuine and literal 'family circle.'

We have retained the phrases 'family circle' and 'to sit round the fire,' though our source of heat blazes no longer *on the hearth* as of yore. The little slab under our fireplace is all that is left of the hearthstone, and our family circle is reduced to a semicircle, of which the wall of our room is the diameter.

So Bjarni Herjulfson, longing to pass the winter in the true old Scandinavian way, *in his own circle*, sailed away for the unknown Greenland, boldly trusting to his skill to find the place at last.

Unfortunately, however, he was attacked by tempestuous north winds, accompanied by still more terrible fogs. Consequently, he was driven far to the west of his course, but the thick fogs prevented his taking observations and getting even approximately right. Bjarni, in short, was *lost*. We can imagine his anxiety for the fog to clear, and when it did so we can imagine his surprise at finding himself within sight of land! Yes, land; but not the haven of his hopes, the adopted

home of the father he loved with all the warmth of a Scandinavian heart! It was not, it could not be, Greenland! Greenland, he had been assured, was easily distinguishable, even at a distance, by its snow-capped mountains, whereas this country seemed but moderately elevated and overgrown with wood. No, this was not the land he sought; he would none of it. So away he sailed, standing out to sea until after two days' sail he came again in sight of land. But, alas! no snow-capped mountains met his gaze. The land was lower than before, and just as overgrown with wood. A south-west wind sprang up and bore him in a three-days' run towards a lofty island, the shore of which was grimly girt with icebergs, glaciers, and rocks.

This did not seem inviting, so again the disappointed seeker for domestic life stood out to sea, and after four days sailing, with favourable winds, reached Herjulfness at last, and there he found a welcome which doubtless repaid him for his perils and disappointment.

Some years after this, being in Norway, Bjarni was much blamed by a certain yarl, to whom he related this adventure, for not having examined this newly discovered country more accurately, and thus giving other men a definite object in prosecuting the investigations which he had begun. Bjarni had, in all probability, said as little as possible about his adventure from a sense of shame at having missed the actual object of his trip, and having been carried away into this no-man's land, as many would be inclined to call it,

attributing the 'discovery' rather to his powers as an inventor than to his veracity as a discoverer.

Whatever the reason was, the visit to Norway seemed to render him more loquacious than before, and he began talking about the land he had hit upon in the manner described in the saga. At last his conversation attracted the attention of Leif, the son of Eirek the Red, and finally induced that enterprising Northman to attempt the adventure and complete what Bjarni's blunder had begun. He bought the vessel in which Bjarni had made the memorable voyage, and in the year 1000 fitted her out with every requisite for a long voyage, and even prevailed upon old Eirek himself to leave his Greenland settlement and accompany him. The old gentleman, however, on the way to the ship was thrown from his horse, and, regarding this circumstance as an evil omen, returned home, saying that he was not destined to make any further discoveries. Leif therefore set sail without him.

There seems to have been no difficulty in finding the coast last seen by Bjarni, which was the first sighted by Leif, who promptly went on shore to make discoveries, but found no herbage of any kind. Nothing but a bare, rugged plain of broad, flat rocks extending from the foot of a chain of mountains covered with ice and snow down to the sea. To this country, which is supposed to be the modern Ikigeit, near Cape Farewell, he gave the name of Helluland, meaning the land of Schist, or large, flat, broad, uneven stones.

Leif now continued his voyage and arrived at a low, level coast, with numerous white, sandy cliffs thickly covered with wood, from which circumstance he called it Markland, from *mörk*, a thicket or tangled wood. Two days more brought him to an island, and he entered a channel between this island and a promontory projecting northwards from the mainland. Proceeding westwards along this coast, he noticed that a great extent of ground was left dry at the ebb. He afterwards went on shore, where a river issuing from a lake fell into the sea, and being pleased with the appearance of the country he took the ship up the river at the flood and moored her in the lake. He then made up his mind to winter in the place, and directed the construction of some large and commodious dwellings, which were subsequently known as *Leifsbodir*—Leif's dwellings, from the verb *bó*—to dwell. Both lake and river afforded an abundant supply of the finest salmon. The soil appeared to be fruitful and the pasturage excellent. The climate was temperate, there being no severe cold during the winter, the grass never losing its freshness.

When they had finished building their dwellings Leif divided his people into two companies, to be employed alternately—watch and watch, as the sailors say—one party remaining to guard the dwellings, and the other going out to make discoveries.

Of course the construction of these dwellings had taken up considerable time, so that it was autumn

before the exploring parties could set out. Among the crew was a German named Tyrker, who was a great favourite with Leif, having been a steward in old Eirek's service for many years. One day the exploring party came back reporting this Tyrker missing. Leif immediately set out with a party of twelve men to look for him, and at last found him in a state of great delight and happiness. He had found a district in which wild grapevines were growing, and this recalled the home of his youth so powerfully that he grew quite excited, and began to speak German instead of Norse, which greatly surprised Leif's followers. Leif at first doubted the story, but Tyrker conducted him and his men to the very spot, and Leif therefore gave the name of Vinland—*i.e.*, the land of grapes or vines—to the whole district, which they soon discovered to be everywhere rich in wild grapevines.

These three countries, Helluland, Markland, and Vinland, always occur in the same order when the Northmen report the result of their discoveries. They are now called Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New England respectively. Grapes were found in Massachusetts when the English settlers first arrived in America, growing wild upon the hills, and Indian corn on the plains; the Pilgrim Fathers found the rivers teeming with fish, and the islands covered with innumerable wild-fowl, just as the Northmen had reported six centuries before.

The Norsemen passed the winter here, and when the spring returned they loaded their ship with timber and their 'long-boat' with grapes to return to Greenland. On approaching the coast they found a party of ship-wrecked people, fifteen in all, including their chief, Thorir, and his wife Gudrida. Leif rescued them from their unpleasant position and took them home with him, wherefore he obtained the surname of the 'Lucky.'

On hearing the favourable account that Leif gave of Vinland, his brother Thorvald, deeming that the country had not been sufficiently explored, set out in 1002 in Leif's vessel with thirty men, and arrived without accident at Leifsbodir. The following spring Thorvald sent a party out in the boat to explore the coast to the south. The party on their return in the autumn reported that they had found the country everywhere very beautiful and well wooded, the woods extending to within a short distance from the beach, which was in general of a fine white sand; that there were numerous shoals and islands along the coast, but with the exception of a wooden shed on one of the islands they had nowhere found any trace either of man or beast. The following summer, 1004, Thorvald sailed eastward from Leifsbodir, and then northward past a remarkable headland which, with an opposite cape, enclosed a bay. Here they were driven by a violent gale into shoal water, and were obliged to remain a

considerable time to make a new keel for their vessel. When this had been accomplished Thorvald set up the old one on the headland which, from this circumstance, he called Kjalarnes=Keel-ness, or Cape Keel, which is now known as Cape Cod. He then sailed eastward along the coast, and coming to a finely wooded headland, went on shore with all his followers, and was so struck with the beauty of the scenery that he exclaimed, 'Here I should like to fix my dwelling!' As they were preparing to go on board they observed three canoes or sealskin boats drawn up on the beach, under each of which were three Esquimaux, or Skrællings, as they were called by the Northmen. Of these nine natives they killed eight, one escaping in his canoe. The Northmen were then so weary that they all fell into a profound sleep, but were awakened by a voice crying out: 'Arise, Thorvald, if thou wilt save thy life hasten to thy vessel with all thy followers and set sail without delay.' Shortly afterwards they saw a number of canoes filled with Skrællings coming from the interior of the bay against them. They endeavoured to protect themselves by raising battle-screens on the ship's sides, but the Skrællings, after discharging a volley of arrows and shouting for awhile, betook themselves to a precipitate flight. Thorvald had been wounded by an arrow under the arm, and finding that the wound was mortal, said: 'I now advise you to prepare as speedily as ye may for your departure. But me

shall ye bear to that headland which I thought most fitting for a dwelling-place. It may be that the words which left my mouth about abiding there were prophetic. There ye shall bury me, and set me up two crosses, one at my head the other at my feet, and ye shall call the place *Krossanes* (Crossness, or Cape Cross) in all times to come.'

It has been suggested that the 'Bluff Head of Alderton,' at the south-east of Boston Bay, was the spot thus indicated, but it is not quite certain what cape was really meant.

They did as he had requested, and then returned to Leifsbodir where they passed the winter and early spring of 1005, when they set sail for Greenland with a cargo of timber, grapes, and vine sets. Christianity had been introduced into Greenland by Leif a few years previous to Thorvald's expedition.

Not long after this, Thorstein, the third son of Eirek the Red, set sail in the same ship, accompanied by Gudrida, his wife, and twenty-five able-bodied men, with the intention of bringing home his brother's body, but after having been tossed about the whole summer by adverse winds, they were driven at the beginning of winter into Lysu-fjörd, supposed to be Issortok Creek, on the east coast of Baffin's Bay. Here Thorstein and most of his followers were carried off by a contagious disease, and Gudrida returned in the following spring with her husband's body.

In the autumn of 1006, two ships came to Greenland from Iceland, the one commanded by Thorfinn, whose surname, Karlsefni, indicates the possession of manly abilities, the other by Bjarni Grimolfsson and Thorhall Gamlason. Thorfinn was a wealthy and powerful man, of a very distinguished family, tracing his descent from Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Irish, and Scotch ancestors, some of whom were kings or of royal lineage, and he appears to have been one of the most enterprising trading-rovers of the period. He was accompanied by Snorri Thorbrandsson, also of good extraction.

Thorfinn and his companions passed the winter with old Eirek the Red, and the festivities of Yule were kept up with a splendour never before witnessed in Greenland, owing in a great measure to Thorfinn having stowed his ship with plenty of malt and corn, which he told Eirek to make a free use of. During this festal season, and the long winter nights that followed, Thorfinn having heard a great deal about the fine salmon and wild grapes of Vinland, came to the resolution of founding a colony there. Meanwhile, however, he fell in love with Thorstein's handsome widow Gudrida, who is represented as possessing every quality that could render a lady attractive, and, having obtained the consent of her brother-in-law Leif, married her.

In the spring of 1007, the vessel belonging to Thorfinn and his friend Snorri, and that which was

the joint property of Bjarni and Thorhall Gamlason, were fitted out for the projected voyage to Vinland. A third vessel was commanded by Thorvard, who had married Freydisa, a natural daughter of Eirek the Red. He was accompanied by a dark, ill-looking man of gigantic stature, called Thorhall, who had long served Eirek as huntsman in summer and as house-steward in the winter, but who is represented as a very bad Christian—a circumstance which might probably have contributed to raise him in the estimation of old Eirek, who was a staunch disciple of the Odinic faith till his death. The whole expedition consisted in all of one hundred and sixty individuals, furnished with cattle and other live stock in abundance.

They first sailed to the western district of old Greenland and to Bjarney (Bear's Island), which was probably Disco Island in Baffin's Bay. But from the name Bjarn, or Björn, a Bear, being very common amongst the Northmen, we find them giving it to many different islands, which is rather confusing. However, this Bjarney is, doubtless, Disco Island, as the distance sailed in two days brought the expedition to Helluland, which agrees with the distance from Disco.

Arriving at Helluland, they describe it as consisting of large flat stones or rocks; some of these were as much as twelve ells broad. Here they found many foxes. Two days more brought them to the woody shores of Markland, where they killed a bear on an

island near the coast, which island they also called Bjarney, adding another to the list.

Leaving this place, they continued sailing south-west for some time, having the land on their right, until they arrived at Kjalarnes or Cape Keel, where there were trackless coasts and white sandy beaches of vast extent, to which they gave the name of Furthustrandir or Marvellous Strands.*

These marvellous strands correspond exactly with the coast of the Nauset peninsula and the Chatham and Monomoy beaches. Hitchcock, in his *Report of the Geology of Massachusetts*, says, in speaking of this coast:—'The dunes or sandhills, which are often nearly or quite barren of vegetation, and are of snowy whiteness, forcibly attract the attention on account of their peculiarity. As we approach the extremity of the cape the sand and the barrenness increase, and in many places it would need only a party of Bedouin Arabs crossing the traveller's path to make him feel that he was in the depths of an Arabian or Lybian desert.' Rafn thinks that the name was given by the Northmen not so much on account of the marvellous and dreary extent of these strands, as from the phenomenon of the *mirage*, which frequently occurs on this coast, and which they would be quite justified in considering marvellous in the extreme. Hitchcock, in the work above quoted, remarks:—'In crossing the sands

* From furtha, a wonderful thing, and ströND, a strand.

of the cape, I noticed a singular mirage or deception. In Orleans, for instance, we seemed to be ascending at an angle of three or four degrees; nor was I convinced that such was not the case until, turning about, I perceived that a similar ascent appeared on the road just passed over.'

As they went on the coast became afterwards more indented with inlets and bays, into one of which they entered. Here Thorfinn landed a Scotch man and woman, with orders to run across the country and explore it to the south-west for three days. They were taken on board at the end of this period, bringing with them some wild corn and grapes. Continuing his course Thorfinn entered a bay, off the mouth of which was an island, so crowded with eider ducks that the sailors could scarcely walk without treading on ducks' eggs. *A strong current* ran past this island, and also farther up the bay, from which circumstance he named the former Straumey, or Stream Island, and the latter Straumfjörd, or Stream Frith.

This Straumfjörd is supposed to be Buzzard's Bay, and Straumey, either Martha's Vineyard or the islands of Cuttyhunk and Nashawenna, which in the eleventh century were probably connected. The Gulf Stream will sufficiently account for the strong currents noticed in the narrative. Lyell remarks in his *Geology*, vol.i., p. 384, that:—'It is the beach of Nantucket which turns the current of the Gulf Stream at the depth of from two to three hundred feet below the surface of the water.'

At this place they unloaded their ships and passed the first winter, and here it was that Gudrida gave birth to her son, who was called Snorri. His father's name being Thorfinn, he was known as Snorri Thorfinnson, the first European born in America. The celebrated sculptor, Thorvaldsen, and the no less celebrated northern antiquary, Finn Magnusen, claim descent from him by the female line.

When spring appeared the Northmen began to experience a scarcity of provisions, the weather having been for a long time too stormy for fishing. Under these circumstances they prayed to God to send them food, but the old saga-man quaintly observes that food did not come so soon as they thought it might have done.

Thorhall, the huntsman, had meanwhile disappeared: at last, after looking for him three days, they found him sitting on a rock gazing vacantly around and muttering verses. Shortly after this a whale of a species unknown to the Northmen being stranded, they cut it up for food, but we are told that all who ate of it became sick, owing, probably, to Thorhall exclaiming while they were eating it, 'The red-bearded Thor has been more helpsome to me than your Christ. I have got this whale from him by my verses. Seldom has my protector refused me anything that I have asked of him.' On hearing this they threw the remains of the whale into the sea, horror-stricken at the idea of being indebted to Thor for their

sustenance. The saga-man piously adds that, 'After this the weather became milder, and they were no longer in want of provisions, being able to hunt, fish, and collect eggs on the island.'

Shortly afterwards, Thorhall, the huntsman, with eight men, left Thorfinn, and sailed northwards in search of Vinland; but, after passing Kjalarnes, was driven out to sea by westerly gales and thrown on the coast of Ireland, where, according to the account of traders, he and his party were made slaves. Thorfinn and his people sailed south, and came to a *river that flowed through a lake on its way to the sea, and the mouth of which was so beset with sandbanks as only to be accesible at high water.* To this place they gave the name of Hóp Estuary, and, finding the country very beautiful, with good pasturage for the cattle which they still had with them, and everything in great abundance—*corn growing wild on the low grounds and vines on the hills*—with woods well stocked with game, the rivers and creeks actually teeming with fish, they resolved to make this their winter quarters, and accordingly set up their dwellings at a short distance from the lake or bay. No snow fell during the winter, and their cattle remained out in the fields.

If the present Mount Hope Bay be identical with the Hóp Bay of Thorfinn, we have a curious instance of the vagaries played on etymologists by words of different languages having a similar sound. Hóp in Icelandic would indicate a pile or heap, and doubtless

Thorfinn gave the name to the heap of sand in the mouth of the bay. The place was called Haup by the North American Indians when the first English arrived there, who then made Hope of it. Whether the North American Indians employed the Scandinavian name, or Haup is an Indian word similar in form to Hóp, I am not philologist enough to decide, but there is every possibility of this place having been named at three different periods of history by three distinctly independent words having almost the same sound but different meanings.

To return to our narrative.

One morning, soon after their arrival, the Northmen saw a number of natives coming in skin canoes up the bay, brandishing their poles and making a great noise, which they responded to by holding up a white shield in token of peace. The natives then landed, and, after gazing for some time at the strangers in mute astonishment, rowed away again round the headland. They are described as being of a sallow and swarthy appearance, with uncouth hair, large eyes, and high cheek-bones.

The winter passed away without any incident worthy of notice, but early in spring the natives came again in such numbers that the bay appeared actually covered with their canoes. A white shield being held out by the Northmen, the Skrællings landed, and eagerly began to barter their fine grey furs and squirrel skins for bits of red cloth and milk

porridge, which they seem to have highly relished. What they most coveted were swords and spears, but these Thorfinn prudently forbade his people to sell to them. Whilst this lucrative traffic was going on and the Northmen were dealing out their cloth in smaller shreds, a bull which Thorfinn had brought with him issued unexpectedly from the wood and began to bellow, which so terrified the Skrællings that they rushed to their canoes and rowed off in the greatest trepidation. Three weeks after this they again appeared in still greater numbers, brandishing their poles and setting up a shout of defiance. Thorfinn, on their landing, caused a red shield to be borne against them, and a hot skirmish took place, the Skrællings using their slings with great dexterity. The Northmen, fancying themselves surrounded, were seized with a panic, and fled along the river. In this conjuncture Freydisa rushed out, exclaiming, 'How can such valiant men as ye are run away from these wretched caitiffs, whom I thought ye would have knocked down like cattle? Had I a weapon, methinks I could wield it better than any of you!'

They, however, continued their flight into the forest, Freydisa following them as well as she was able. At length, picking up the sword of Thorbrand Snorrison, who had been killed with a stone, she turned round on the Skrællings and prepared to defend herself; but her frantic gestures so terrified or bewildered them that they turned tail and ran off to their canoes,

pursued by the Northmen, who killed great numbers of them, only losing two of their own party. Such is the account transmitted to us of the first battle fought by Europeans on the American continent, and it is a curious coincidence that its successful issue should have been owing to the courage of a woman. We are told that the valiant Northmen could only account for their sudden fear by supposing that they had not only to combat with real men of flesh and blood but also with a whole legion of phantoms.

After this Thorfinn and his companions felt convinced that, although the country held out many advantages, they would be constantly exposed to the attacks of the natives. They therefore returned to Straumfjörd, where they passed the winter.

In the ensuing spring they sailed homewards, and touching at Markland met with a Skrælling and his two wives and two children. The adults escaped, but the Northmen carried off the children, whom they baptized and taught Norse, and who told them that their people had no houses, but lived in holes and caverns. Bjarni Grimolfson was driven westward into a sea so infested with worms that his vessel was soon reduced to a sinking state. The crew therefore had no alternative but to cast lots who should leave the vessel and try to escape in a small boat preserved from the attacks of the worms by being smeared with seal blubber. Bjarni himself was among the fortunate; but when he got into the boat a man from the ship

called out, 'Wilt thou leave me, Bjarni? Didst thou not promise my father when I left Iceland with thee that we should share the same lot?' 'And that we shall not do,' replied Bjarni; 'get thou into the boat and I will return to the ship, for I see thou hast a hankering after life.' So saying he gave the young man his place in the boat and mounted the vessel, which was never heard of afterwards. Those in the boat made their way to Dublin, where they related what had taken place. Thorfinn and his companions reached Greenland in safety late in the summer of 1011.

In the same year there arrived in Greenland a ship from Norway, commanded by two brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi, whom Freydisa persuaded to undertake a voyage to Vinland with her. Each party was to fit out a vessel with thirty able-bodied men, and have an equal share in the profits of the expedition. Freydisa, however, contrived to take five men more than the number stipulated. They arrived at Vinland without any accident, and passed the winter at Leifsbodir, which Freydisa had wished to purchase from Leif, but could only obtain his permission to make use of. The Norwegian brothers devised all sorts of games and recreations for the people during the winter, but coolness soon arose between them and Freydisa, who by her subtle arts at length persuaded her husband Thorvard to fall on the two brothers when they were asleep and murder them and all their followers. As she could not, however, prevail either on her husband

or any of his men to lay their hands on the five women of the Norwegian party, she seized a hatchet and butchered them herself. After the perpetration of this base deed they returned to Greenland in 1013, when the rumour of the crime having reached the ears of Leif, he put three of Freydisa's followers to the torture, and obtained a full account of the sanguinary transaction. Freydisa was left unpunished, but became an object of general abhorrence.

At the time of Freydisa's return, Thorfinn was waiting for a favourable wind to sail to Norway with the most valuable cargo that had ever left the shores of Greenland, consisting of the hard-grained wood and fine furs of the newly-discovered country. He disposed of his goods to great advantage in Norway, and we are told that a Bremen merchant gave him as much as half a mark of gold—equivalent to 16*l.* of modern money—for a small piece of Vinland *massur* wood, probably the variegated or bird's-eye maple common in Massachusetts. In 1014 Thorfinn returned to Iceland, where he purchased the estate of Glaumbæ, in the northern district, and became the founder of a wealthy and powerful family. After his death his widow, Gudrida, went on a pilgrimage to Rome, and afterwards returned to Glaumbæ, where her American-born son, Snorri, had built a church, and passed the remainder of her days as a religious recluse. Runolf, the son of Snorri's daughter Hallfrida, was the father of the learned Bishop Thorlak Runolfson, to whom we

are principally indebted for the oldest ecclesiastical code of Iceland, published in the year 1123, and it is also probable that the narrative of Thorfinn's voyage was originally compiled by him.

I have had much pleasure in dwelling upon this long and circumstantial account of these discoveries made by our own brethren the Icelanders in the eleventh century. The story is proved to be a true one by several pieces of collateral evidence, among which is an account by Adam of Bremen of a conversation which he had with Sveyn Ethrithson, king of Denmark (a nephew of our Canute; he reigned from 1047 to 1076), who told him 'of another region discovered in the Northern Ocean, which had been visited by many people, and was called Wineland, because grapes that produce a very good wine grow there spontaneously; corn also grows there without sowing in great abundance;' and he emphatically adds: 'We know this not by fabulous hearsay, but from authentic accounts furnished by Danes.'

My reason for giving so full and so detailed an account of these highly interesting Scandinavian discoveries, is that we, as approximately Scandinavians, are more nearly interested in this story than we are in that of the doings of our hereditary foes, the Latin-speaking races of the South of Europe. These Scandinavians were our near relations, sprung from common ancestors with ourselves, worshipping the same gods and speaking almost the same tongue.

As English is the dominant language of the whole continent of North America, so is the English thought the leading motive that animates every heart from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. Bound by the indissoluble ties of blood, thought, language, and religion, the English-speaking dwellers of America, whatever they may call themselves, are, notwithstanding the disasters of the war of separation, as much English now as Washington himself was in the early part of that war; and I need hardly say that a better subject King George III. never had. There is an old catch in which you are asked, 'How many legs would a horse have, calling its tail one?' The answer is, '*Four;* because *calling* the tail a leg doesn't make it one.' In like manner, calling a man an American can surely not produce a change of race in him!

But the Americans on the other side of the boundary are not under English rule. Politically they are not, but psychically, as descendants of the freedom-loving Angles, they are under the same laws as we are. They are our brothers, separated but by a word from the hearth and home of their ancestors, who are ours too, and whom they love and reverence—aye, *more* than we do.

Unfortunately, however, that word deprives me of the pleasure of treating that part of America called the United States as a portion of the Greater England, which in heart and soul it remains. I must therefore

confine myself to remarks to that portion of the great continent called Canada, when referring to the political Greater England, though as the Scandinavians descended from Labrador to about lat. 43°, I may be allowed to follow their footsteps without being accused of trespassing.

The first thing that strikes us in the narrative which I have quoted,* is the circumstance of the appearance of the Skrællings as far south as—certainly—New York; and as the name is always applied by the early Scandinavians to the Esquimaux, it appears strange that they should have been met with in such latitudes. Then arises the question, Did the term Skrælling apply *only* to Esquimaux, or could it be taken to mean any savage?

This question seems met by the description given of the Skrællings in the narrative—a description which could not apply to Redmen, but which would suit the Esquimaux. This justifies us in coming to the conclusion that the Esquimaux formerly swarmed over the *whole* northern continent of America, and were subsequently driven north by the Redmen, just as other races have been driven out by stronger tribes craving their land, as the Lapps, Finns, and Letts have retired before the Scandinavians, the Kymri and the Kelts before ourselves, and the various wild tribes of the north and east before the advancing Russians.

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* See Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, Bohn's Edition, London, 1847, for an interesting account of this discovery.

I have already directed attention to the superiority displayed by the Scandinavian—Teutonic—Englishman over the inhabitants then in this island, in the matter of arms and armour, in a former work,* where I have also pointed out the fact that in Scandinavian tumuli, together with the remnants of the splendid battle sword, the mighty spear, and the skilfully-wrought arrows, arms of what is called the Stone Period are often found. I was inclined to the belief that these weapons were manufactured specially for service in the tomb, partly on account of the indestructibility of the material compared with the iron and steel of actual warfare, and partly on account of the notion that they were supplied to the warrior's tomb to aid him in his combats against the 'Svart Alfar,' or Black Elves, which were supposed to assault him, and against which iron and steel were of no avail.

The immense number of these arrow-heads discovered by Mr. Borlase in America, and exhibited by him at a meeting of the British Archæological Association two years ago, convinced me that the manufacturing theory was untenable, and I could not for some time account for the presence of these things in Scandinavian tombs.

Skulle Thorlak is of opinion that these weapons were *simulacra armorum*, meant to typify the power of Thor over the elves of darkness, and placed in the tomb

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* *Older England.* First Series. Whiting & Co. London, 1884.

to protect the dead from their assaults. Thor killed his demoniacal adversaries by launching his mallet at them; that is to say, an evil principle, typified under the form of a giant, was destroyed by the descent of the Divine power. According to Thorlak, the cuniform stone axe was emblematical of the splitting, the arrow-head of the piercing, and the hammer-shaped axe of the shattering force of the thunderbolts hurled by the Scandinavian deity, and these are what we find in barrows.

Knowing how the early Scandinavians, like the Brahmins, delighted in abstract thoughts typified by some well-known external objects in nature, I am fully at one with Thorlak in this view of the question, but the enormous finds in America of these stone weapons seem to render the hypothesis of a special manufacture of them as sepulchral guards unnecessary. It is more probable that they were trophies won in fight by the iron man against the stone man; but the finding them alone in barrows is far from proving that they were used *before* iron weapons were made. The iron weapons in tumuli are often reduced to the finest powder, and in some cases even this is hardly to be traced, while the stone weapon remains unchanged, to delude the moderns into a belief in a stone age prior to the bronze age, which again preceded the iron age.

The idea that these relics were trophies does not in the least militate against the view of the mystic sym-

bolism evinced by their presence. There can be no doubt that their presence was the result of some thought connected with the requirements of the deceased who, if he wanted his sword, spear, and lance to render him of use to Odin in the day of trouble (when the gods should be finally overthrown, to be succeeded by another and a more brilliant set of Divine heroes), would also want his comb to trim the cherished beard, the dandifications of belt, brooch, and bracelets to make him fit for the society of the gods, and would further require, however obtained, the mystic stone implements which should represent the terrible weapons of the god of war, and at the same time serve as a charm 'to frighten the fiends from the dead man's grave.'

In the magnificent collection at the British Museum, there are some telling specimens of all these forms. There are the axe-heads, the arrow-heads, and the martel-heads precisely similar to those found in Scandinavian tombs, only all brought from pre-historic America. There are specimens of stone mallets still attached to the handles, showing how the instrument was actually used, and there are delicate and well-made articles carved in the bone of the whale and other marine animals, exhibiting great ingenuity. Of these things we find no traces in our warriors' tombs, for they would naturally in the first place only prize what they took in actual conflict, and in the second they would only furnish their tombs with what might

in any way be deemed necessary by the 'funeral providers' of those days.

Thorfinn, Leif, and most of the *dramatis personæ* of the strange drama here unfolded, were Christians, and would have no interest in collecting these weapons; their sole object was trade, and their method of bartering little bits of red cloth for valuable skins reminds us of our own way of dealing with uncivilised nations not many years ago. We may see in studying this part of the history of the Greater England which we have brought before us so vividly in these sagas how history repeats herself, or, rather, how man is the same animal in all ages.

It may very naturally be asked why there are no evidences of Scandinavian colonisation on these shores. The answer is readily found. The Norsemen who went thither in the first instance were driven by accident to make the important discovery, and those who followed Thorfinn Karlsefni with a view to colonisation were deterred by the Skrællings from carrying out their plan. Then came a lull in the westward storm, or, rather, its direction was changed. A Dane sat on the English throne, and the New Scandinavia was rather our island than the American continent. Certainly the prospect of gain was greater in so mercantile a nation as England had become than upon the rugged shores of the uncanny land of the terrible Skrællings.

The circumstance that the Northmen were so easily

routed by the savages, and, further, that they relinquished their design of settling in America on account of the presence of the Esquimaux, does not say much for the bravery of these discoverers. And yet they were of the same race as the fierce Danes who had so long been a scourge to their more peaceful brethren, the English; but the whole history of that period is full of rather awful warning for us, the descendants of Scandinavian warriors.

We came to what was Britain as a fighting race. We cleared the ground of the slothful, half-Romanised Kelt, taking his land from him and settling on it ourselves. Like him, we in turn grew commercial, forsook the sword and worshipped gain, and the same result followed. The warlike Dane set his foot on the neck of the peace-loving Englishman, and when the Dane in turn had become English, had turned his eyes to the 'Goddess of Gold,' he and his brother Englishman fell beneath the warlike Norman, himself originally—and not remotely, either—a Dane.

The commercial speculators under Thorfinn Karlsefni bore the same relation to Hakon the Black, Rolf Blue-tooth, or Rolf Kraké, that the herd of timid English in the time of Ethelred bore to the Angles under Hengist and Horsa. And the decline continued whenever the love of gain—the pure spirit of commerce—got the better of the hero feeling that animated the more ancient dwellers in the North. Still there

has, thank God, ever been some chosen vessel containing enough of the hero blood to counteract that in the sluggish veins of the mere chapman. Thus, when the nation of shopkeepers was sorely threatened by a dangerous foe, there were such men as Nelson, Collingwood, Wellington, and others, whose grand examples roused the people, and the glory of England blazed forth in the sword.

If we compare the Esquimaux weapons in the Ethnological Gallery with the Scandinavian arms in the Anglo-Saxon Room in the British Museum, and refer to *Older England*, First Series, we shall find the sword telling its own story; but in the case of the early Scandinavian visitors to America, *no sword remained behind*, we find stone weapons *ad libitum* all over that portion of the North, but no swords, no spears, no bosses of Scandinavian shields, no warlike remnants of an iron past. This agrees with the story of the manuscripts—the Northmen ran away!

They ran away, and stopped away. America remained unvisited. Did the Western continent remain unexplored for nearly five centuries until another accident revealed it to Columbus? Who can tell? Runestones have been found in Greenland on an island in Baffin's Bay, but no trace of Scandinavian activity in America proper marks the visit of the Northman to the land in which his kindred flourish in what may be called the first of the provinces of Greater England, where English thought, English freedom, and our

glorious English speech found space to flourish and an atmosphere in which to thrive.

Historically we have no records of the presence of the men from the North on the shores of the West until we learn of the blunder made by Columbus in the fifteenth century, by which he stumbled over one continent in an endeavour to get to another. His idea was to reach Asia by a direct westerly passage, and had not America barred his way he would have arrived there as he had imagined, and to the day of his death he imagined that the West India Islands actually belonged to Asia. He had no knowledge of Vineland, unless, as Professor Rafn suggests, he had been told about it when he visited Iceland some years before he commenced his ever-memorable voyage.

This, however, hardly seems probable, otherwise his discovery would have had less of the appearance of accident about it in one respect, and much more in another, for had he learnt anything about America from the Scandinavians, and had he been influenced by their traditions, or rather sagas, he would have been inclined to follow the course pursued by the Northmen, who certainly had no idea of the West India Islands; nor would the Icelanders' stories of discoveries made by their ancestors in the tenth and eleventh centuries have justified him in looking near the equator for land which must, in the minds of the Northmen, have been associated with the Arctic regions.

Much has been said in later years of what is called 'great circle sailing,' a system which enables men to reach a distant portion of the globe on one unbroken line. Now if we take a piece of string and lay it on a model globe in such a manner as to connect the port from which Columbus sailed and the first island he discovered, we find that he was sailing on that very principle which guides the modern mariner, and had there been no land to bar his course he would have come to India on that great circle. This is at variance with the theory that all Columbus knew was gathered from his Scandinavian friends in Iceland.

He was a pioneer of quite a different stamp from Leif, the son of Eirek, or Thorfinn the Accomplished. Christians of quite another school, the Spaniards, ushered in the truth 'with fire and sword and desolation—making a thorough godly reformation.' And the Scandinavians! The Viking spirit had departed, the eagles' wings that showed them sons of Odin had been removed from Christian helmets. The wings of Odin's bird—the raven—no longer fluttered on the blood-red flag that twenty years previous to Leif's adventure had been the terror of the northern seas. And the first visitants of that tremendous country, though of the Viking race, were only peaceful traders. Strange that they, of the same family as we Anglians are, should have turned back dismayed from the same place where, between six and seven centuries later, *we* carried to the West the very prin-

ciples that had changed, in still remoter times, the Britain of the past into the Anglia of a glorious future!

The proof is here that Scandinavian influence prevailed, for the same spirit that induced our forefathers in the fifth century to call some parts of Britain by names of Scandinavian places, led the Pilgrim Fathers to call the very district which Leif, Thorfinn, and Thorhall Gamalson visited — New England! How touching! how Teutonic! The ancient Viking, when he left his fatherland, carried a portion of its earth in the forepart of his dragon ship, so that, should he be induced to settle in any new-found land, he might have *some* of the old country with him. But this was only a symbol of something higher, something more refined within, for in his heart he carried the whole dear country over the sea to the ends of the then-known world. And as Anglia or Angeln gave the name to Britain, by which she now is known, so did the fugitives in the *Mayflower* find a New England in the West. And therefore is it that the great empire in which the English heart pulsates—call it American, Australian, African, New Zealand, or Feejee—is, in real truth, the Greater England.

The Spaniards, being lured by lust of gold, swarmed over, as we know, to take possession of an El Dorado in the West. Their course was marked by desolation, cruelty, and greed. Their galleons floated on the Spanish Main bearing rich cargoes of the precious

metals back to Europe. And what was the result? What has the treasure of the West effected? Ruin to the Spaniards! The *auri sacra fames* brought its curse with it. On the other hand, the humbler mission of the English fugitives, who sought but freedom of religious thought, founded in America an England which, in healthful energy, rivals the parent.

Rome and the Scandinavian Teutons were always bitter foes, and even in those times which come still closer to us than the remoter days of Marius and his legions—even in the recent periods of modern history stretching but two centuries back from us—we see the contest of the 'She-wolf's litter' with the stern children of the barbarous Goth. The Teuton Luther and the English Caxton both attacked the Imperial tyrant of the Seven Hills, and human thought is free in consequence! One of the great and warlike Roman brood, wishing to share the treasures of the Western continent, sent in the year 1603 a colony to Canada. It flourished, and it seemed as though a second France would emulate the second England or the second Spain.

Then came the giant struggle of the races. North and South closed in the grimmest series of deadly fights that history has ever chronicled. In 1755–6 this war began—150 years after the Canadian colony had been commenced by France. How that war raged it is no part of my present purpose to relate. But it

belongs to our subject here to note that the Romance and Teutonic elements dashed against each other with unwonted fury in the West. The French of Louisiana and Canada began it, and the retiring wave of war rolled back on the old countries, involving them in seven years of strife. In this sad war the noble-hearted Washington showed how the English spirit fired the Western champions of the Greater England. A truer Englishman was never born. Though in his love of freedom he was afterwards, despite his wishes, forced to draw his sword against his English brethren, his spirit was the same as that which breathed in Hengist and Horsa, Wellington and Nelson.

And the Scandinavian-Teuton in the West 130 years ago found in the struggle with his Roman foe a heavy task before him. As the Teutonic hosts had been cut down by legions from Imperial Rome so were the English in America checked, baulked, and baffled, by the French. One of the greatest English soldiers, Wolfe—how curtly Scandinavian is the name! it breaths a saga!—was lost to us in the grand victory in which he fell in 1759. How like a Viking story sounds the record of his death:—'They run! they run!' 'Who run?' asked Wolfe. 'The French!' 'What! do they run already? then I die happy!' Put that in Icelandic into the mouth of Ulf Björnasson and it is Scandinavian all through. As it is, the very words of the speech are so in harmony with the

Scandinavian thought, that in translation they would scarce be changed!

So from west to east war raged, and back again from east to west the tide of slaughter rolled. Canada was lost to France, and at the treaty of Fontainebleau this territory was formally ceded to the English; with it went that part of Louisiana lying eastward of the Mississippi. To these were added Cape Breton and all the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the exception of St. Pierre and Micquelon, which were yielded to the French as a station for their fishermen when working on the banks of Newfoundland. In 1793 Pitt introduced his famous Bill dividing Canada. So the great colony of England's greatest enemy became a part of Greater England, nor does our Queen possess more loyal subjects anywhere than in Canada.

Rome's cub was crushed beneath the Gothic mace; but then, it may be said, did we not lose our English colonists? Was not America becoming independent—lost to the mother country? Certainly *not!* The struggle that ensued was not a struggle of a race with such a foe as Rome had always been (and is); it was a civil war—a family row, in which a son after a disagreeable scene sets up upon his own account. But the bad blood cools down, and the young scion of the house, though setting up upon his own account and even in another name, remains as Anglo-Saxon as his sires were before *they* left the 'home.' In *our* civil wars we fought for civil and religious liberty, and

even though we murdered Charles *we did not lose our England.* Thus though the English-born in the United States call themselves Americans, they are as English as ever their fathers were, and as Scandinavian as Rolf the Ganger himself, for they cannot lose the mother earth brought with them from the North, nor can they lose that still more mighty element—the English heart beating within their breasts.

Did the colonists who, to save themselves from the tyranny of Harold Háfagra, emigrated to Iceland with all the store of ancient saga-lore and myth and mystery that marked their race, become less Scandinavian than they had been when in Norway? I trow not! They retained the ancient speech, and ancient mode of thought, the Runic letters, and the olden faith later than any other men in Europe. They are and were more thoroughly Scandinavian than the very dwellers in that portion of the North of Europe now called Scandinavia. They are called Icelanders, but they are pure Scandinavian; so in like manner are our brethren of the United States as much Englishmen as they were before the War of Independence, whatever they may call themselves. The Greater England is not cramped by arbitrary artificial bands or limits, and Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, and Anglo-Indians are all Englishmen in unity of speech, thought, literature, and in the love of God, which, however diverse may be the forms of worship, is, after all, the greatest link between us.

Our occupation of Canada is one of conquest, as in our conquest of Britain the sword was the instrument that led the way and made us masters of the land. And it would seem as though this were the most legitimate way of acquiring territory; other methods fail to secure it, but the right assumed by the conqueror appears, from the time of the wars of the Jews down to the present day, to establish an incontestable right—*as long as the sword is there.*

Had Thorfinn Karlsefni been in a position to wage war upon the Skrællings, America would not have required rediscovery at the end of the fifteenth century. As the fact stands, he was a merchant, not a conqueror, and his immediate successors who endeavoured to colonise Vineland were not warlike. So they left the mighty continent to others of their race whose task it was to rediscover it, and from the early portion of the eleventh century down to 1492 there is no record of more work in this direction by Scandinavian explorers.

The expression used by the Northmen in the saga referring to a 'new-found land,' must not be taken as conferring the name on that part of the North American coast which it now bears. It was a mere description of what that portion of the coast was, and not employed as a compound name at all. It was rediscovered on the 24th June, 1497, by John Cabot, originally a native of Venice, but who

had settled in England, becoming naturalised and a citizen of Bristol.

This man, with his three sons, Louis, Sebastian, and Sansius, obtained in 1496 a patent from Henry VII. which gave them the right to acquire lands and settle in the unknown country they were in search of. Sebastian Cabot, according to the chronicler, 'understanding, by reason of the sphere, that if he should sail by way of the north-west he should, by a shorter track, come to India, he thereupon caused the king to be advertised of his device.' Setting out accordingly in two small 'caravels' furnished for the purpose, he sailed to the north-westward from the English coast, 'not thinking to find any other land than that of China, and from thence to turn towards India.' Thus was the famous search after the north-west passage inaugurated.

On the 24th June, in 1497, they arrived at the banks of Newfoundland, where they landed. During the autumn of this year and the spring and summer of the following year they explored a great part of the coast of North America. The aborigines, however, were of a most savage character, and after suffering severe hardships and engaging in hostile conflicts with them, Cabot relinquished the attempt to colonise the coast and sailed for Nova Scotia.

This agrees with the account furnished by the Scandinavians, though from statements made by various modern writers these aborigines were certainly

not Esquimaux, but Redmen of uncommon fierceness. The theory has been started that they were descendants of Scandinavian settlers, but the authentic accounts of the Scandinavian visits are so clearly against the supposition of their settling at all, that the hypothesis seems very void of foundation.

In 1576, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, made an attempt to colonise the island, but it proved equally unsuccessful. In 1583 he made another attempt, landed at St. John's, of which he took possession in the name of his mistress Queen Elizabeth. He was accompanied by 200 adventurers, whom he left there, and departed for England, but the ship in which he sailed foundered at sea.

In 1620, Lord Bacon and others established a colony at Conception Bay. In 1617, Captain Whitbourne established a settlement at Little Britain; they found the land sterile and uncultivated, abounding in great white bears and elks. The discoverers called this country by a name signifying 'rich in fish,' from the numbers which swarmed in the rivers and along the sea coast. The inhabitants were wild and unfriendly, clothed with the skins of beasts, and painted with a reddish clay.

In 1623, Sir George Calvert (Lord Baltimore), who settled in Maryland, formed a settlement here.* In

* Sir Harry Verney, a scion of the house of Calvert, tells me that the chief of his family was Nicholson Calvert of Huntingdon House, M.P. for Hertfordshire, and Sir Harry's father's first cousin.

1631, Lord Falkland sent over a number of Irish families. He provided them with every means necessary for fishing and agriculture. They obtained a permanent footing on the island and for some time prospered. In 1646 there were sixteen settlements flourishing on the coast of Newfoundland. There were at that time over three hundred and fifty families of English extraction, a large addition to which was made by Sir David Kirk in 1654. But, after years of toil, suffering, and hardship, these settlers became the victims of the mistaken policy of the English government, which in the end cost us so dear in the American continent. A cruel edict was promulgated by the 'Lords of Trades and Plantations,' who really seemed afraid that the colonies should succeed, and to prevent their doing so they systematically discouraged agriculture, and finally entirely prohibited it! The colonists who rebelled at this edict were expelled from the terri-

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John Calvert of Albury Hall, Hertfordshire, and Nicholson Calvert, always claimed relationship with Lord Baltimore, who was a Roman Catholic, and one of the best of the early settlers. Mr. George Calvert of Baltimore always claimed relationship with Sir Harry Calvert, and sent messages to Sir Harry Verney, then bearing the family name of Calvert. The Calverts of Baltimore had large possessions, chiefly in slaves, as Sir Harry Verney believes, and the emancipation ruined them. This charming little bit of family history, communicated to me a few days ago by my father's old friend, Sir Harry Verney, seems to bridge over the past, as it were, and unite it with the present. He himself was a traveller in America, and in 1815 rode across the Isthmus of Panama on horseback.

tory, their lands were confiscated to the Crown, their homes were broken up, their houses all destroyed. In some cases even the punishment was death. It was the mistaken policy of the Government at that time to force the colonists to occupy themselves with fishing only, and to draw their supplies from the old country. In 1696 the French seized the English settlements, and from that date until 1815 the island was the scene of sanguinary conflicts, fiendish cruelty, and inhuman oppression. The treaties of Utrecht, in 1715, of Paris, in 1763, Versailles, 1783, and of Paris, 1814 and 1815, finally settled the right of possession, and it was adjudged to be the property of England.

As we have seen already, a Bill was introduced by Pitt in 1793 dividing Canada into two provinces, respectively Upper and Lower Canada, but referred to as 'The Canadas' when spoken of together. For a brief historical account of this territory the reader cannot do better than consult Mr. Rawlings's work on *The Confederation of the British North American Provinces*, published in 1865. Speaking of the voyage of Jacques Cartier in the early half of the sixteenth century, he tells us that:—

'In the month of May, 1535, Jacques Cartier, having visited Newfoundland, set sail again westward, passed the north side of Anticosti, and ascended the river St. Lawrence until he reached the mouth of a river which he called the Saguenay. The country round he christened "Hochelaga."'

In a work called *Hochelaga; or, England in the New World* (London, 1846), we find many interesting and pleasing descriptions of the early history of the British colonies of North America. Speaking of Jacques Cartier's early voyage, it says:—

'During the voyage up the stream they passed shores of great beauty; the climate was genial, the weather warmer than that of France, and everywhere they met with unsuspicious friendship. They found Hochelaga a fortified town among rich cornfields, on an island under the shade of a mountain which they called Mount Royal. Time has changed this to Montreal. The old name, like the old people, is long since forgotten.

'The inhabitants had stores of corn and fish laid up with great care, also tobacco, which the Europeans saw here for the first time. The natives were courteous and friendly in their manner—some of them of noble beauty. They bowed to a great spirit and knew of a future state. Their king wore a crown, which he transferred to Jacques Cartier, but when they brought their sick and infirm, trusting to his supernatural powers to heal them, the Christian soldier blessed them with the cross and prayed that heaven might give them health.

'Soon after this the adventurers returned to France, carrying with them one of the kings or chiefs, who soon after died of grief. Four years later another adventurer, the Sieur de Roberval, landed at the

mouth of the St. Charles River, but instead of being met in the same friendly spirit with which the Indians had received Jacques Cartier and his compatriots, they were declared by the Indians to be invaders, and their extermination was threatened. To protect themselves against the hostility of the justly-offended Indians, who remembered the forced extradition of their king, they erected a strong fortification at the village of Charlesbourg. In 1549, after a few years' conflict, they returned to France. Many years, nearly half a century, elapsed before any attempt was made to extend French sway in this territory. Some few individuals succeeded in trading and bartering with the natives, but no combined attempt was made to colonise until De Mont, with a great piratical fleet, made his appearance, and marked his path with crime, cruelty, bloodshed, devastation, and extermination. Next came Champlain, who sailed up the St. Lawrence River, and founded the city of Quebec, and, after cultivating some time the rich valleys of the St. Charles, he, in company with many of his followers, set out upon an exploring expedition to the great western lakes. All the territory north of the St. Lawrence River and the lakes he called Canada, or New France. The new settlers met at the outset with the same obstacles to the peaceful pursuit of their voyage which had marked the history of all attempts at settling or permanently occupying the country. The Indians attacked them vigorously and continuously, and often with the most deplorable

results. In the end, however, they were compelled to succumb to their less numerous but more civilised opponents, and after a time they sought their alliance. But other antagonistic elements were at work to retard their progress, other agents which are ever the accompaniments of civilisation quickly decimated their numbers, and the pale face soon domineered as lord and master. The continuous wars, too, that were desolating Europe found their dark shadows sweeping over the young colonies in the New World. The Indians were invited to display, in all its merciless and horrible aspect, their mode of warfare upon the English who occupied the southern bank of the St. Lawrence. Success alternately smiled upon the fortunes of either party, but the atrocities that were committed on the defenceless and the helpless, the uncalled-for cruelties that characterised that long period of warfare which culminated in the battle on the heights of Abraham, and decided the supreme sovereignty of Britain, is one of the darkest pages in the history of that period. Still emigration did not flourish, nor did the settler make much progress in penetrating the dense forests, for we read, "Upper Canada, only eighty years ago, was a dense wilderness from the Ottawa to the St. Clair." Despite the attempts which have been made so continually by the French, this great province seemed to have remained almost in its primeval purity, vastness, and extent. About 1783 the English settlement commenced, and a revolution of progress was at

once apparent. In 1791 Upper Canada was made a distinct province, and divided into four districts—the Eastern, Midland, Home, and Western. In 1782 Upper Canada had only 10,000 inhabitants, in 1824 she had 152,000, in 1829, 225,000. In the year 1829 agricultural societies were introduced in the several districts of the province, and the Imperial Government lent every assistance to promote the cultivation of the lands.'*

Twenty-two years have elapsed since the appearance of the work from which I quote, and the suggestion of the union of the British states, which it is the object of that book to make, has been carried out to a certain extent by the creation of the Dominion of Canada, which includes the whole of British America, except Newfoundland.

A grand possession it is, with a population of over four millions, rich in everything that the earth can yield, and under the present judicious government offering the greatest advantages to emigrants. Schools, universities, churches, afford ample evidence of the care taken of the mind, while statistics show that as far as health is concerned the average death rate is lower here than anywhere in the world.

Thus, from the early visits of our own near kin, the Icelanders, down to the fifteenth century, a kind of

* *The Confederation of the British North American Provinces: their Past History and Future Prospects, &c.* By Thomas Rawlings. London, 1865.

hiatus in the history of this wonderful land occurs. When the thread is taken up again, we see the battle of race fought out between Roman and Teuton in this far-away district, which is now, notwithstanding the French descent of a large proportion of the inhabitants of Quebec, English. Would that, in emigrating, those who leave our shores might be influenced with the feeling that induced the Vikings of old to carry their home with them over the waves, not merely in the handful of earth taken from the parent soil, but in the heartful of love for the principles and feelings thence derived.

My wish would be to see our Queen supreme throughout the whole North American continent by the reunion to the parent state of those Englishmen who, in pursuing the grand principle of our own love of freedom, caused the United States to seem for a time like a foreign land. But only, so to speak, *technically*, for the staunchest Americans love the old country tenderly. What a glorious deed it would be if the fiftieth year of the reign of Victoria the Great should see the reunion of mother and daughter! Not that the latter should be a mere dependency of the English Crown. Oh, no! but the right hand of the mighty Anglian empire restored. Union is strength. What an empire would that mighty federation of all America, all India, all Oceania, form when fused into one! The identity of the language is, according to Max Müller, a sure index to oneness of heart and

unselfishness, while selfishness and disunion produce hatred and difference in the forms of speech. Our speech is the same in America from the Arctic Regions to the Equator, and we are one in heart. Why not, then, form a great nation, under one flag and one name — neither America nor Britain, but ANGLIA?

CHAPTER III.

THE CARIBBEAN SEA.

Great discoveries, generally speaking, are the result of accident. We have seen how the Scandinavians, by being thrown out of their course in a fog, stumbled upon Newfoundland, and thus discovered America. There are some Icelanders of the present day who would deny to Columbus any merit in the discovery of the New World, because Leif Eirekson and Thorfinn Karlsefni happened to discover the coast of Labrador, and followed the direction of the land as far as Massachusetts. But they had no idea of the lands beyond Chesapeake Bay. Had they been able to realise the notion that farther south and farther west there was a region rich in gold and precious stones, they would certainly have left us more exciting accounts of their voyage than those furnished by the somewhat matter-of-fact and meagre sagas which I have referred to.

The discovery of South America was less of a blunder than the discovery of the North, for Columbus had a definite plan in his mind, which he was endeavouring to carry out, when he found the way stopped by a small island of the Bahama Archipelago in the Caribbean Sea. Having it in view to reach China by a

western passage his course was remarkably judicious, and if the unknown continent had not been in his way he would have arrived in China as he had contemplated.

It was on the 11th of October, 1492, that Columbus came upon the first land of the southern portion of North America that had ever been seen by Europeans, and this happened just five hundred years after the discovery of the northern part of that continent by the Icelanders.

And the difficulties which he had to overcome were such as would have turned most men back from the enterprise. At first, before he sailed, he had to combat prejudice, superstition, ignorance, and every possible difficulty. He had not the means to fit out the ships himself, and he could not gain the hearts of the wealthy of Spain to furnish forth the vessels. It was due to the noble spirit of the Queen at last that he was able, after overcoming immense obstacles, to sail away with three small vessels, carrying ninety men, on his memorable voyage. But his troubles had only begun when he left the Castillian shores. Mutiny, jealousies of all kinds, storms, and sickness, all conspired to force him to abandon his cherished hopes in vain; the stout heart never flinched, and on the morning of that memorable day, the 11th of October, 1492, he landed on the little island of Guanahani, or San Salvador. He then visited Hayti, or Hispaniola, where he left some of his crew who desired to settle, then he re-

turned to Europe to inform the Old World of his discovery of these islands, which he all along believed to be a portion of 'the Indies.' His second voyage was made in 1493, the result of which was the discovery of Jamaica. In a third voyage, 1498, Trinidad and other islands were added to the list; and in his fourth and last, in 1502, he visited the western shores of the Caribbean Sea, and then explored the coasts of Central America.

There is nothing in the work performed by Columbus betraying the slightest hint of having profited by the Scandinavian discoveries of Leif and his friends. True, he visited Iceland, and he *may* there have heard something about the ancient voyagers. But if that were the case it is strange that he never followed in their track, or explored any part of the north of the continent, but went directly for a spot of which they absolutely knew nothing whatever.

Alonzo de Hojeda was one of those who accompanied Columbus in 1493, and he became convinced that his former master had not followed up his discoveries with sufficient ardour, and that he had formed no conception of the vastness of the hidden countries that lay beyond. He determined to continue the work from the point at which Columbus had abandoned it. For this purpose he entered into a sort of partnership with a Florentine pilot, called Amerigo Vespucci, and to the skill and enterprise of this Florentine are we indebted for the first accurate account of the North

American continent, which has been very properly identified with him by name.

The discoveries made by Columbus created a *furore* such as no other discoveries have hitherto created, with the single exception of that of the Australian goldfields in 1851. The cry was 'Westward Ho!' and it seemed at one period as if the Old World would pour out its flood of population on to the New. The old law of migration was renewed, and the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries saw the wave roll westward, as it had done in pre-historic times.

As has been said already, Columbus had no idea of the vastness of his discovery, but died under the impression that the islands in the Caribbean Sea were part of the fringe, as it were, of the great Asiatic continent of which he was in search, consequently they were called the 'Western Indies' in those days, and are known as the 'West India' Islands even at the present time.

In 1513, Nunez Balboa crossed the isthmus that divides the Gulf of Darien from the Pacific; seven years later Fernando Magellan, who believed in the existence of a continuous ocean round the southern half of America, determined on attempting its discovery. He sailed from San Lucar, on the coast of Spain, in 1519, and, having wintered at Port San Julian, in latitude 49°, early in the spring he pursued his way until he passed through a strait, which he named Magellan, after himself, and then entered the Pacific Ocean. In three months and twenty days

Magellan crossed the immense sea and reached the Philippine Islands. There he engaged in a conflict with the natives, in which he lost his life. His companions, with the *Vittoria*—the only remaining ship of the five comprising the expedition—returned to Europe, having passed across the Indian Ocean and round the Cape of Good Hope, and thus, in three years and fourteen days, they had achieved the remarkable and memorable feat of accomplishing the first circumnavigation of the globe.

We now come to Fernando Cortez, who arrived in Mexico in 1519, with a few hundred followers, with whom he undertook the conquest of Montezuma, whom he entirely overthrew, and wasted Mexico. Francisco Pizarro a few years later subjugated the empire of the Incas. Other Spanish and Portuguese adventurers followed, the record of whose visits is written in blood. Such cruelties as were inflicted by the Spaniards on the natives of the South American continent are unparalleled in history, and we feel the greater repugnance to these adventurers when we learn that their deeds of violence, rapine, and oppression were done in the name of religion.

The historian, the archæologist, the philologist, or the ethnologist, may find vast fields for his particular species of research in the records of Spanish and Portuguese conquest in America, but if there be a spark of humanity in his bosom he must feel indignant at the traces left of the tiger-like ferocity of these *Christian*

pioneers. The marvellous ruins of the ancient temples which are constantly being discovered, tell us of a *culte* now passed away, but which in far back ages must have rivalled the gorgeous systems still flourishing in Hindustan. But they have been so utterly, so ruthlessly, crushed that patient investigation, learned research, and hopeful love of the subject can hardly restore to us even a faint idea of what this splendid system was in its details. That the sun played an important part as a symbol is known; that temples to the sun-god were erected which surpassed all buildings of our times is an established fact; but whether the worship of that deity resembled the worship of Surya, the fire worship of Persia, or that of our own Baldur (a remnant of which exists still in the bale fires of St. John's Eve), no clue remains to guide us to any sound conclusion, so complete was the destruction which the Peruvian temples suffered.

The wanton murder, the heedless destruction of ancient art perpetrated by the despicable adventurers that followed Cortez and Pizarro, show them to have been revolting monsters, from whom we turn with disgust, and with a strong feeling of sympathy with the gentler and more refined pagans whom they so very nearly stamped out.

The love of gold was the ruling passion that now set in: temples were destroyed for the ornaments of precious stones and precious metals with which they were profusely decked; men and women were ruthlessly cut down for the jewels that they wore.

The galleons of the conquerors covered those distant waters, each ship heavily laden with such treasure as makes the history of that time read like a fairy tale—a story from those dear old *Arabian Nights*, where jewelled birds and flying gems are as common as the bluebottle flies of these degenerate days.

The haughty Spaniards called these seas the 'Spanish Main.' What an idea of sovereignty does that expression give! Even the English never called the Indian Ocean the English Sea! Does this not tell its story? Does this not show how utterly the aborigines had been suppressed and how thoroughly ignored?

But this same Spanish Main was a most important portion of the vast possessions of the Spaniards, forming as it did the highroad for their galleons, while its numberless islands afforded them facilities for getting wood and water which every sailor can appreciate. But these islands, rich in many things, were void of animals on which to feed, the result was that the earliest settlers had domestic animals sent out from Spain. And, strange to say, just as the vegetation of those islands became luxuriant, wild, and rich in its great profusion, so our old friends the oxen and the swine increased and multiplied at a marvellous rate. Soon they became so numerous that vast ungovernable herds of savage oxen, and still more savage swine, spread over many islands, and even to the continent. It is difficult to realise the immense difference in the

condition of Hispaniola in 1630 from what it had been a hundred and thirty-eight years before. In 1630 a party of French settlers landed there and found the place deserted by the Spaniards, but swarming with herds of savage swine and oxen in the place where, in 1492, the Spaniards had found the Caribs cannibals. For man is omnivorous. His organization requires animal as well as vegetable food, and as there were no other animals than themselves to supply the cravings of the carnivorous Caribs before the advent of the Spaniards, it is not a surprising fact, although an unpleasant one, that they turned their attention to the consumption of their own species; indeed, it was upon these that their peculiar method of preparing flesh was first practised. Accounts have come down to us from which it would appear that ox, pig, and Spaniard, were prepared in the same way for food. The huts in which these savages resided were called 'bucans,' and in the poverty of their language they applied the same word to the process which they had invented of curing the flesh of oxen, swine, and also the '*long pig*' himself. It was also used to signify the machine employed in the work—a contrivance consisting of upright posts, forked at the extremities, for the reception of horizontal bars, from which the flesh was hung.

The peculiarity of 'bucanning' appears to have consisted in the employment of entrails and bones as a portion of the fuel, whence the smoke arose by which the meat was cured. This, it is said, imparted a

delicious flavour to the whole, which did not pass away as long as the flesh was eatable at all.

Before being smoked the meat was thrown into brine pits near the sea, and when thoroughly salted taken up to the huts and then smoked. When the French settlers came they added a verb to their own language, founded on this Caribbean word; and '*boucaner*' meant to smoke meat, while the substantive, '*boucanier*,' meant the hunter, butcher, salter, all in one. This word was applied in the first instance to these adventurers and their apprentices. For when boucaning became a lucrative profession many people, chiefly French and English, came from the old countries as apprentices to this new trade.

The combination of butcher, hunter, provision-salter, sailor, and soldier, produced odd specimens of hybrid human animals. They wore a curious costume, consisting of the breeches of the period and a woollen shirt, not unlike the so-called jumper of Australia, resembling a carter's frock cut short to the knees and fastened round the waist with a broad belt, from which depended the 'hanger,' the prototype of the modern ship's cutlass (known to the French by the name of the *manchette*), and an alligator skin case of Dutch hunting knives. On their heads they wore a close-fitting skull cap with a peak, resembling a jockey cap. They wore their hair long, descending to their shoulders; and their wild, untrimmed beards imparted a ferocity to their appearance in peculiar contrast with

the small, trim chin-tuft and dandified mustachios of the time. They had an apron of coarse leather, like that worn by the modern brewer. As they flayed the slaughtered animals and carried the hides off on their shoulders, this elegant costume became stained with blood in every part, imparting a most hideous appearance to the wearer.

The muskets with which these strange hunters were armed were manufactured expressly for them in France—Brachie of Dieppe and Gelu of Nantes being the most celebrated makers. These guns were about four feet and a half long, and were well known as 'Buccaneering pieces.' The stocks were square and heavy, with a hollow in the butt for the shoulder; they were all made of the same calibre, single barrelled, and carrying balls sixteen to the pound. Every hunter took with him fifteen or twenty pounds of powder, the best of which came from Cherbourg. It was kept in waxed calabashes to secure it from the damp, there being no shelter or hut that would keep out the strong West Indian rains. The bullet-pouch and powder-horn hung on either side of the hunter, and his small mosquito nets he carried rolled up tight and fastened to his waist for use at night, for he slept wherever he halted, and generally in his clothes.

The sights and sounds of tropical nature seldom have much influence in calming human passions and rendering man gentle. On the contrary, cruelty seems a plant that flourishes best under skies that we should

imagine were most calculated to tone down savage passions. Hatred, revenge, and the fierce thirst for blood, ran riot in these lovely islands.

> 'And crimson now their rivers ran
> With human blood. The smell of death
> Came reeking from those spicy bowers;
> And man, the sacrifice of man,
> Mingled his taint with every breath
> Upwafted from the innocent flowers.'

The Spaniards seem to have been cruel all through. The 'Inquisition,' the 'Auto da Fé,' and bull fights, arise in the mind as correlatives when the word Spaniard is used; but all the cruelties of history pale before the atrocities practised in these remote regions as a means of extorting from the natives the secret hiding-places of their wealth. Impaling, embowelling, flaying alive, and other tortures, were everyday business proceedings of the treasure hunters from Spain.

Finding that their Indian victims could not work hard enough for them, and that their own people in their haughty self-assertion would not work at all, they availed themselves largely of the newly-invented system of importing negro slaves from Africa. These seem to have been fairly well treated, on the ground that a man feeds his horse properly to get more work out of him, but they were taught to *hate* the Indians, the French, and most of all the English.

There were frequent wars between the overbearing Spaniards and the French, to say nothing of our own

little affair with the 'Invincible Armada,' between the dates which we have noticed, namely, 1492 and 1630, and the bad blood between Spain and France at the latter period grew very bad indeed. The French had failed in an attack upon St. Christopher's, and finding Hispaniola almost deserted by the Spaniards, who neglected the Antilles to push their conquests on the mainland, formed a settlement on the south side of the island. Certain Dutch merchants agreed to supply them with every necessary, especially gunpowder and brandy, and to receive the hides and tallow which they might gain.

The Caribbeans disappeared before the French settlers, who with their strange equipment and terrible arms were calculated to inspire not merely the savage cannibals, but even the haughty rulers of Spain, with awe. The innocent hunter, who prepared smoked meat in his *boucan*, became converted by his hatred of the Spaniard into the fierce, relentless brigand, who is scarcely to be distinguished from the freebooter of the period. These latter were called flibustier by the French, who wrote the word with a silent *s* and adopted the Carribbean change of *r* into *l*, a phenomenon of pronunciation still remarkable among the Chinese, and this word further modified gives us the modern filibuster for the old word freebooter.

Let one of many instances which occurred in this remote district serve to show how the hatred between the races arose, grew, and strengthened.

We have seen that Hispaniola (since called Hayti)

had been deserted by the Spaniards, who had first destroyed nearly all the aborigines. Then came a settlement of French adventurers, with a fair sprinkling of Englishmen amongst them. They were successful in their undertaking, which roused the Spanish ire. Now near this larger island is a smaller one, called Tortuga, from its resemblance to a tortoise, an impregnable and formidable rock, which the freebooters were quick to recognise as a natural fortress where they might store their powder, hold their plunder till the general sale took place, and, in a word, might utilise for all the general purposes of a haven of refuge.

The Spaniards watched an opportunity when all the buccaneers were absent hunting, and all the freebooters away on other business, to make a raid upon the settlement. They found no men, or very few, guarding the women and the children, whom these Spaniards butchered in cold blood, burning the little village over their remains. Then they departed. When some days later the hunters reappeared and found this desolation, they could not for the moment guess by whom such horrors had been wrought. At last a negress, who had by some chance escaped the massacre, told them that in their absence the Spaniards had appeared, killing the women and the slaves and burning down the huts.

After this incident the buccaneers became as fierce and bitter foes of Spain as any of the freebooters had been. And from that time the difference between

them was rather one of name than kind, for it is difficult to say which was the nearest to pirate, a term equally applicable to both, while at the present day there are comparatively few who would not be more inclined to associate the word buccaneer with a merciless cut-throat pirate than with the simple tradesman who preserved meat for the use of sailors.

During the latter half of the seventeenth century the old and very natural hatred between Goth and Roman burst forth with ungovernable fury. The two races met in the Caribbean Sea and fought their feudal battles there. The English were in the minority as to numbers, but were superior to their adversaries in bulldog determination and in those peculiar qualities which in later times, as in the old Viking days, made the Scandinavian English masters of the sea. Sometimes English adventurers joined their little force with the French or Dutch against the Spaniards, who were more decidedly Romance in origin and character than the French, who had Frankish and Norman blood to bring them nearer to us. Sometimes the English fought against the French, sometimes against the Dutch, but never were they known to join the Spaniards as allies.

And here it may be noticed that the Dutch and English seldom were allies. It seems as if the Belgians, Dutch, and Friesians were less akin to us than the more northern Teutons—the Scandinavians. We are generally counted members of the Low-

German stock, because we have so many words akin to Dutch. But comparing Anglo-Saxon with Old Norse, we at once see that the structure of the language which we call English is much more Norse than Frisic, while our Viking proclivities afford even stronger evidence of our Scandinavian origin than that borne by the kinship of the tongues.

Curiously enough the first French colonists of the islands in the Caribbean Sea were Normans, mostly from the neighbourhood of Dieppe, and these fraternised rather with the English than either with the Spaniards or the Dutch, notwithstanding their assumption of the French language and manners. It was a question of feudal war of very ancient standing, and the Spaniards came in for all the fury of the English feeling against Rome, *plus* the special desire of vengeance for injuries inflicted on the French by the robber hordes of Spain.

Unlike the conquest of the British Islands by the Anglian warriors in the fifth and sixth centuries, which was a war for possession only, and was not carried beyond the limits of each respective settlement, when the Britons were cut down and driven out, the conquests of Mexico and Peru were mere brigandage. The strong adventurers came down upon the weaker Incas and other dwellers in the northern part of South America, and carried off the treasure which they found back with them into Portugal or Spain. War is a cruel trade, and I no more

want to make out that Hengist or Horsa, either, was a sort of Viking Florence Nightingale, than I wish to prove that either one of those worthies was a Christian missionary. They cut down their enemies *more suo* whenever they found an opportunity, and to their minds it was no hardship to fall in battle—it was the fate they coveted for themselves. But the Portuguese and Spaniards claimed to be Christians, and brought to the Caribbean Sea, under the hypocritical pretext of being Christian missionaries, all the cruelty of the Inquisition, all the horrors of insatiable rapacity, which quenched the last spark of human feeling in their breasts. The story of those conquests is revolting to the last degree, and the audacity and haughtiness of the Spaniards increased with their success, and for half a century and more their galleons carried off the wealth of 'Far Peru,' and the adjacent lands. When the more peaceful French, and subsequently English colonists arrived and took possession of Hispaniola, they were subject to merciless cruelties (such as that just adduced) at the hands of the Spanish Masters of the Main, and the poor buccaneers sought refuge in Tortuga. Thither also fled the buccaneer colony which the Spaniards drove out of the island of St. Christopher, where their prosperity had alarmed the Spaniards. One evil brought another in its train. The inhumanity of Spanish robbers called up a spirit of revenge, this gave rise to the custom

of privateering in retaliation; then came the greed for gold! For the English, finding their personal strength superior to that of the Spaniards, determined to relieve them of their plunder, and consequently met them on their way to Spain, took their ships and bore the treasure off to Tortuga, Jamaica, and other islands, where it was divided amongst the successful buccaneers, filibusters, and the planters who did the agricultural and hunting portion of the business.

The poor French planters could never have held their own in the island had not their ranks been recruited by the addition of a number of English freebooters. The Spaniards saw the danger that was threatening them in such an organized and formidable settlement. They therefore determined to destroy it, and taking advantage of a time when the English were away upon their sea-roving occupation, and the French buccaneers hunting, they came down upon the whole colony and put the planters to the sword.

The blazing roofs apprised the hunters of the danger; they rushed back to the settlement, but too late to stop the ravage, and too weak to offer any serious resistance. They were soon overpowered, many put to the sword, whilst others, availing themselves of the innumerable caverns in the rocks, escaped to form a nucleus for vengeance on the Spanish foe. And when the English sea-rovers

returned they found in the island of Tortuga a repetition of the horrors which had been displayed in Hispaniola.

At the head of the English buccaneers there was a man named Willis, who gave, by his extraordinary powers as an organizer, a very English character to the whole community. The French, jealous of English interference, and fearful that the island of Tortuga would become entirely English, repaired to St. Christopher's and informed the Governor, the Chevalier de Poncy, of the ease with which it might be conquered. An overwhelming force of French assailed the island, and the English, finding the position untenable, sailed away, leaving it in the hands of the new ally of the enemy.

Violence and robbery now make up the history of the island of Tortuga. Gone was the peaceful life of the bucanning settlers whose name became more and more a sound of terror in the ears of the Spaniards. Two men, however, are spoken of whose names carry with them the sense of horror with which they inspired their foes. These are Lolonnois the Cruel, and Montbars the Exterminator.

The history of these petty wars waged by pirates upon a nation is a mere repetition of horrors such as would make the fortune of any 'penny dreadful' at the present day. Greater iniquity than that practised by the Spaniards can only be predicated of these scourges of the Spanish Main. They at

last succeeded in reducing Spanish trade so low that merchants hardly cared to run the risks presented by the enterprise. When the buccaneers found that trade did not come to them on the water in the shape of Spanish galleons, they determined to seek new enterprises on shore, and these two worthies, Lolonnois and Montbars, were as much dreaded on land as afloat.

All this was only guerilla warfare, privateering for personal gratification or greed. It was reserved for an Englishman to reduce the stormy spirits of the buccaneers to subjection, and convert a mob of foot-pads of the water into an organized force, which wanted but support from England to have put the whole of South America under the English flag.

Sir Henry Morgan was the son of a Welsh farmer in easy circumstances. He engaged himself in the usual way as an apprentice at Barbadoes for three years. Having served his time, he went to Jamaica, then the grand place of resort of the filibusters. He joined their ranks, and the first expedition in which he was engaged proving more than usually successful, he was a confirmed buccaneer from that day forth. He made the habits and customs of the buccaneers the object of profound and systematic study, and engaged in the profession in a scientific manner. His courage was undaunted, but he was not, like Lolonnois, unnecessarily cruel. He had not the fanatic desire which impelled Montbars to exterminate the Spaniards, but

he saw that vice and the love of gold were doing their best to render them so much less formidable than they had been of yore, that their subjugation would be a work of comparative ease to a well-organized attack.

The other buccaneer leaders had been but captains of freebooting gangs. Morgan was a master spirit who saw his way to a regular system of warlike operations, having for their ultimate end not the mere destruction of Spanish life, but the possession by himself, either as an independent ruler or as the representative of England, of the whole of the vast territories which the Spaniards had acquired.

When we consider the discordant elements that made up the mass of ruffianism forming the buccaneer force—desperadoes from England, France, and Holland, added to the original provision dealers, whose curious trade gave the name to what may be called 'the movement'—we must own that Morgan's idea was a scheme that in the hands of most men would have been sheer madness to attempt.

The saying that 'there is nothing so successful as success' was remarkably verified in Morgan's case. His first success made a hero of the adventurer. It roused his dormant energies and called forth those brilliant talents which, in a few voyages, placed him at the head of 'the profession.' He was known as a clear-headed leader, a first-rate soldier, a splendid seaman, a good shot, intrepid, cool, and determined. But what gave him the sway he coveted over the ruffians he com-

manded was his invariable *success*. This was the secret talisman by which he ruled, for his men gained confidence in one whose unswerving confidence in himself was thus invariably justified by results.

To say that the buccaneers of Morgan's time favoured any special vice would be an injustice to all the other vices to which the human heart is prone; but, *if* there were one more popular than another with these gentry, it was gambling. Knowing his men as he did, Morgan threw himself into this particular pursuit with the steady determination that marked his usual mode of action, and success attended every cast of the dice flung by Morgan's hand. In a short time he found himself extravagantly rich, partly by the plunder of Spanish galleons and partly by the results of extraordinary luck or extraordinary skill at the gaming table. With a portion of this wealth he entered into a sort of joint-stock company of wealthy buccaneers, and bought and armed a privateer, of which he was elected captain.

Jamaica, so called from the Indian name *Xaymaka*, meaning rich in wood and water, became Morgan's headquarters, and the choice of this island was in itself an evidence of his foresight and skill. His fame spread, and his stations multiplied round the coast of Campeachy. He returned triumphantly to Jamaica with prizes until his name became a sound of fear to the Spaniards and an assurance of success to the English.

Soon he found himself at the head of a fleet of fifteen vessels, ostensibly commanded by Mansfeldt, a well-known buccaneer, but really led by the superior genius of Morgan. The crews amounted to about 600 men, partly English and partly French.

They sailed to St. Catherine's, near Costa Rica, and here made their first descent. They found the place strongly fortified by the Spaniards with forts well built of hewn stone. But Morgan soon obtained possession of these, notwithstanding the difficulties which such an exploit presented. Having taken the forts, he proceeded to demolish them, with one exception, and in this he placed 100 men and the slaves of the defeated enemy.

Near St. Catherine's was another island of much smaller size, and Morgan now resolved to connect these two by a bridge, and by means of this (which was completed in a few days) he conveyed all the larger guns from the island which he had first taken, together with such treasure as he could find, to the smaller island; and then, having destroyed his first conquest, laying it waste with fire and sword, he sailed away, putting his prisoners ashore near Porto Bello, with the intention of pillaging and burning all the towns along the shore of Costa Rica as far as Nata. He had, as was afterwards said to be his practice, taken the island for the sake of obtaining a guide to show him the way to Nata.

Mansfeldt's idea was to found a republic of buc-

caneers, which should be independent both of France and England, which should drive out the Spaniards from those seas and assert its own supremacy. But the Governor of Panama hearing of Morgan's successes and Mansfeldt's scheme, advanced to meet the buccaneers with an overwhelming force, and the whole country being alarmed, Morgan wisely withdrew and returned with Mansfeldt to Jamaica, where, to their great disappointment, the Governor refused to give them the troops they required to carry out Mansfeldt's plan, which was postponed but not abandoned.

This disappointment killed Mansfeldt, leaving Morgan the undisputed head of the buccaneer forces in these seas. He at once established his new headquarters at Cuba, which was not far from St. Catherine's, and Morgan had all along agreed with Mansfeldt in the importance of making this island a fortified depôt. But the Spaniards had been roused, and had succeeded in taking the fort which Morgan had garrisoned and hoped to relieve, so that his plans were for the moment baffled.

'All things are possible to the brave,' seemed to be Morgan's motto, for he never lost heart even under these reverses.

At last he collected a fleet of twelve sail, with over 700 fighting men, English and French, and as the two races never mix well he made a law that any adventurer who killed or wounded another should instantly be put to death. After much debate and

some delay, it was resolved to attack Port-au-Prince and sack it to obtain the sinews of war.

A Spanish prisoner, however, contrived to escape on the night of the arrival of the fleet at Port St. Mary, the nearest harbour to Port-au-Prince, and swimming to the shore managed to inform the Governor of so much of Morgan's plans as his imperfect knowledge of English had enabled him to pick up.

This was enough to alarm the Governor, who sent to the nearest town for succour, and in a short time had collected a force of nearly 1000 armed men, freemen and slaves, and these were ordered to occupy a pass which the buccaneers must traverse. He formed the best barricades in his power by felling trees and throwing them across the path, and planned eight ambuscades strengthened by cannon to play upon the buccaneers as they marched, he himself retiring to a savanna whence, on the principle of distance lending enchantment to the view, he could survey the approach of the enemy.

The townspeople, as usual, buried their treasure and hid their valuables and movables in every possible hiding-place.

When Morgan found the path blocked by the trunks of the felled trees, he concluded at once that his plan was known, and, suspecting ambuscade, ordered his men at once to take to the woods and then to re-form in the plain.

The astonishment of the Governor may be imagined

when he saw the buccaneers, whom he thought caught in a trap, descending to the plain and there forming in good order with colours flying and drums beating. He ordered the cavalry to surround them, intending first to disperse them and then to attack them with his main body. But the buccaneers cared little for the flashing arms and glittering array of the chivalry of Spain. The greater number of Morgan's men were English, and with the old Viking spirit they marched upon the foe as to a wedding feast. They advanced in a half circle to meet the Spaniards, who charged furiously, but were repulsed by the precise fire and cool discipline of the buccaneers. So perfect was their rout that they fled in all directions, those who sought the shelter of the woods being shot down by the laughing sailors, whose loss was very slight indeed. They showed no mercy, and, advancing in the same order in which they had been originally formed, shot down or cut down all those who dared to oppose them during the four hours that the fight lasted.

Once master of the town Morgan drove all the prisoners, men, women, children, and slaves, before him into the cathedral, the gates of which he strongly guarded. He then gave the town over to pillage for the benefit of the joint-stock company. There was much valuable booty thus looted, but little money, for the Spaniards had grown skilful in hiding.

The buccaneers remained fifteen days in the town, which was the usual period devoted to such occupation,

feasting and revelling, while their prisoners suffered all the horrors of famine *plus* the disagreeable neighbourhood of the English heretics, for, strange to say, the part taken by the French contingent in these affairs was passed over by the Spaniards, who put all their disasters down to Morgan's account.

There is a strange sameness in the details of all of Morgan's victories. The use of the cathedrals and churches as prisons or hospitals, and the demand of ransom, are constant features. On the present occasion the Spaniards contrived to delay the payment of the ransoms in order to gain time until reinforcements should arrive. Morgan discovered the reason of their holding him in play, and became furious. But he consented to receive 500 oxen as ransom for the town, insisting on the animals being killed and put on board by the Spaniards, together with salt enough to 'powder' them. He then sailed away.

The national hatred broke out again between the Teutonic and the Romance elements in Morgan's crews into a violent flame. Discontent increased to open feud, and when, on landing at a small island to divide the spoil before reaching Jamaica, Morgan proposed, in consequence of the plunder being much under what they had expected, that they should make another predatory voyage together, the French refused to accompany the English, and, despite all the efforts of the chief, left the fleet.

Although Morgan had always placed great reliance

on the valour of his French allies, he was not to be turned from the object he had in view by their defection. He flattered the English until he gained them over to his plan, which was to continue the subjugation of the Spaniards without the French allies, and he succeeded at last in obtaining their unanimous assent.

He sailed away with eight small vessels, but was joined by an adventurer of Jamaica, who was just returning from Campeachy with a crew of Frenchmen. Morgan had thus a force of nine ships and 470 men, including the French of the newly-joined vessel. This force he brought in safety to Costa Rica.

Up to this moment Morgan had not disclosed the daring plan which he had formed, but he now informed his captains and seamen that it was nothing less than to storm Porto Bello by night, and sack the city! Some of the men pointed out that their force was utterly disproportionate to such an attempt, but Morgan was confident; he *meant* success, and the men believed in him, especially as he pointed out that the fewer the conquerors the larger would be the share of plunder that came to each, and the less the risk of betrayal of their plans by treachery.

Porto Bello was the strongest city in all the Spanish West Indies, except Havanna and Carthagena, the port of Panama. Morgan, by the advice of an Englishman, one of his crew, who had been a prisoner at Porto Bello some time previously, steered to a spot in

Santa Maria Bay, about twelve leagues from the city, without meeting a single vessel. They arrived purposely about dusk, and thence sailed up the river to Puerto Pontin, four leagues off.

Here they anchored and embarked in boats, leaving a few men to bring on the ships. Rowing softly, they reached about midnight a place called '*Estera de Longa lemos,*' where they all landed and marched upon the outposts of the city.

When they came in sight of the first sentinel, Morgan sent forward his guide with three or four more to surprise him. This was done before he could fire his musket to alarm the castle. The buccaneers then pushed on, carrying the sentinel, bound, before them.

Soon the sentinel was missed by the company to which he belonged, and the alarm was spread. Morgan, from beneath the walls, called upon the garrison to surrender at once, or they should be cut to pieces without mercy. Disregarding these threats, the Spaniards began to discharge their guns and muskets to alarm the town and obtain succour. But this fort was soon taken, and blown up to strike terror into the city.

At daybreak the buccaneers attacked the town itself. They found the inhabitants, some asleep, others scared and alarmed, others busy hiding their treasure; only the professional soldier was prepared for resistance. The Governor, unable to rally the citizens, fled into the citadel and fired upon the town as well as upon the

enemy, while the frightened herd, stupid with fear, were throwing their money and jewels into wells and cisterns, or burying their treasure in their courtyards, cellars, gardens, and chapels.

Another fort yielded to the attack of a party of Morgan's men, and the whole force was encouraged by the sight of the English flag flying from the walls. But the citadel itself resisted all Morgan's efforts until he hit upon a scheme for its reduction, unique, or nearly so, in the annals of war.

Not far off were a convent of nuns and a monastery of monks. In all haste these were stormed, and the hitherto peaceful recluses forced unwillingly into the service of the heretic Morgan. Ten or twelve scaling-ladders were made of extraordinary width, sufficient to allow of two or three persons ascending abreast. In the front of each 'forlorn hope' a number of nuns was made to advance as a shield, Morgan daring the besieged to fire upon these holy maidens. The ladders were carried by monks goaded on by the pikes and swords of the besiegers!

All this time the buccaneers maintained a smart fire along the line of defence, picking off the gunners the moment that a head or a pike showed itself at an embrasure. Before a gun could be run in and loaded, the unerring marksmen had picked off so many of the gunners that it became difficult for the defenders to find men to serve the guns at all. The assailants themselves were in no enviable plight; they wore no

helmets; had none of the body armour then worn on the breast and at the back; they had no earthworks, no palisades, no shelter, save that afforded by the more portly monks, who were forced on in the front as a sort of living shield.

But this shield was a better protection than might have been expected, for the monks, finding their threats treated with derision by the buccaneers, cried aloud to the Spaniards to cease firing, upon pain of receiving the heaviest curse the Church could pronounce. This terrible threat did not cause the Governor to swerve from his duty, but it influenced the musketeers and gunners so much that the buccaneers had time to plant the ladders, despite the fire-pots that were thrown down upon them, and which killed perhaps more Spaniards than English. Sailor-like they sprang up the ladders, each carrying hand-grenades, pistols, and a sabre; the musket, having done its work, was left below as a useless encumbrance. The English swarmed up, and on reaching the top of the wall lighted the fusees and threw down their grenades upon the crowd within. Before the Spaniards could recover, the English, as if boarding a ship, leapt down among them, sabre in hand. A terrible hand-to-hand conflict ensued upon the ramparts.

The undaunted Governor, Major Castellon, disdained to yield to a handful of heretical pirates. He died fighting, although the buccaneers would

gladly have taken him alive for the sake of his ransom.

The horrors of the sack have been graphically portrayed in Thornbury's *Monarchs of the Main*, but they are too revolting to dwell upon, and were only suffered by Morgan as a sort of safety-valve to the ferocity of his men. The loose treasure he had conveyed on board the ships, which had now come as close as possible to the town. He then caused what could not be so readily removed to be brought to the fort, and this was rapidly repaired to guard against attacks from Panama.

Having spent the customary fifteen days in the fort, Morgan resolved to retreat, especially as disease began to spring up amongst his men in consequence of the number of corpses improperly buried and the number of sick improperly cared for, when he heard that the President of Panama was approaching with a body of 1500 men to the relief of the town.

Sure of escape by way of his ships, and knowing that the President could approach by only one road which led through a difficult defile, he determined to remain and get the ransom he required for the town of Porto Bello out of the President of Panama.

To prevent surprise he posted a body of 100 men at the head of the defile in question, with orders to prevent the passage of the Spanish troops. This was found less difficult than had been expected, and the number of troops smaller than had been reported.

These took flight at the first fire from the English buccaneers, and waited at a respectful distance, sending at the same time hurriedly back to Panama for reinforcements. The President sent word to Morgan that unless he at once evacuated Porto Rico he and his companions should receive no quarter when taken.

Morgan replied, that unless he received 130,000 pieces of eight, he would kill all the prisoners, blow up the castle, and burn the town. He sent two men to the President for the money.

Don Juan Perez de Guzman (the President) seeing that there was nothing to be done with Morgan either by loud threats or subtle cunning, gave up Porto Bello to its fate. He was very much astonished at the success of Morgan, who, with 400 men, not regular soldiers either, had taken a city which any general in Europe would have been compelled to blockade in due form. He gave up Porto Bello, at the same time allowing the inhabitants to compound for their safety in the best way they could.

Perhaps Morgan was as much astonished at his success as the President had been, but he did not show his astonishment so much, for the Don could not resist an open manifestation of surprise. He sent messengers to Morgan to express his admiration of a man who, with no ordnance for batteries, had attacked and taken a fortress hitherto deemed impregnable, defended by citizens who had the reputation of being good soldiers never wanting courage to act in their

own defence. He begged Morgan to send him a sample of the kind of arms he had employed to gain this singular and memorable victory.

Morgan received the messengers with the greatest courtesy, flattered by the message, and chuckling inwardly with delight at being able to show (covertly) his contempt. He took the ordinary buccaneer's musket from one of his men and sent it, with a handful of bullets, to the President, begging him to accept it as a sample of the arms with which a rover had taken Porto Bello, adding that he begged him to keep it for a twelvemonth or so, at the end of which time he hoped to visit Panama and fetch it away. 'The Spaniard,' says the historian, 'astonished at the wit and civility of the captain, whom he had deemed a mere brutal sea-thief, sent a messenger back to return the present, as he had no need of weapons, and hoping that he would not give himself the trouble to visit him at Panama, where he would not fare quite so well as he had done at Porto Bello. He sent him a handsome gold ring as a remembrance, and gave orders that he should be well supplied with provisions.'

Having taken everything he could carry from Porto Bello, not forgetting as many of the castle guns as he could make use of, and having spiked the rest, Morgan set sail, taking with him the ransom, which was punctually paid in the shape of bars of silver.

Eight days later he was in Cuba, dividing the spoil in coin, bars, and jewels, which amounted to 260,000

pieces of eight; nor did this include the silks and other merchandise, of which the buccaneers took little heed, only valuing coin or bullion. When this division was accomplished they returned to Jamaica, where they were brilliantly received and made much of as long as their wealth lasted. As soon as their ill-gotten gain was expended, the friends of yesterday closed their doors on the needy adventurers, and, as the historiographer of the buccaneers, Œxmelin, says, 'Every door was shut in their faces, all but one, that of the debtors' prison, which was shut behind their backs!' The people of Tortuga considered them as mere slaves who dived to get their pearls, and they cared not what became of them—whether they perished by the waves or by sharks—so that the pearls which they had gathered could be first secured.

The far-sighted Morgan never tried to stop these excesses, with their concomitant need of fresh adventure. He never affected a higher tone of morals than those of the reprobates by whom he was surrounded. He gambled, drank, and brawled with the worst when ashore, and so contrived to win his way deeper and deeper into the hearts of his men, who understood him better as one like themselves than if he had posed as a superior in any other way than that which they were forced to recognise, namely, as a brilliant and successful commander.

He saw farther than anybody of his time, but dared not lay his actual plan of greatness before the ribald

crew whose intellects soared no higher than the acquisition of plunder. The probability is that Morgan affected a wilder and more extravagant life than any of his men could lead, merely for the sake of inducing them to follow his example, until their necessities should compel them to follow his sword.

They were mere tools in his hands, and little guessed that in the sack of Porto Bello they were only paving the way to the subjugation of Panama and the reduction of the Spanish possessions in South America. Yet such was the daring project Morgan had formed, and such was the *modus operandi* he was forced to adopt. The great depôts of the Spaniards, their arsenals and warlike resources, had to be destroyed before the great design could be accomplished, and by appealing to the basest passions of the rascals under his command this extraordinary man found a way which promised to lead him to the end in view. It will be noted that his first care was always to carry away guns and powder, and his next to render a fortified place harmless.

One of the greatest, and certainly the most important, of the military possessions of Spain in the Western Indies was the port and arsenal of Maracaybo, in the Gulf of Venezuela, and the way to attack this impregnable position, as it was considered to be, was disclosed to him in an extraordinary manner.

When his crews had recovered from their carouse in Jamaica, he suggested a voyage to recover the losses

he and his men had sustained at Jamaica. He fixed upon a small island on the south side of Hispaniola as a rendezvous, where he invited both the French hunters and the sailors of Tortuga to join him, hoping thus to swell his ranks and be in a position to do great things by the fusion of the two nations.

At this juncture a French ship from St. Malo, called *Le Cerf Volant*, arrived. She had passed through various adventures, and had touched at Tortuga, where she had taken on board a number of French adventurers anxious to plunder the Spaniards. They were no friends of Morgan's, but had no objection to using him as a tool by which to gain the desired wealth. So they came to 'Cow Island' to offer their services.

Notwithstanding Morgan's theory about fusing the crews of French and English ships into one confederation warring against the tyrants of the Spanish Main, he could not resist the longing that he felt to possess himself of the twenty-four iron and twelve brass guns that formed the armament of *Le Cerf Volant*. He had just been joined by a ship from New England with thirty-six guns on board, and he felt that he ought to have these as well.

The French captain had declined to join Morgan's expedition unless a peculiar charter-party were drawn up opposed to all buccaneer law, and he threatened, unless his demands were complied with, to sail back to France.

Among the crew of this French ship were certain Englishmen who deserted to Morgan. From these he learnt that the French captain had forced an English vessel to yield up her provisions to him, and that he held a Spanish commission empowering him to plunder the English. This was enough in Morgan's eyes to justify him in proceeding to extremities, and the advent of the New England ship enabled him to do as he liked. He therefore invited the French captain and all his officers on board the latter, where they were at once made prisoners without the slightest resistance. He declared them to be robbers—swore that they had come as spies and traitors.

With Morgan's usual luck, the English vessel which had been stopped by the French captain now appeared on the scene, and corroborated the charge against him with exaggerations. Morgan declared the large prize his, and called all his officers on board to see what a valuable addition she was to his fleet. Great rejoicing and much drinking set in, when, all on board being intoxicated, by some accident the prize blew up, sending buccaneers and prisoners first into the air and then into the water.

The powder having been stowed in the fore part of the ship, the officers were but little hurt, and Morgan showed no signs of annoyance at his loss. He ordered the prisoners who had escaped with life to be sent on to Jamaica, while he sailed away with his fifteen vessels and 860 men to do what

damage he could to the Spanish towns, obtain what plunder he could for his men, and try how near he could get to Venezuela.

Numerous adventures now occurred in which he was always successful, endearing himself more and more to the men, who seemed to think he bore a charmed life. And then he thought the time had come to propose his grand and daring scheme.

One of his captains, a Frenchman, had been with Lolonnois the Cruel when that worthy made his remarkable attack upon Maracaybo. After a long consultation, Morgan made *him*, as he could speak English well, propose the expedition to the crews. The plan was agreed to with rapture, and in a short time they sailed away to take possession of what was believed to be the strongest fortress in the world, the buccaneer force consisting now of only seven small ships and 300 men, the other eight ships having lagged astern and not yet come up.

It would take a volume to describe the details of this daring attempt. The forts commanding the entrance to the bay were stormed and taken, the loss on the part of the buccaneers being very trifling. Then they proceeded up the entrance to the bay in their boats, leaving men to guard the ships at the bar and the forts on shore. A magnificent city blazing in the enormous wealth which had been torn from the original inhabitants, was given over to plunder, and though the townspeople contrived to bury immense

quantities of treasure, the buccaneers regained their ships, after their usual fifteen days' riot, laden with more gold and precious stones than they were in a condition to carry.

Yet they were not satisfied! They demanded ransoms for their prisoners, and actually pursued the flying Governor and his men to a place called Gibraltar, where fresh conquests awaited Morgan's sword. But he was very anxious to hasten back to Maracaybo, dreading that the treasure ships might be attacked and taken.

Here he found cause enough for alarm. Three large Spanish men-of-war had arrived, one mounting forty, the next thirty, and the smallest twenty guns. Their commander was Don Alonso del Campo d'Espinosa, Vice-Admiral of the Indian Fleet, who had been sent out to protect the colonists and extirpate the buccaneers.

Morgan's men were not a jot afraid of the Dons, but they were enraged at the idea of the possible loss of their treasure, for they had too much to retreat with. Morgan, glad of this spirit, sent one of his lightest vessels to reconnoitre the bar. This ship returned next day with the news that there was no means of escape by sea or land, for not only were the Spanish ships occupying the mouth of the bay on the other side of the bar, but the Spanish flag was flying from the castle.

Nothing daunted, Morgan at once sent a flag of

truce to the *Magdalene*, the Spanish Admiral's ship, demanding 20,000 pieces of eight or he would set Maracaybo in flames! The Spanish Admiral, amused at this impudence, offered to allow Morgan and his men to pass out if he would restore the treasure and prisoners. This offer he made in a tremendous letter which he sent to Morgan, and which concluded with the threat that if this were not done, troops should be sent in boats and put the whole of the buccaneers to the sword.

Morgan read this to his men, who, nothing daunted, cheered loudly, and clamoured to be led against the enemy. At last it was resolved to construct a fire-ship, and send it against the Spaniards. This was ingeniously contrived. A small vessel taken in one of the rivers was filled with palm-leaves dipped in tar and a mixture of brimstone and gunpowder. Sham guns were made, under which several pounds of powder were placed. The partitions of the cabins were broken down to allow the flames to rush through the whole length of the ship. The crew were posts dressed to resemble buccaneers, with muskets, sabres, &c. The English flag floated, so that the Spaniard might imagine that this was Morgan's ship. In eight days all was ready.

On the 30th April, 1669, they set sail to attack the Spaniards. It was almost dark when they reached the bar, and, therefore, Morgan gave orders to anchor within range of the enemy, and to resist if attacked,

but not to attack until daylight. Special precautions were taken to secure the prisoners and treasure, one ship being laden with the male another with the female prisoners, while the plate and other valuables were stowed away in others. At daybreak they weighed anchor, and bore down upon the Spanish men-of-war.

It was, indeed, a contrast! It was as if a fleet of penny steamers of our day were to threaten an iron-clad of the first class.

The fire-ship sailed first, and made straight for the Admiral's vessel. The Spaniard, thinking that it was Morgan's own ship intending to board, reserved his fire until the enemy should come up, thinking to crush her at close quarters. But the fire-ship suddenly fell upon the Don 'like a wild cat on an elephant.' Too late the Spaniard attempted to push her off, the flames had already leaped from their lurking-places; first the Spaniard's sails were bathed in fire, then the rigging caught, then the timbers burst into a blaze. The stern was first consumed, and the fore part sank hissing into the sea. The crew could do little in the way of escape; they had only the choice of fire or water as a means of losing life. The buccaneers rowed round in hopes of picking up plunder, but not of saving life.

The second ship was boarded by the buccaneers and taken almost without a struggle; the third cut her cables and drifted towards the fort, where she ran

ashore and was set fire to by the crew to prevent capture.

Morgan again was victor, and that without loss to himself of a single man, and, rather too confident in his 'luck,' he now determined to attack the reinstated fort, but was repulsed with the loss of thirty men.

The next day he busied himself in picking up men from the water, as many Spanish sailors were floating about on pieces of wreck. One of the men who were saved in this way disclosed to Morgan all Don Alonso's plans, with which he, having been pilot of the smaller vessel, was well acquainted. Don Alonso had been sent by the King of Spain with orders to root out the English pirates in those parts, and to destroy as many as he could, for terrible complaints had reached him, to whom belonged the care and preservation of the New World, of the hostilities committed by the English. The King of England had been complained to, and had constantly replied that he had never given any letters patent to such men or such ships to act in the manner complained of.

He also informed Morgan that there was plate to the value of 40,000 pieces of eight on board the sunken ship, for he had seen it brought on board in boats. 2000*l.* worth of it in plate was discovered by Morgan's divers, besides silver-hilted swords and other valuables.

Don Alonso had now possession of the fort which commanded the exit, and, notwithstanding Morgan's threats of burning the town and killing all the prison-

ers, he declared that he would never let him pass the bar.

The indefatigable buccaneer, however, determined to escape by a stratagem which he accordingly executed. In the first place, he ordered an inspection and division of the booty before attempting to pass the bar. It was found that they had collected 250,000 pieces of eight, including money and jewels, but exclusive of a large amount of merchandise and many slaves. A whole week was spent in this division of the plunder.

Morgan's stratagem was this. He knew that the Spaniards expected the English to make a final and desperate attack on the day of their departure. He therefore made a great show of preparing to land to attack the fort. Part of each ship's crew embarked with their colours in their canoes, and were instantly rowed ashore. Here, concealed by the underwood, reeds, and bushes of the bank, the men lay down flat in their boats and were rowed back again by a couple of sailors, the boats seeming to return empty. This pretended landing they repeated three or four times a-day. The Spaniards, certain that an escalade was intended, brought over the big eighteen-pounders at night to that side of the island looking towards the land, leaving the seashore almost defenceless. When night had well set in Morgan weighed anchor, and by moonlight setting sail at the commencement of the ebb tide, dropped gently down the river till the vessels

were almost alongside of the castle. Then, increasing canvas, he drove past firmly but warily. Every precaution was taken; the crew crouched flat on deck, men were placed below to plug the shot-holes as they came. The Spaniards, astonished at their daring and enraged at their escape, ran with all speed and shifted the battery. Then they fired hurriedly, doing little damage, for the buccaneers were almost out of reach of their shot, and with the loss of a very few men killed Morgan escaped.

The delight of his followers and the wild revels at Jamaica may be imagined; but Morgan used this victory merely as a stepping-stone to his grand achievement, and attracting to him all the most resolute ruffians, English and French, that the Caribbean Sea could produce, he sailed without imparting his plan to a soul until the men were all too deeply engaged with him to turn back. The rendezvous he appointed was held at Port Coillon, on the south side of Hispaniola. To this meeting such numbers flocked that it became a matter of favour to gain a place among the crews.

On the 24th October, 1670, 1600 men were present, and twenty-four ships were assembled at the muster, and it was determined to victual the ships by taking and plundering certain Spanish towns, as a step preliminary to the great undertaking which Morgan had not yet revealed. He was joined by several ships from New England, and at last found himself master and

sole admiral of thirty-seven vessels, large and small, with crews amounting to 2200 sailors, well armed and prepared to fight to the last for plunder. He divided his fleet into two squadrons under his vice-admiral and subordinate officers.

The way in which he made his captains appear to choose Panama as the place to be attacked, or rather the way in which he appeared not to decide upon that place himself, was, although *tricky*, masterly in its kind. He called a council, in which he explained that the object of the expedition was the acquisition of wealth, and there were three Spanish towns equally wealthy, namely, Carthagena, Vera Cruz, and Panama. Which was to be favoured by their visit should be decided by lot. The lot fell on Panama, of course.

Nothing in the whole range of the history of adventure can compare with the desparate valour with which these men followed up the resolution arrived at. They performed prodigies of valour in the attack on Chagres and the capture of its impregnable castle, which, however, cost the buccaneers dear, 100 men being killed. But it was theirs, and was the key of the position. From thence, with 1300 of his best men, Morgan, on the 18th January, 1670, commenced his memorable march on Panama.

The details of the march are far from pleasant. Morgan in his eagerness to push on had omitted to take sufficient food for his men, who began to murmur, and no other leader would have got them on at all. It took

them nine days to reach the spot from whence they obtained the first view of the 'South Sea' glittering in the sun. Here a herd of cattle offered food to his more than half-starved army, and the men were soon at work lighting fires all over the plain with the wood taken from a neighbouring forest for the purpose of cooking the flesh. In the evening of that day, on mounting a small eminence, they saw the highest steeples of Panama glowing in the beams of the setting sun. A loud cheer from the buccaneers greeted the strange city, which stands as a sentinel between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Morgan caused his men to rest; and, indeed, after a nine days' march, attended with famine, mutiny, and almost every conceivable disaster, rest was most needful. They devoured the remnant of their meat and lay down to bivouac.

The tenth day of the march from Chagres was the day of battle between the band of hardy buccaneers under Morgan and the chivalry of Spain. Esquemeling admits that the odds were terribly against the adventurers. 'There were on the Spanish side two squadrons of cavalry, four regiments of foot, and a still more terrible enemy, a huge number of wild bulls roaring and tossing their horns, driven by a great number of Indians, a few negroes, and mounted matadores.' These bulls were frightened by the buccaneers' fire, and turning upon the Spaniards really helped Morgan to a brilliant victory over a force more than four times

the number of his little army and defended by excellent fortifications. The loss on the part of the buccaneers, although great, was but slight when compared to that sustained by the Spaniards. The town was given over to the victorious sailors, who surpassed themselves in creating horrors in the devoted city, which was entirely and utterly subdued.

Morgan was now master of Panama, as he had been of St. Catherine's, Maracaybo, Gibraltar, and other important towns. Had he been supported by help from England, South America would have been in a very different condition from that in which she now is. But Morgan found the buccaneer force which he had created too much for him. It was like the monster in *Frankenstein*, and as impossible to get rid of. He had formed a 'Brotherhood,' a joint-stock company, of these terrible men, and he, too, was bound by the laws of the association. Absolute as he was in time of action, he was but a member of their society when the work of destruction was over.

And the richest city in the world lay at the mercy of the remorseless buccaneers. The wealth of Chili and Peru was annually brought thither. The plate fleet laden with ingots of gold and bars of silver arrived at certain periods at Panama laden with Spanish money, it returned with the merchandise of Panama and the Spanish Main. So wealthy was this golden city that more than 2000 mules were employed

in the transport of gold and silver from thence to Porto Bello, where the galleons were loaded.

Morgan saw in the very wealth they coveted the ruin of his band and of his own ambitious hopes. The men cared only for plunder, and, when sated with riotous deeds, required to be led back to Jamaica to spend their ill-gotten gain in the usual way. Besides which, the attachment Morgan had formed to a beautiful Spanish lady, by showing a soft place in his iron heart, disgusted his men, and made them suspicious. A conspiracy was formed against him, which he discovered just in time, and this discovery made a tyrant of the conqueror. Besides this, the national hatred between the French and English rendered the band a volcano of tempestuous minds.

The details of the return to Jamaica would fill an interesting volume with exciting scenes of mutiny on one side, and unflinching courage, combined with address, on the other. Morgan never showed his disappointment, although he regarded the mere collecting of loot with contempt when compared with his magnificent plan of a New London at Panama, with all the subordinate towns reduced to her service and ministering to her wants. This was the dream of one who had the glory of his country at heart, and had only left her shores on account of his hatred of the Roundheads.

Even under the difficulties just referred to, his master-mind it was that rendered Jamaica English, as it has ever since been.

In Europe his successes made a great sensation. Spain was furious, and demanded the execution of Morgan as a pirate, robber, murderer, and so forth. Charles II. accordingly sent for him with the intention of hanging him, with scant justice and a mock trial.

Here, again, the clever head saved the neck. Morgan had, on finding how little could be done politically with his band of buccaneers, resolved to secure for himself the greater part of the wealth, consisting of precious stones, of which he was a judge, and of which his men knew little. He bought up all the jewels which the buccaneers had found for a mere trifle compared with their actual value, and besides those which he purchased he had contrived to secrete the most costly for himself, so that his proportion of the sack of Panama was far beyond the entire amount of gold and silver which fell to the share of the men.

When he received the summons to return to England he immediately obeyed, and he contrived to carry with him such proofs of the exhaustless nature of the wealth of Panama as should change the tone of Charles towards him.

And so it happened as he had imagined. The King sent for him, anxious to see this 'mighty thief;' but when he heard his plans, and saw some of those diamonds transferred from Morgan's keeping to the royal treasury, his heart relented, and, instead of hanging Morgan, he

knighted him, and made him Governor of Jamaica, with almost royal powers.

Charles was always in want of money, and the Dutch war in which he had to engage could not be undertaken for want of means. Directly after Morgan's visit this war *was* undertaken, with what success is a matter of history.

James II. was too good a Catholic to quarrel with Spain, and soon had his own personal interests to fight for. William of Orange was too much engaged with Dutch affairs to care much about the spread of English power in the West, and in his reign the only man who could have fixed the English flag firmly at Panama was dead.

Morgan was a Viking of the old Odinic stamp, stout of heart and strong of hand, clear-headed, far-seeing, and wise beyond his era. He has been forgotten, but the spirit that nerved his hand is living still, though acting upon other lines.

His successors were mere brigands, whose adventures have little to do with the grand subject of the dissemination of English thought. They were bold fellows, of course, and the account of their deeds may be read in an idle hour, but the amount of good gained by the perusal will hardly repay the labour. Murder and violence of every kind fill the pages of the horrible record. And yet, in overawing the Spaniards, they unconsciously did good service to the cause of civil and religious freedom.

Our possessions in the West Indies, however strange the assertion may seem, are owing, in the first instance, to the successes of a buccaneer, for Penn and Venables would never have taken possession of Jamaica without the aid of Morgan's men. The subsequent governors of that island had little else to do than to maintain what he had been instrumental in securing.

With regard to the subsequent fate of the islands in the Caribbean Sea, England has command of the most important as well as the greater number, her posssessions being Jamaica, the Leeward Islands—Tortola, Anegada, Virgin Gorda, Anguilla, Barbuda, St. Christopher, Nevis, Antigua, Montserrat, and Dominica; the Windward Islands—St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Barbados, Grenadines, Grenada, Tobago, Trinidad, and the Bahamas.

The Spaniards hold Cuba and Porto Rico; the French, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Marie Galanta, Deseada, and the north part of St. Martin. The Dutch have possession of St. Eustatius, Saba, and the south part of St. Martin in the north of the little Antilles, and Buen Ayre, Curaçoa, and Oruba off the coast of Venezuela.

The Danish islands are Santa Cruz, St. John, and St. Thomas.

The Swedes have St. Bartholomew, so that our Scandinavian brethren are not by any means shut out.

But the influence of Anglian thought is felt throughout these islands, and if the disgrace of in-

venting the slave trade attaches to the memory of Sir John Hawkins, an Englishman, it is not less true that the first to upset it was an Englishman also. The result of missionary influence upon the descendants of the slaves imported in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries from Africa, has been most beneficial, and the merry, odd, and industrious negro has obtained, after three centuries of serfdom, as much religious and political freedom as the wealthiest peer in England.

Surely the advantages of the spread of Christian love, peace on earth, and goodwill to men are greater than the petty pride, which would fabricate a spurious greatness by the subjugation of fellow beings! Love binds together, strengthens, and sanctifies, whereas pride separates, weakens, and destroys.

Pride, like the tower of Babel, soars aloft in the foolish effort to reach to the heavens—grand in its own conceit. What is the result?—confusion of tongues, hatred amongst men, and utter failure of the object. Opposed to the terrible lesson taught on Sinai's plain is the wonderful teaching of the Christian Pentecost, when tongues of fire or burning love were seen on the heads of the Apostles, and although in an immense assembly there were men speaking all the languages of the then known world, such was the influence of love that they all and each understood what was said whatever language was employed and whatever the nation of the hearer.

CHAPTER IV.

OCEANIA.

The Scandinavian custom when a small king or a great yarl had more children than his land would support, was to send the unprovided younger members to sea, believing that the ocean was theirs of right, and anything nice in the way of an island, a well-laden merchant ship, or a maritime town or so, might be considered as their lawful property, on the principle known to us, their descendants, as the rule of thumb.

The purity of our own descent from the Vikings may be traced in our inheritance from them of this peculiar view of our relations to the ocean, and the isles and distant lands to which the wild waves have borne us.

Somewhat of the Viking spirit, shown in the terrible buccaneer chiefs, was pointed out in the last chapter; but it was not only manifested in such men as Morgan and his successors, it is more or less the animating spirit of all Englishmen, who feel the truth of Moore's assertion that 'Our home is on the sea.' Certain it is that whether a man takes to the glorious element as a profession, or retires, after a life spent in the accumulation of wealth, either to the privacy of his

own yacht or to the tranquility of a long voyage, the sense of delight in being afloat is a solace to Englishmen—a charm unknown, because unfelt, by others. Hence we have been discoverers, colonisers, sailors, pirates—anything to amuse us—upon the surface of the many-sounding main.

It is a very fortunate circumstance for us that this predilection exists, otherwise what would become of our surplus population? Seeing the rate at which we increase and multiply, there would be no hope for these islands unless some outlet were provided for our too many sons and daughters.

And here I would strongly emphasise a remark I first made in a work entitled *Older England*, pointing out the fact that the Anglian settlers in Britain did not intermarry with the Kelts and the Kymri because of the Odinic law which forbade their marriage out of the faith. Consequently they brought their wives with them, wherefore we are descended from a pure race, and not a hybrid mixture, 'half horse, half alligator.' And, true to this feeling, our sons seek brides of the Anglian race rather than of the dusky or tawny tribes that are met with in Asia, Australia, and the islands.

Hence it is that the hopeful woman of the working class, like the Rowenas and Edelgithas from whom she descends, looks to a new England, either in the Far West or under the Southern Cross, when wages run low and poverty grows grim. She sails away and, under sunnier skies, produces a store of Scandinavian

elements hitherto dormant within her, but which have remained in the race from the fourth century until now. English elms thrive in Australia, growing to a far greater height than here; other specimens of the English flora are developed in an extraordinary manner. But the plant that thrives the best on Australian soil is the English heart or Anglian feeling, the spread of which is the mission of our race. And the homes that arise in Australia are more essentially English than many of those upon this island. The squalor of poverty in its repulsive form as existing in the slums of our great towns, seems to be too cowardly a demon to meet the sunlight of those distant parts of the Greater England which we are now considering. And though the Australian colonies had among their members forty years ago some of the vilest elements of the lowest dregs of English society, they were tried in the rough school of bush life and physical toil, and the rough element was of use in facing the ruder shocks of the early troubles of the settlement.

As was the case in the West India Islands and India, we were not the first discoverers of the Australian continent. The Dutch, the Portuguese, and the Spaniards were the pioneers in whose steps we followed, and whose spirit of adventure led the way. In Australia the Dutch were the first a-field, and the continent now called Australia was formerly called New Holland.

The coast of this new portion of the globe was first seen in March, 1606, by a yacht called the *Duyfen*,

which had been sent by the Dutch from Bantam in the previous year to explore the coast of New Guinea. She fell in with the coast of continental Australia to the south of Endeavour Strait, on the eastern shore of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Of the results of this discovery little became known in Europe. Possibly some inkling of the matter reached Spain, for during the years 1605, 1606, and 1607, the Spaniards sent out the celebrated navigators Fernandes de Guiros and Louis Vaez de Torres on a voyage of discovery to the south. They discovered a cluster of islands which they took to be a continent and named the 'Terra del Espiritu Santo.' Cook, however, discovered the true nature of the group and named it the 'New Hebrides.'

By some means Guiros and Torres became separated, and Torres sailed along the south coast of New Guinea and passed through the straits that separate the island of New Guinea from the mainland of Australia, and these straits are now called Torres Straits in honour of this Spanish navigator.

As just remarked, the Dutch did not appear at first to set much store by the discovery they made, though there can be little doubt that they frequently saw portions of the coast during their passages between Batavia and Europe, but ten years pass without any historical account of their labours, then a certain Theodore Hertoge is reported to have fallen in with a part of the western coast between 28° S. latitude and

the tropic of Capricorn. The ship in which he sailed was called the *Endracht* or *Concord*, and he gave the new land this name, calling it Endracht's Land, or Concord Country.

This discovery appears to have roused the Dutch from their indifference towards the great continent, and Australian discoveries became numerous. In 1618, a Dutch navigator named Zeachen discovered the coast from the entrance of the Gulf of Carpentaria to Cape Talbot. The eastern part of his discovery he called Arnhems Land, and the western Van Dieman's Land.

After him come other Dutch discoverers, who continued the work and appear to have discovered more than half the continent, the crowning points of their labours seeming to be the discovery of De Witt's Land in 1628, so called after the celebrated admiral of that name, and of Carpentaria, named after General Peter Carpenter, who explored with considerable accuracy the gulf which now bears his name. In 1642, Abel Jansen Tasman discovered Van Dieman's Island, which up to the close of the last century was thought to be a part of the continent of New Holland.

It is not until towards the end of the seventeenth century that the English appear upon the scene, and their appearance connects this portion of our subject with that treated of in the last chapter, for the first English discoverer was the celebrated

buccaneer Dampier, who having published an account of his travels in 1691, was sent out in the same year by William III. on a voyage of discovery to New Holland. He was wrecked near Ascension. In Queen Anne's reign, during the War of the Succession, he commanded two privateers and cruised against the Spaniards in the South Sea. His objects were to capture the Spanish plate vessels trading from Buenos Ayres, to lie in wait for the gold ships from Boldiva to Lima, and to seize the Manilla galleons. He explored some parts of the coast of the continent, but did not add much to the number of discoveries, that not being so much in his line as fighting the Spaniards, and he soon returned to the Spanish Main, where he became as great a terror as Morgan had been. Under him the buccaneers' flag was changed from red to black.

A very different person was the next English explorer who visited the coasts of New Holland—Captain James Cook, whose name always sounds agreeably to English ears. A thorough sailor, an honest man all through, possessing to that great attractions in our eyes of being entirely a 'self-made man.' He was the son of a small farmer and was apprenticed to a haberdasher at Staithes, near Whitby. He took a liking to the sea, and with his friends' consent bound himself apprentice to a Whitby firm of colliers. He rose to be mate of a vessel, and in 1756 volunteered into the Royal

Navy. Here he soon distinguished himself, and interest being made for him, he was put on the quarter-deck with the rank of master, first on board the *Grampus* and then on board the *Mercury*, in which vessel he was present at the capture of Quebec by Wolfe. Here, under the fire of the French guns from a fortified camp, he took soundings, and then made a chart of the river from Quebec to the sea, and this chart was for a long time the only one in use.

He was promoted to the *Northumberland*, in which he served till 1762. He devoted himself to the scientific part of his profession—became a mathematician and a marine surveyor. He distinguished himself by his accurate survey of Newfoundland and Labrador, and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant and sent to the South Pacific.

He proved that neither the continent of Australia nor the island of New Zealand could be portions of the great continent which had been supposed to exist in the Southern Hemisphere as a balance to the mass of land in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

His survey of the coast and his scientific account of the eastern shores of the continent from Cape Howe to Cape York, and which he called New South Wales, at once placed him in the first rank of England's scientific navigators. He was rewarded by being promoted to the rank of commander.

After Cook's three voyages, many Englishmen

explored these seas successfully, and added their contributions to our geographical knowledge; and, after the establishment of the colony of New South Wales, those coasts which had not been explored before came in for their share of careful investigation, notably by Bass and Flinders, who have both left their names in Australia distinguishing portions of the country. They discovered the strait called Bass's Strait, which separates Van Dieman's Land from the adjacent land called Bass's Land. Grant discovered Grant's Land, and Flinders, Flinders's Land. Nearly all those parts of the coast which had been unseen by the Dutch were discovered in less than fifty years by the English.

This is not intended to be an account of voyages and travels, but an account of the land over which the love of our Queen extends, and where the tongue of Alfred and Shakespeare is spoken. The notices of these discoveries, however, are important in this case, as Australia has been only recently added to the Greater England, and may be said to be a special growth of the Victorian age. The conquest and occupation by the English of this vast country offers a striking contrast to the conquest and occupation of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards. It has been entirely pacific on our part, and although conflicts have taken place with the natives, they have been few and far between; they have always arisen on the side of the natives, and have never led to anything like a war. The aborigines are dying out before the white man in an almost

incredible manner, nor is there the remotest chance of their receiving civilisation at our hands—as a nation.

They are not pleasant people to have to do with, for it is painful to see the human race in so low a state of descent. They are not ascending, although individuals have become Christians, and have become fairly decent people as servants; but they are dying out so fast that the probability is that the new century will find none of them in the neighbourhood of our settlements at all.

In the last century they were in considerable numbers on the coast and in the islands; now a man may travel a long way before he meets one. The poison of alcohol has been one active agent, but the physiological or anthropological fact is that the race is ceasing. I was told at Geelong by a medical man who was in practice there, that in Tasmania no black child was born after the settlement of the English on the island.

The conquest is a very different one from that of Britain. We came hither sword in hand, and won the country inch by inch and foot by foot with the sword. But in neither case have there been intermarriages. In each instance a lower race has surged against a higher, and has been repelled, leaving the Saxon unmoved, untainted. The English of Melbourne are as English as the English of London, and though the increase of English population in Australia during the last forty years has been tremendous, *there are no half-castes.*

And a curious circumstance heralded the advent of the Anglian race in Australia. It was, in the first instance, their penal settlement. The worst criminals —the lowest in our social scale—were sent to meet the most degraded of the human race on those distant shores. They were neither of them very attractive. Bill Sykes, with his mastiff jaws, receding forehead, and general negro contour, *plus* the diabolical ferocity which civilisation produces among her outcasts in as much perfection as savage life does among her chosen types. The black Australian, with the projecting jaw, receding brow, and cannibal propensities, was hardly more a savage, save that in his ignorance he was unclad. One of these types has gone. The convict, having served his time, was forced to work to live at all, and so perforce became a useful member of society. In 1851 it was not etiquette to speak of convicts in Australian society, for the intelligent, well-dressed, and courteous host might in those days have been the son of one of those '*Old Lags*' (to use the cant expression current then) who were the pioneers against whose rugged front the negro wave recoiled.

Lower could no man fall than these unhappy negroes fell. The place of woman marked the low and grovelling state to which they had descended. Where woman is degraded man is lower still, for he has wrought the wrong. And to see these wretched creatures, more like the beasts that perish than any form

of man, was something horrible. Efforts were made to raise them, but in vain. Clothing, clean houses, order, were all too much for them; they loved the wild and boundless desert, they hated our four walls. Then as to clothing? Why should they dress? Their limbs were much more free without. Their women bore with patience such foul ill-usage as the pen refuses to record. They had no love, no hope, nothing but patience. For home was none, houses were none, and to these nomads of the Australian waste woman was but the beast of burden, the slave, the object upon which the brutal wrath of savage man could be expended.

They had no consolation of religious thought. They had no god; they only had a devil — a big devil, whom they called 'Yakoo' or *debil-debil*, of whom they stood in *fear*. Love had no place amongst them. When a child died the phrase was, 'Yakoo took him.' Such a thought needs no comment.

Fear was the motive power with these blacks. Murder of every kind was practised by one tribe upon another, and I was told that either in Australia or on an adjacent island (I do not now remember which, it is six-and-thirty years ago) there was a tribe whose language boasted a hundred words for murder in so many varied forms and not one word for love.

The Roman-loving Latin master of our schools tells us that *we* were barbarous savages when we came over to these islands. But he must learn that when we came we honoured woman in the highest place below

the gods. She was the vala, the priestess, mother, wife, and friend. The fine old Scandinavian word for woman was (as it is now in Swedish and in Danish) *qvinna*. In English this word still lives on as QUEEN. We had a god of love, but not the reprobate and *blinded* rascal known as Cupid. Our god was Baldur, son of Allfather, the god of *light*, purity, and love—love in the highest form, so high and so refined that not a Roman of them all could grasp his attributes.

The Anglian race has not decayed. Our Queen is woman, and woman is our Queen. We have the sword as well as our remote progenitors possessed it, but though we are sons of Thor we have, I trust, some of the brilliant, bright, yet gentle elements which Baldur typified, and hence our conquests are more lasting than those of other nations, and our priestess, vala, guide, and dearest friend, stands on an eminence which at the same time is the symbol of our own superiority to other races, in that we recognise *her* proper, fitting place. When the respect we owe to woman fails it is a sign of man's degeneracy, and he falls lower than he would make her sink. The patient, suffering, uncomplaining *gin* of the Australian negro, in her pathetic, mute appeal to heaven for mercy (albeit she was never taught an uttered prayer), stands in the eye of God incalculably higher than the low, degenerate brute whose force of hand compels her to assume so low a state that he may seem a little higher. How low must his state be to make this necessary!

For the poor *gin* must carry all the little baggage wanting in the nomad life they lead. The children must be carried, and the mother carries them *plus* all the other matters needed on the road. The man may hunt, fish, knock down birds to serve for food, the woman lives upon such roots as she can find, on grubs, on snakes, and lizards. Then, on the slightest provocation, she is beaten and ill-used until her life becomes a thing of horror.

The men are sometimes strong and muscular. I have even seen them tall and physically shapely, but ground down, oppressed, half starved, and overworked; the women all are thin, and bent, and haggard.

There are some strange and very horrid customs, which are, I believe, still common in many of the islands. One is the way in which these savages dispose of their dead. They expose the corpse to the action of the air, and when the flesh is putrefied they bury the bones. After a time these are exhumed and carried about by the surviving relative. The skull is made into a drinking-cup, and, occasionally, before decay sets in, the fat around the kidneys of the deceased is eaten by the mourners with great glee. The dances which they practice are singularly horrid. They are only performed by the men, who colour their faces white and make streaks of white down their limbs and all over their bodies. They dance at night by the light of blazing fires, the women keeping time. This grand dance is called a corrobory, and in the course of it they

strike their waddies together, making a singular clish-clash, unlike the sound of arms, yet that is what it is.

Cook speaks of similar dances in the island of Owyhi, and of the custom of widows of rank to disinter the bones of a departed husband and travel about with them for a year, after which they may marry again. This is so like the Australian habit that it seems to point to a common origin, though the natives of Owyhi, according to Cook's description, were, in his time at least, much higher in the scale of civilisation than the degraded objects that were met with near our great towns in Australia five-and-thirty years ago.

I quite remember seeing a *gin* come into Melbourne accompanied by her lord and master. Their attire was not exactly in strict accordance with western conventionalisms. The gentleman wore a pair of whity-brown trousers and a swallow-tail coat, from which the tails had been removed, 'making,' as a facetious colonist observed, 'a swallow coat of it' (*i.e.*, swallow-tail coat—tail=swallow coat), a large 'cabbage tree' hat, and nothing else. The lady's costume was still more simple, consisting of a small and very dirty blanket fastened by a skewer round the neck in such a manner as to screen the left side of her proportions from the molestation of the breeze, but leaving the right side to the enjoyment of that case which unconstrained nature alone supplies. An old straw bonnet

without ribbon or trimming completed the toilette of this Australian belle, and this concession to conventionalisms was worn with considerable effect, the face appearing at that part of this head-dress originally meant to accommodate the back of the neck, while the front of the bonnet formed a kind of curtain descending to the shoulders of this individual. This costume struck me at the time as recommending itself strongly on the score of economy and absence of constriction, about which so much has been said and written in vain!

The waddies used by the Australian warriors are remarkable as meeting the requirements usually supplied by the shield, the spear, the club, and the spade. The boomerang is now sold in every toy-shop, and will remain as a toy long after the extinction of the Australian race has put it out of our power to see it flung by the original inventors. Two curious legends have arisen regarding this strange instrument, which are instructive as showing how erroneous ideas may arise on subjects which are themselves perfectly historical.

The boomerang is thrown from the hand so as to rise into the air, whirling rapidly until it reaches a considerable height, then it stops, turns round, and comes whirling back again until it falls some feet behind the thrower. This has given rise to the statement that the design of the cast is to strike an object *behind* the performer instead of in front of him,

which would give him very little chance of taking aim. The second legend is that the boomerang being discharged at a bird, brings it back to the hunter! A story, perhaps, rather more difficult to accept than the first.

When Cook's people first saw this weapon they thought the savages were armed with curved swords or scymetars, and were surprised to find them of wood.

It seemed a strange experiment for us to send our convicts to Australia. It was a wise step in the first instance, and it was quite as wise to abandon it in the second as soon as the uses which the convicts might perform had been achieved. The great rush to the colony was occasioned by the discovery of the gold-fields. Then the former colonists, shepherds, and farmers left their homes and streamed off after gold. Trade seemed ruined in the larger towns, for prices of all kinds of goods rose to a prohibitive extent. England poured forth a flood of surplus population such as promised to swamp the colony. Huge ships were fitted out for emigrants, who found no accommodation for them when they arrived. A large camp, called Canvas Town, sprang up between Melbourne proper and the Yarra Yarra, and here the sufferings of the immigrants were fearful. Camp fever arose, the very necessaries of life were not to be obtained, and still more ships arrived to swell the ranks of these unhappy, disappointed men and women.

The goldfields first discovered were at Bathurst on the banks of a stream that flowed from the mountains. Two months afterwards another goldfield was discovered. This was at Ballarat, to which place a general stampede was made, not only by the new invaders of the colony but by the diggers of Bathurst. But fresh goldfields opened up, and the rest of Europe poured forth its hungry thousands to share in the golden gains.

Of course the greater number of these treasure-seekers were woefully disappointed, but the story of their want of 'luck' had no effect whatever on the shoals that flocked to Melbourne. It was distressing to see the number of persons leaving Melbourne, high in hope, for the 'diggings,' and to know that of the number at least half would never return. Of the other half, one-third would perhaps make enough to pay their expenses. About a dozen individuals would make fortunes and the rest return ruined in prospects to become policemen, dray-drivers, waiters—anything—starve in Melbourne, or die disappointed and prematurely old.

Sad sights occasionally met the eye in these unhappy days. The body of a mother, starved upon the road from the unprofitable fields, would be discovered clasping a lifeless infant to her breast, no trace, no clue remaining, to say what name they bore when living, or whence they came to meet a tombless death. The sad remains of men were still more often found

with marks of violence upon them—sometimes self-inflicted, sometimes caused by bandits of whose doings we shall hear anon.

Men of education, clerks, tradesmen, labourers, navvies, all came flocking to the goldfields. A digger's usual plan was to select a partner, called the mate, who had to share the hardships and the profits of the expedition. Some formed joint-stock companies with elaborate machinery made in England, and warranted to do wonders. None of these were ever successful. Those who obtained the most gold were chiefly rough, uneducated navvies, who knew nothing of the value of the wealth they gained, which they accordingly disbursed in the most absurd and lavish manner. Betting took place as to who could spend the greatest amount of money in the shortest given time. Witness the example of two ruffianly fellows trying their skill at this costly game. One hired all the carriages he could command in Melbourne, and seating a number of his acquaintances within the vehicles, provided each with champagne and other things of ruinous cost, and made them drink excessively. The other quietly exchanged his gold for notes, and putting these between slices of bread-and-butter, ate them up as sandwiches. Of course he won his wager, and, besides that, he had none of the trouble or the worry incurred by the other.

On another occasion a successful digger coming into Melbourne, and passing down Collins Street,

observed a well-dressed, lady-like woman coming towards him. After passing her, he stopped, turned round, followed her, overtook her, and said, 'Beg pardon, mum — that's a lovely shawl you've got on —matches the dress uncommon, but the bonnet would disgrace a nigger! Don't you be frightened, mum, but just step in here, we shall soon set that all right.'

Terrified out of her wits, the poor woman did not know what to do. Run she could not. To remain with the digger in the open street might attract other and still more reckless characters, and so, more dead than alive, she entered the best shop in Melbourne, where the digger overawed everybody by his arms and general reckless appearance. A bonnet was selected, for which the trembling attendant demanded ten pounds as the price.

'What!' cried the digger, 'do you dare to sell a trumpery thing that costs no more than a paltry tenner to a lady like *that?*'

'What price do you wish to go to, sir?'

'Oh, nothing under twenty pun' for me!'

An inferior bonnet was produced, for which the digger paid twenty pounds, and walked out of the shop saying that 'though he wasn't a gentleman born and bred, he knowed how to treat a lady!'

It was a sad sight to see some of the disappointed diggers dropping into Melbourne, not so much browned as *yellowed* by their exposure and peril. Gaunt, thin,

emaciated, with staring eyes starting from the shrunk-up, parched, and withered face; the jumper or short frock worn over the woollen shirt torn and of no particular colour from the effects of dust and wind and clay; added to these, the rifle under the arm, the revolver at the belt, and the huge knife (half dagger and half carving knife) stuck in a sheath to keep it company; the wide-brimmed hat, the green gauze veil, the yellow boots and just as yellow trousers, made up a picture once seen never to be forgotten.

For a time society was perfectly disintegrated; respectable families fled to England with what they had saved or could rescue, and every kind of robber, swindler, thief, flocked over to supply their places. Servants rushed off to the diggings, sailors left their ships rotting in the harbour, and all joined in the terrible rush to the diggings. Few of the scoundrel classes dreamt of earning money by the labour of their hands, their plan being to dispossess the fortunate digger of his hard-earned gains by other means than downright honesty would sanction. Gambling places were established; drinking houses flourished; every mode of getting money from the diggers was resorted to, and often with success; music-halls and other baits were soon in full pernicious swing; and Melbourne was as nearly like the worst part of the description by the stern old Puritan, John Bunyan, of Vanity Fair as though he had drawn the picture from

our colonial town. The two foul fiends—the Gold-Fiend and her sister-demon Alcohol—joined hands exultingly. 'Base man their instrument, weak man their prey'—both equally and irrecoverably lost! A modern Dante might have been inspired to write a new *Inferno* from the sights and sounds then rife in Melbourne.

How true the teaching of our ancient myth referred to in our opening chapter, that the most fearful foes to man are his own sensual passions, led by the Giantess called 'Love of Gold,' who must be quelled, or he is lost for ever.

The work at the diggings has become a matter of ancient history. Washing the gold in the so-called cradles, 'fossiking,' and other technical expressions, are explained in Encyclopædias as something of the past. The finding granules of gold in the sands of the rivers, and larger pieces called nuggets in the ground near their banks, is written in the pages of the *Times*, and so preserved for ever. But one thing is perhaps unknown, which is, that as the Jews were the persons who profited most in the bargains with the diggers, certain manufacturers in England *made false gold dust*, which was taken to Australia by scamps as rascally as any ever born, and by them mixed with actual gold to cheat the very Jews. Disguised as diggers, these fellows would contrive to pass their counterfeit for genuine 'dust,' until they were detected, which of course was very soon; still they had

time and opportunity enough to swindle 'Little Moses' as much as he had 'done' the diggers.

The nugget was more difficult to imitate than the dust. A lump of gold can be weighed and tested with ease, but an apparent digger, with a travel-stained dress and worn pouch, could contrive to sprinkle a number of grains of genuine gold upon the heap of baser granules so as to deceive the dealer as to the nature of the whole. The imitation was carried out with a fidelity worthy of a better cause.

The success of some of these adventures excited the worst passions of the worst members of our criminal classes, who determined to attack the diggers on their way back to the great towns, and gain by a single *coup* the wealth which had cost the digger himself months of labour to acquire.

The leader of one of the most daring of these bands of highwaymen, then called bushrangers, contrived to obtain admission into good society. He was a slightly built, gentlemanly man, rather below the middle size, wearing a long, black, glossy beard, an ornament not worn in England in those days. He was thought to be a successful digger, and his profuse expenditure in Geelong was set down to the ease with which he acquired nuggets, and his confidence in his 'luck,' which never seemed to fail.

He was accustomed to leave Melbourne when, as he said, his gains had been exhausted, but with all his prodigality he never spent more than half the booty,

merely giving out that he was ruining himself. He left in full digger costume with one *mate*, on whom he could depend for not arousing suspicion, and at a certain point was joined by other members of the gang. As he had really been a digger, he knew the haunts and habits of these men, and by mixing with all classes in the towns, discovered who were at work and where they were working. He would then explain to his men what he intended to do, and dispose them in the best manner to gain his end. The *modus operandi* was simple; he would go among a set of diggers, buy a claim and work a few days, and then pretend to have found some nuggets, and show them to the actual diggers, with a view of learning what their gains had been. If he discovered that there was a good chance of a *haul*, he would note in his mind the most wealthy of the diggers, and then start off saying that:—'He should not wait for the rest. He was not afraid of the bush-rangers. He wanted to go to Melbourne to spend his gold while he had it,' and so forth.

He and his mate would then ride off, always well armed, of course, and then would join the band at the appointed place, whence they would issue forth and attack the diggers, generally with complete success. For the digger, worn out and exhausted by incessant labour, sickness, and disappointment, was no match for the fresh and vigorous bushranger, whose whole hope lay in success.

These circumstances gave rise to the formation

by the Government of a corps of military police, mounted, and appointed like light dragoons, and further to the establishment of the mounted escort, which was of two kinds, one appointed by the Government, and consisting of picked men chosen from the police force, the other was called the 'private mounted escort,' and was the invention of a German. This second body was more popular with the diggers than the first.

The bushrangers represented the freebooting feature in the Caribbean Sea, inasmuch as both of these institutions arose with a view to deprive men of treasure. In Australia, however, none of the disgusting cruelties were practised which sully the page of Spanish history on which the deeds of Pizarro and Cortez are inscribed, casting a reflex shade of crimson on the deeds of our buccaneering friends. In both cases violent men found violent employment, and were got rid of. It would be well if some dazzling hope of gain were held out to our modern roughs, which would send them off, 'body and bones,' to expend their savagery in preparing the way to civilise Burmah, the Soudan, or any other promising field for ruffianly activity. I would send all wife-beaters to thrash the Dacoits, burglars to effect an entrance to the remote cities of Abyssinia, and street roughs as a sort of special constables to keep the Russians out of Bulgaria. These occupations would afford safety-valves to the exuberant spirits which prompt so many of the occurrences heralded by the

police reporters, and then the actors in these scenes of violence might in many cases tone down to fairly useful members (not to say ornaments) of society.

This buccaneering phase did not last very long. The bushrangers were caught, and their gentlemanly leader finished his career somewhat ignobly. The penny dreadfuls had not then succeeded in inculcating a thirst for 'blood and thunder,' and people, after the terrible disintegration of society, settled down into a very English sort of business-like life. Froude makes the Australia of to-day more of an 'idyl' than anything remaining in the old country, out Englanding England herself, as the Americans of Boston are said to be better informed on the subject of early English literature than the generality of people at home, and more intelligently interested in our history and archæology than we are ourselves.

These are proofs of the reality of what may be termed 'Anglian thought,' of its indestructibility and healthy growth unchanged by the external influences of climate and other scenery.

The gold fever of 1851 was most useful in attracting energetic and enterprising men to a colony which they otherwise would not have visited. The rough element cleared off, leaving a healthy, flourishing progeny as its successor. The sons of the old convicts, even in 1851, were losing the stigma which had attached to their sires, and had already risen to become as worthy members of the colony as any in Australia.

Not that this circumstance is any argument in favour of transporting convicts thither. To do so would be such a grievous wrong as hardly any Government, even our own, would dream of causing to a growing colony. That our deported felons have not done us harm is due to special circumstances, but a community of evil-doers, compelled to herd together, would in any other case have been productive of most dire results. Witness the feeling in Siberia against the Russian Government.

The growth of Australia has been rapid. She has profited by the accident of her birth, and is not ashamed of being English. The mistake of the Americans has been the endeavour to start something new, something which shall be emphatically *not* English; but they are feeling more and more the shallowness of the pretence, and I believe have, in the unanimous love for the Queen which obtains throughout the whole of the United States, manifested the existence of Anglian thought more emphatically than most of them are aware.

Five days steaming brings the traveller nowadays from Australia to New Zealand, a country in so many respects resembling this that it might have been called 'Little Britain the Younger.' There are two considerable islands and one inconsiderable one, as with us there are England, Ireland, and the 'small Isle of Man.' Here, too, the occupation by ourselves has more resembled our settlement in this country in the fifth

century than our colonisation of Australia in the nineteenth, inasmuch as the wars in which we have been engaged have tended, in the first instance, to reduce the populationwhich we found in possession of the country.

The Maoris appear to have been, of all the Polynesians, the bravest and strongest. Their custom of tattooing seems to be prevalent among all nations in a certain degree of savageness. The Kymri found in the British Islands by Cæsar, as well as the Picts, were strongly addicted to it. Indeed, they must have resembled the Maoris in many things, only they were far lower down in the scale of human depravity than the New Zealanders ever were. And yet, by some unaccountable perverseness, we, the descendants of the Anglian chiefs who cut them down with little mercy, are wont to style ourselves Britons, and to claim the revolting savage whom Rome could not civilise nor Christianity reform as our ancestors! Will the descendants of Tommy Atkins and Ben Brace two thousand years hence call themselves Maoris, I wonder, because their remote ancestors settled in New Zealand?

We found the New Zealander a cannibal and an incessant warrior. War was his delight. His gods were gods of war of the very grimmest kind, and, like the Australian negroes, he had no sculptured idol; his gods were spirits of the air, invisible to men, and only revealed to certain individuals set apart as priests. The air, the woods, the vast volcanoes of the island were

but the resting places of his gods. The priests interpreted their will to those of the inferior sort who had not been declared the favoured instruments of prophecy and revelation. The strange, grotesque, unearthly effigies we used to find all over both these islands (the small one being quite omitted) were not idols, but tributes to the memory of valour long departed, like England's statues to her own great men. There is a strange, grim humour in the idea of using some such horrid shape before the face to form a hideous mask, and the New Zealand masher greatly affected this quaint disguisement in the olden time. But now the savage has retired before the Anglian sword, and most of these odd customs live only in the memory of him who once was called 'the oldest inhabitant.'

And those who know how history repeats herself may learn, from what is going on among the Maoris, the process that obtained in Britain when we first arrived. The Maoris make a stand; guerilla warfare then sets in; the English are victorious by virtue of superior arms and that peculiar bulldog courage that will not know defeat. In Britain the half-Romanised, half-savage Kymri had been Christianised before we came. We then were pagans, but still we gained the victory over the far less warlike, though by no means peaceful, Kelts and Kymri. As the Briton retired before the heavy English battle-sword in 480, so the tattooed warriors of New Zealand went down before the English rifle. True, they obtained such weapons

for themselves, but in their hands they were as nothing compared to what they were in ours.

Yet the New Zealanders resisted bravely. Their fierce attack on Wanganui in 1846 had nearly lost the colony, but they were repulsed, and now there is little fear of their giving further trouble, for a weapon more dreadful in its effects than Anglo-Saxon sword or modern English rifle is busy in the Maori ranks. Fire-water is thinning off the native population frightfully, and the proud warrior, who dared to face the well-drilled soldiers sent from their antipodes armed with the most refined and perfect instruments for taking human life —these men, these demi-gods in physical development, have sunk beneath the baleful draught of fire-water.

If the New Zealander Macaulay speaks of were really *now* to stand upon the Bridge of Sighs (as Hood called London Bridge), what would he say? Were the historian's words prophetic? I fear not; the chances are the miserable savage would only ask for rum. Cæsar had no such weapon in his armoury as this. The Kymri and the Kelts still flourished after their defeat, assumed the toga, and became a kind of parody on Roman life, a sad burlesque, a bitter sarcasm on the lordly tenant of the seven hills. Our conquests do not copy us—we kill them off with poison, and then we take their land.

True it is that the Maoris have their territory, a portion of the land distinct from ours, to which we cannot penetrate without express permission from the

chiefs, but fire-water wants not such permission, and carries on its fierce, exterminating work slowly, but with a deadly sureness that leaves no room for hope.

It is the case all round; America, Australia, and New Zealand show the effects of fire-water on the savage, who cannot stand before it. In India the natives, Hindu or Mussulman, will not touch rum or whisky, and they accept our institutions gratefully. They do not ape us in their dress and manners, they are not comic parodies of greater snobs than they, but they adopt, with praiseworthy selection, whatever seems to them improvements on their own peculiar customs. The utter savage—North American, New Zealander, or the low savage of the Australian plains—adopts our vices, and is lost.

Being of a Gothic and anti-classic turn of mind, I prefer the mode of colonisation adopted by my own direct ancestors, the early English, who made no pretence of improving the condition of the unhappy Keltæ, whom they cut down and dispossessed. We have as little right at the antipodes as we had *here* some fourteen hundred years ago, and yet we keep our footing here, and, by the aid of whisky, shall very likely extirpate the copper-coloured and the negro races of the world.

Yet in Australia and in New Zealand missionary work has been carried on with great activity, but this has had no power to repress the furious craving for the poison once imported. And what would very much astonish what was formerly called the 'Exeter Hall

party' is the queer fact that the Maoris actually thank the missionaries for the gift of fire-water, attributing to them the introduction of the three great gifts, 'gunpowder, rum, and tobacco.' Certain it is that the missionary was first in the field, and in his wake followed the ever-watchful trader. But it is severe to tax the missionary with wilful importation of the three great curses to the savage. I have heard a Cape friend of mine declare that the missionaries were the cause of the old Cape war, and he deliberately laid to their charge the crime of selling muskets and rifles to the Caffres, ostensibly to aid them in hunting, but, as it turned out, to enable them to oppose us with greater effect. That the leaves of the Testaments were used for cartridge paper and the covers of the bindings for wads by Caffres and Maoris is a well-known fact, but no blame can be attached to the missionaries, who certainly did not give the Bibles and Testaments with the view to their being employed in that way.

Some gruesome stories have been told of what occurred before New Zealand savages embraced Christianity. In 1807 some good Christians here at home determined to send out missionaries to New Zealand, but before their plans could be matured disagreeable news arrived. An English ship, *The Boyd*, touched at New Zealand, and every one on board was eaten by the natives. When the missionaries heard this a sort of indifference about New Zealand appeared to set in, and they went somewhere else.

But in 1812 two missionaries ventured to go to these cannibals, and run the risk of being devoured. They went to the northern island, which is of course the warmest, being nearer to the equator, while the southern island, approaching a little nearer to the pole, is the coldest. These men found the natives more savage aud less attractive in their proclivities than they had expected. But they faced the dangers and tried to do good, in vain. The New Zealanders grew worse and worse. One of the chiefs, a certain Hongi, contrived to obtain guns from England, and with these effected immense slaughter amongst his brother New Zealanders, and, by way of bravado, he caused his army to be marched past the dwellings of the missionaries, each man having a basket full of human flesh cut up for culinary purposes. There are some further details, which are unpleasant.

But more missionaries came and worked steadily, with how much good resulting from their labours may be gathered from statistics. After thirteen years' labour one individual on his death-bed sent for a missionary and told him that he believed on the sacred name, and seven years later another desired to have the Holy Communion administered to him. Two converts in twenty years!

Another twenty years brought a change, for then the statistics show an increase in the Christian ranks of over six thousand individuals.

In New Zealand woman is not so debased as she is

among the natives of Australia, and this fact points to a higher tone among the men, nor is there the revolting, animal-like appearance in the case of the Maori to help the conviction of his being in a state of decay or dying off the globe; but his doom is no less certain than that of the Australian—it may be delayed, but rum is performing its mission. The arrow is winged against the devoted race, and its aim is unerring.

Though not so unpleasant to look at as the Australian, the New Zealander is quite as objectionable on account of his ferocity on the one hand, and his utter collapse under the influence of drink on the other, as any savage in the world. And yet he has a friend who has done more than any one to save and raise him. I mean Sir George Grey. His books about New Zealand are most interesting. One of the most attractive of these books, giving an account of certain New Zealand heroic myths, told in an earnest, simple way, cannot fail to charm the reader. He has devoted his life to the Maori cause, and lives amongst them. They adore him; they call him, as the Russian peasants would, 'Little Father,' and are willing to do whatever he wants them to do. He is a wonderful pacificator, and even the Boers and Caffres at the Cape both respect him. Had he been Governor at the Cape just before the last war the chances are he could have prevented it.

Before we came amongst them, the New Zealanders,

on account of their predatory disposition, could not live in detached houses for fear of enemies, nor could they live together in one house for fear of each other. Their plan was, therefore, to have a kind of village, surrounded by a stout palisade, effectually guarding it from external foes. Within this fortification the sleeping huts were built, each on two posts, so as to raise the dwelling some twenty feet or so above the ground. It was inaccessible save by a kind of ladder, which was pulled up after the inmates on their retiring to rest. There was a common dining-hall, and in the enclosure were placed the grotesque monuments to departed worth, to which allusion has been made already. This camp, for such in effect it really was, may be imagined to be the scene of constant and hopeless confusion. The men boasting and shouting as they sat at work carving their spears or mending canoes, whilst the children ran about adding their shrill treble to the concert, to which the grunting of pigs would contribute a neat and appropriate bass. The women were the quietest, engaged in preparing food in their ovens, scraping fish, preparing flesh, human or otherwise, for their meals. Occasionally, especially after the defeat of an adverse tribe, we may imagine an intelligent child taking up the head of a fallen foe, holding it in his little hands, and squatting down to 'make faces' at it.

After all, it does not seem that we appear upon the scene too soon; and as nearly twelve centuries of

Christianity have made us squeamish in the use of the sword to exterminate these degraded, fallen forms of our species in order to make room for ourselves, Vice steps in with alcohol, and does the business for us without hurting our tender feelings or loading our conscience with the idea of having committed murder —with our own hands. The 'niggers' die off all the same, which is the end in view.

In the fifth century we found the little corner of Scandinavia—Angeln—too small for us, too unproductive, and nothing near so suitable to our then requirements as Britain. We came over and helped the Britons (who were a little out of training) to dispose of the Scots and Picts. Then we wanted land in payment, and got the Isle of Thanet (which ought to have Home Rule on the strength of this distinction). Then some friends came to see us and we wanted more, and somehow we obtained what we wanted, driving the Britons before us. It was the survival of the fittest, and I believe that the exalted, pure, and, I may almost say, holy system of mythology which we brought with us from the stern North rendered us *the fittest* of the nations of that time to receive Christianity. History in repeating herself sends us forth to replenish the earth with that form of Christianity, and that peculiar bias of mind, which I have ventured to designate Anglian thought, to fill the globe with the love of truth and the sense of honour. Governments may do their worst to thwart

us—and they do—but we obey the law of Nature; we migrate and spread abroad throughout the globe the thoughts and principles of ANGLIA.

As to what I say about governments — one tore from us our beloved firstborn across the Atlantic, another ruined our hopes in the Soudan, and caused such disaffection at the Cape as nearly upset that interesting colony. But it is of no use. In spite of Downing Street and the merciless folds of the Red-Tape-worm (that monster serpent), we shall doubtless fulfil our destiny, and replace the cannibals of New Zealand and the other islands of the Southern Seas, as well as Australia and Africa, with the hardy, God-fearing, honest, Anglian race.

And what a glorious hope do these distant lands hold out! Everything English thrives in New Zealand better than at home. Trees, fruit, flowers, such as we love here, we may take with us, knowing that they will grow and increase to an extent such as they never could attain in England. Witness the story of the missionary and the sweet-brier. He loved this plant of all things, and true to the teachings of the Anglian blood that prompted Hengist and Horsa to take a handful of their fatherland on board their dragon-ships, he took a root of this sweet-smelling shrub. But he was not prepared for the result. The thing grew to be a fearful nuisance; grew to cover fields and plains with wild, luxuriant, fragrant thorn; grew till the settlers wished the missionaries missioned

anywhere but there, for they were forced to harness horses five and six abreast to tear the weed up from the soil! No grass seeds could be sown where this 'rampageous' plant ran riot, potato-fields were useless, and it took years of labour to get rid of it!

Thus things of home still flourish at the Antipodes, so that the veriest John Bull that lives may find even in New Zealand the objects of his special fancy in greater strength than here, besides some curious sights which he would never see in England.

In books about New Zealand some attractions are described which, I regret to say, the visitor will seek in vain, for they are of the Past. The lovely terraces described by Mr. Froude as Pink and White respectively are now no more. They live still in his bright description as vividly as though they had not suffered from the effacing forces of Nature's subterranean workshop. The consolation, therefore, rests with us, that though we cannot see these wonders of the world by going to New Zealand, we have them brought before our mental vision quite as vividly as though we really saw them with our outer eyes.

These terraces were the result of volcanic action, and by volcanic action they have been destroyed. But boiling springs, resulting also from volcanic action, abound there still, like Geysers of the Northern Thulé, where Scandinavians first found refuge from the oppression of a king, and where they typify the ardent

feelings that exist beneath the calm exterior of the Northern breast.

If you should be an artist and desire to get a picture of a Maori, you first must have permission from him before you try your skill. Whether there really be a feeling in his mind that the taking his portrait deprives him, by some magical power, of a portion of his soul, or whether he has become grasping by contact with men of business, I cannot take upon me to decide; but in favour of the superstition that the artist draws upon the life of the savage as well as upon canvas there is the statement made by the late Mr. Catlin, which I remember hearing him make, that the North American Indians believed that a portion of their life was appropriated and worked up into the picture, and he was compelled to resort to all sorts of expedients to persuade them to sit for their portraits.

Of all the islands that have felt the power of Anglian influence, not one is more interesting than Borneo. Seen from a distance, with all its wealth of foliage it resembles a basket of moss or ferns, or the nest of some huge bird floating upon the water. It is divided by the equator, and is inhabited by various savage tribes of a fierce and untamable character. Their piracy was long felt throughout the Indian waters, and many a ship that has been reported 'foundered at sea' has been decoyed into the charming paradisiacal-looking rivers, creeks, and bays, and there destroyed with all on board.

The western and southern districts are inhabited by Dyaks, the peninsula extending to the north-east by the Biajoos and others, while the eastern coast is peopled by the Tiroons. In the interior there are numerous tribes variously named. These are all of Malay origin, but there are settlers on the coasts and up the country of foreign extraction—Malays, Chinese, and a few Arabs.

Of the Dyaks, two kinds are reported: the Dyak Darratt or land Dyak, and the Dyak Laut or sea Dyak.

These latter are, perhaps, as revolting a set of wretches as ever the sun shone on. Of them, cannibalism is predicated, and there is no reason to doubt the fact. They had a peculiar and unamiable custom of beheading people and keeping the heads as ornaments to their houses, which are mere huts, forming, however, tolerably regular villages. Before these huts and round them are, or rather were, sundry high poles, on the summit of each of which a dried and blackened human head grinned hideously down on the undecapitated monsters below, who were certainly more hideous than the poor fragment of mutilated humanity aloft. When a sea Dyak went courting in the good old times, he used to lay a certain number of heads at the feet of the fair (or, rather, *dark*) enslaver, and if this number agreed with her ideas of the respect to which she was entitled, the wedding took place with such peculiarly ghastly ceremonies

that people would not care to hear about nowadays.

These sea Dyaks were polygamists, and therefore presents of human heads and other agreeable trifles calculated to soften the female heart were much in request; but as the land Dyaks and other tribes resisted on principle the endeavour on the part of the maritime tribes to collect these presents from amongst their number, quarrels arose. At last it was discovered that European heads were, when duly blackened by exposure to wind and rain, quite as good as those of the country gentlemen inland, less difficult to obtain, and connected besides with wealth stored in the ships in which the owners of the coveted heads came over. Thus everything pointed to piracy as the best way out of a series of difficulties.

They had two kinds of vessels, the prahus and sampans, or, as they are often called, bangkongs. The prahu was a large, well-built canoe, carrying a long gun forward (which, however, like the Burmese, they could neither train nor point), and capable of containing a crew of eighty men. These vessels had remarkably high sterns, could sail or row, and were very light and easily managed. Their plan was to lie concealed amongst the foliage of the luxurious trees which grow down into the water and hide the approaches to the little creeks and bays from view. Here they would await the approach of any European craft, and then send innocent-looking little boats with such fresh pro-

visions as would be likely to please the European taste, and so delude the unwary merchantmen into false security. Then the prahus would creep out, and if the merchant had been foolish enough to anchor, she was overpowered, crew and passengers butchered, and what money and merchandise she carried taken to the village.

Later on the value of the money and merchandise became better known, and the passengers were tortured cruelly to reveal their hidden treasure, or something like the buccaneers' proceeding was adopted, and ransom was demanded for prisoners under the threat of 'taking the head.'

These customs were unpopular among the seafaring Europeans, and representations were made to the Sultan of Borneo, to the effect that the island was acquiring a bad reputation. A native rajah or king, under the Sultan, undertook to stop these practices.

About this time, 1838, an English gentleman, named James Brooke, went out in his own yacht with a crew of twenty men to investigate the Archipelago. He arrived at Sarawak when the rajah referred to was making an effort to suppress the piracy which had been increasing so much of late. Brooke was interested, and his splendid yacht and well-trained crew were found of immense use in ferreting out these marine locusts. The rajah was delighted with him, and finding that he was a wealthy man who did not want to be paid for his labour, presented him to the Sultan, by

whom he was extremely well received. He now went to Singapore, but in 1840 went back again to Borneo, where some of his suggestions were so much relished that he was offered the position of rajah, which he accepted.

Being an accomplished linguist, Rajah Brooke soon acquired two or three of the dialects, and this, of course, was excessively useful to him. He discarded the dress of ordinary Englishmen, grew a beard, and came out in robes and jewels. But piracy seemed to get the upper hand, notwithstanding the Anglo-rajah, so in 1843 he returned to Singapore, whence in 1844 he came back to Borneo in the *Dido*, under the command of Captain Keppell, and the expedition was assisted by Sir Edward Belcher.

The civilisation of the island seemed now to be in a fair way to success, for Brooke was wise enough to see that violent changes or a regular war with Borneo would be useless towards that end. He had learnt to respect and admire certain qualities (I don't know which) of the inland dwellers on the island, and he was hopeful—if he could only get rid of the pirates—of forming an Anglo-Indian colony at Borneo. He was made agent to the British Government in 1846, and determined on an island called Labuan as the seat of the consulate.

Unfortunately, the native chiefs took umbrage at his innovations, and plotted with the Sultan against him. Two of the favourable rajahs were murdered,

and in the spring of 1846 serious distress arose. In 1847 Brooke came to England.

Here his reception was very flattering. He was knighted, and his title of rajah not only recognised, but confirmed. He was made Governor of Labuan, English Agent for Borneo, and Rajah of Sarawak.

His efforts to keep down piracy had only met with partial success, and then seemed to have been baffled entirely, but he was determined to crush it, and he obtained the assistance of certain native rajahs in his new attempts, and this was very important to him.

On the night of July 31st, 1849, he led a fleet of prahus, H.M.S. *Resolution*, the Hon. East India Company's ship *Nemesis*, and three boats from the *Albatross*, to the attack of 150 Dyak and Malay prahus and bangkongs at the mouth of the Serebas River. They were decoyed from their ambush by one of the Company's brigs of war disguised as a merchantman with her yards 'anyhow,' and her three guns hidden by old canvas.

The Dyaks swallowed the bait. They came out in force, but 'caught a Tartar,' and were soon exposed to the fire of the *Resolution* and the *Nemesis*. The prahus were manned with about 70 men each, chiefly Dyaks, with a few Malay chiefs amongst them. There was one big prahu containing perhaps 100 men, she made a dash at the brig in the first instance, and

received a lovely shot from the 'long Tom,' which took her between wind and water and sunk her almost instantaneously, to the immense surprise of the rest. The shot from the *Resolution* and *Nemesis* did the rest, vast numbers of the pirates were killed off; 2500 only of all the armament escaped to the jungle.

After the action the ships' boats ascended the river and destroyed the villages along the banks of the Serebas, hanging such chiefs as were found lurking about and removing the heads from the poles before firing the villages.

There were many persons who imputed interested motives to Sir James Brooke in administering this severe lesson. But reformers always have detractors, and Brooke, of course, had many enemies. But I happen to know the circumstances which called forth the terrible retribution the Dyaks met with, and which was the death-blow to the Borneo pirates.

A merchant vessel, I think a Russian, had been sighted by these wretches, who thought that there was a considerable quantity of money on board. She was decoyed into the belief that the Dyaks were harmless savages who wanted to trade, and received them on board. A sampan was the first to come alongside with flowers and various things of peculiarly innocent appearance; these attracted the attention of the captain's wife, who was accompanying her husband on the voyage. But at the bottom of the boat, concealed by large fresh

leaves, were many armed Dyaks, who at a given signal leaped on board and overpowered the crew; they were rapidly joined by others, who sprang on board and commenced searching for gold.

On finding none they became furious and threatened all kinds of horrors, but the captain still asserted that he had neither money nor treasure of any kind. They would not believe him, but hit upon the most diabolical piece of torture ever invented to make him reveal his hidden store. His vessel was a barque, that is, she had three masts, but there were no square sails on the mizzen. They lashed the captain to the mizzen, and his wife facing him to the main mast. They now, in sight of her agonised husband, commenced tearing all the skin from her living body! They paused every now and again to ask the captain whether he would reveal his secret hoard. But he had nothing to reveal, and the torture went on until the whole of the skin was removed, exposing the poor creature to the rays of a tropical sun!

Some other ship hove in sight which was thought to be an English man-of-war, and so these fiends in human shape rushed to their prahus, taking with them a few heads, but leaving the captain's wife in the condition I have described.

The new-comer was not a man-of-war but one of the large sailing merchant vessels of those days, and she sent a boat's crew to see what ailed the distressed ship. They found the captain a raving

maniac and the wife not much better. Every attention was shown them, but she soon died, and the story was gathered from a sailor on board who could speak English.

I well remember the feeling which pervaded the Indian navy regarding this horrible affair, and am glad to have an opportunity of saying a word that may help to justify Rajah Brooke in taking the vengeance which he did.

In 1852 people used to go occasionally to visit Borneo from Bombay for an excursion, and the Anglian influence has swept away all ideas of piracy among the Dyaks. At the present day there is a steamer which runs once a-week during the season from Bombay to Sarawak, and the 'Ducks,' as the inhabitants of Bombay are called, enjoy the trip as the Cockney at home loves his run over to Boulogne. It was natural that Rajah Brooke should be horribly enraged and should burn these villages with a will, but there was not a seaman on board the little English fleet who was not animated by the same feeling. There is a sort of rough chivalry about Jack which will not stand any ill-usage of a woman. I do believe that if the Dyaks had flayed the captain and not his wife the important step in the civilisation of Borneo—the destruction of these villages—would not have been taken, at least the blow would not have been struck so heartily. But the victim having been a woman, Jack was roused.

Borneo may now be considered as almost English,

at least that part of it which has been ruled by Rajah Brooke, for he knew how to adapt himself to the native mind, descend as it were to its level, and then rise with it.

His remarkable career shows us how much a single individual may do in spreading civilisation and Anglian thought.

It shows us also that the sword *must* be employed in certain cases, and cannot be neglected while there are those to be got rid of who own its power alone.

CHAPTER V.

AFRICA.

The law regulating geographical discoveries in the period grasped by modern history holds good in most cases. The Portuguese or the Spaniards are the first to pave the way; then come the French; then the Dutch. Then we appear upon the scene. In the case of North America only do our own kith and kin, the Scandinavians, precede the Romance nations in their discovery of the coasts of Labrador and North America, then there is a pause of nearly five hundred years before the matter is again taken up: the Spaniards and ourselves appear almost together on the field.

Our knowledge of the coast of Africa is due, in the first instance, to the efforts of the Portuguese, and their work was different from that of the ancients in that they sought to open up all the coast from Gibraltar southwards. The modern geographical investigations of this coast date from the fifteenth century. The only portion of the west coast of Africa known at the commencement of the fifteenth century was that between the Straits of Gibraltar and Cape Nun, in lat. 28° 40′, a distance of about 600 miles.

There is a slight connexion with ourselves in

the prosecution of these mediæval geographical researches, for the prince under whose direction they were undertaken was the son of Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, and sister to our King Henry IV. She was the wife of John I. of Portugal, and the prince in question was a younger son of this marriage.

He had heard from the Moors about Africa, and their wild legends had interested him ardently. From these he became convinced that there was a vast seaboard, which he determined to investigate. Acting upon this impulse he went, in the twenty-first year of his age, to Terçornabal, in the Bay of Segres, not far from Cape St. Vincent, and from that time forth devoted his life to African explorations.

Before this, however, it seems that a single ship had been fitted out by King John, and that this ship had doubled Cape Nun in 1412. Other accounts state that this feat was first accomplished by two small vessels sent out by this prince in 1415. In any case, there are only three years to account for.

The island of Porto Santo, one of the Madeira group, had been accidentally discovered by Zarco and Tristan Vaz, who came upon it in a storm. Madeira itself was discovered in 1419 by the same investigators as had discovered Porto Santo, and they gave it the name of Madeira, from a Spanish word signifying wood, the island being, at the time of its first discovery, thickly covered with forests. But these woods

were set fire to, and the story goes that they continued burning for seven years.

Under the auspices of this prince a series of discoveries, important not only in the annals of Spain and Portugal but in the history of the world, were inaugurated, and continued to be prosecuted with great vigour down to the end of the century.

Not very long after the researches made by the two vessels in 1415, the enterprising discoverer, Bartholomew Diaz, discovered the Cape of Good Hope, which he called *Cabo Tormentoso*, or the Cape of Storms, for which doubtless he had excellent reasons, but the King, when Diaz returned to Portugal, gave it the name of the Cape of Cood Hope, as an omen that the Portuguese had now a fair prospect of reaching India. It does not seem to have been popular with navigators of that period, for it was sometimes called the 'Lion of the Sea,' which is almost as telling a name for it as the *Cabo Tormentoso*. Another name applied to it was the 'Head of Africa,' which reminds one a little of the 'Saracen's Head,' used in times not very far remote as an emblem of all that was wild, cruel, and ferocious. I fancy I discern somewhat of the same spirit that prompted the appellation of '*Cabo Tormentoso*' in the grim-sounding names of the 'Head of Africa' and the 'Lion of the Sea.' The substitution of the (in every sense of the word) 'goody-goody' name applied by the King seems to bear me out in the supposition, that he evidently wanted to get rid of unpleasant impressions in

connexion with the spot, and felt that names of terror were certainly not calculated to enhance the attractions of that part of the world.

John II. of Portugal died in the year 1495. His cousin, known by the somewhat pretentious title of Emanuel the Great, succeeded him. One is not in the habit, in this country at least, of talking very much about this monarch, nor is the number of English people who ever heard of him a very large one, which might afford a text for a homily on the vanity of human greatness, only nobody would care to listen to or read it. Whatever his claims to greatness may have been, we must allow him eminence as a distinguished patron of geographical research. He surpassed John in his zeal for maritime discovery. In this king's reign, and, as it appears, under his special direction, Vasco di Gama set sail on the 8th July, 1497, to attempt the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, as discovered and laid down by Diaz. Di Gama doubled the Cape on the 19th November, and put in at the Bay of San Blaz, sixty leagues beyond it, left that station on the 8th December, and on the 16th passed the island or rock of Santa Cruz, where Diaz had set up his last cross. For that pious navigator was accustomed to set up a cross at such points as he thought favourable as settlements or where he had rested, careened, or taken in water.

Thus Portuguese ships navigated the whole extent of the African coast from the Straits of Gibraltar to

the Straits of Bab el Mandeb. They ascertained the shape and extent of the continent so far, and they also laid down with tolerable accuracy the positions of some of the principal rivers and headlands.

The whole of this coast, excepting the 600 miles extending from the Straits of Gibraltar to Cape Nun, had been entirely unknown to Europeans before these expeditions were undertaken. To the Portuguese, therefore, as pioneers, we are much and deeply indebted. Nor was it the configuration of the coast alone that interested these enterprising men. They continued their explorations inland, and one of the chief inducements which led them to search the interior of the country was the very praiseworthy desire of finding out who the mysterious and almost mythological personage called 'Prester John' was, and where he lived. The name means Priest John, Prester John being only a corruption of the Portuguese form Presto Joano.

Whoever this personage was, or may have been, he was at first taken for the Emperor of Abyssinia, to whom all other kings of that part of the globe were tributaries. As nothing definite was ever known about him, it is not at all surprising that the wildest legends were invented or grew up about him. Africa was called Prester John's country, and doubtless the origin of the legend was the tradition which exists even now that there is a tribe of white people in the interior of Africa who are Christians, and whose actual abode

will not be discovered until the second advent of our Lord.

It is strange that such a legend should have sprung up during the Middle Ages. It is very likely to be the result of a Moorish tradition of the actual existence of a white tribe in some hitherto unexplored spot in the African continent which has descended from some early Christian family or tribe, and has preserved its secret as its only means of safety. To these people the name of Prester John would be singularly applicable. 'Salt goes for money in Prester John's country' was a common saying in the sixteenth century, and as we know that this is the case in Abyssinia, it points to that part of Africa as the land of Prester John, and that the name should be thought indicative of imperial functions is hardly surprising when we see how religious matters in mediæval legends are mixed up with mere worldly and certainly not religious affairs.

At the time of Diego Cam's voyage to the Congo, commercial relations were entered into by the garrison of Elmina with the King of Benin, the region lying at the head of the Gulf of Guinea, and from the people of this kingdom intelligence was received of a great potentate whom they called King Ogané, and who resided at a place 250 leagues in the interior, from whom each sovereign of Benin, on his accession to the throne, was said to receive some sort of investiture. This *grande monarque* was set down by the Portuguese

as Prester John, the real fact being that Ogané was not a person at all, but one of the great monarchies of the interior.

In 1487 two persons were sent out from Lisbon to attempt to find out the dominions of Prester John and an overland route to India.

To the above sketch of the Portuguese labours, reduced from a variety of sources, I hardly think it necessary to add an account of the work performed by the French, who, as usual, succeed the Portuguese in the order of succession as pioneers. The Portuguese discoveries are important to us, inasmuch as they afford hints to us in following their traces; the labours of the French are in every respect of subordinate interest, and, indeed, hardly come within the scope of our consideration at all.

Not so with the Dutch, by whom we have always been preceded in geographical research, with whom we have frequently come into conflict, and never been firm friends.

A Dutch colony was formed at the Cape in the seventeenth century, but, not content with the limits assigned to it, spread widely over the adjacent territory.

The Cape of Good Hope is situated in latitude 34° 22′ S. It forms the southern extremity of a narrow peninsula about thirty miles long, formed by False Bay on the east, Table Bay on the north, and the Atlantic on the west. Capetown is on Table Bay on the north coast of this peninsula, and Simon's Bay on

False Bay. This peninsula was the original boundary of the Dutch settlements, made about the middle of the seventeenth century, but they have now extended considerably beyond the isthmus which joins it to the African continent.

They subdued the Hottentots without much difficulty, who not being a warlike nation, were easily reduced to a state of absolute serfdom. The stronger and more warlike tribes were forced back, and by degrees the Dutch became masters of the whole country as far as the Nieuwveld Bergen and Sneew Bergen, in about 32° S. latitude. Traces of Dutch influence may be found all over the district, and even the English colonists employ many expressions originally introduced by the Dutch, although the two nations do not seem by any means to coalesce. In the case of the Dutch settlers in the Caribbean Sea, there never was any willingness shown by English buccaneers to unite with them, in fact, they preferred to form alliances with the French when acting against the common enemy, Spain; so in South Africa the Boers are decidedly hostile to us and our modes of thought.

A French writer in the *Revue des deux Mondes* some twenty years back, writes so much to the point when treating the subject of English life at the Cape of Good Hope, that I cannot refrain from giving an extract from his paper. He says:—

'The breeding of sheep and cattle is the principal

source of wealth, but this colony is full of active life, like all those founded by the English on other shores; a colony making its own roads, its bridges, its railways, its docks, its harbours, its telegraphic lines, and now and then annexing bits of territory as large as kingdoms. We have nothing to say against these annexations: they somewhat displace the aborigines, and drive them towards the solitudes of the centre, but they are always preceded or accompanied by an agricultural or pastoral occupation. Upon the northern frontier there exist the two republics of the Transvaal and the Orange River—the place of refuge for the descendants of the old Dutch colonists, whom the abolition of slavery and contact with English manners had rendered discontented.

'Isolated in vast uncultivated or desert regions, the Dutch colonists have retrograded, it is said, towards barbarism, and are now scarcely superior to the neighbouring tribes.

'All these colonists of European origin are surrounded by natives—Caffres, Basutos, or Zulus—with whom there are wars occasionally, but there is not a constant and too frequently fatal antagonism of race as in Australia and North America.

'The establishments founded by the colonists are prosperous, the soil is fertile, the country rich in minerals, the climate healthy and temperate. It is an excellent base of operations for new conquests and for waiting for new discoveries.'

The author then goes on to say :—

'England possesses a marvellous aptitude for colonising, but always at the expense of the aboriginal races. We should be embarrassed to have to name a single one of her colonies where she has not made a clean riddance of them.'

This statement entirely agrees with what I have pointed out in *Older England*, where I showed the reasons why the English, instead of amalgamating with the Kelts and Kymri, either cut them down or stood proudly aloof from them altogether. This was one great secret of success in ancient times, and when the teachings of Christianity or the love of commerce turned the sword into the ploughshare, the destruction of the dwellers on the promised land was accomplished indirectly, but still by the hand of the colonist, who brought with him the poison-cup in the form of alcoholic draughts, which the savage brain cannot support, and which destroys the savage frame more emphatically than the sword destroys it, for where the sword lays a hero low, his children avenge his fall, until they, too, are subdued, but alcohol destroys the child and children's children before they know their danger or recognise the enemy.

A German writer, Dr. Scherzer, says in his account of the voyage of the *Novara* :—

'In spite of many drawbacks and deficiencies of physical requisites which oppose the rapid development of its natural resources, Cape Colony possesses

in its healthy climate, its valuable indigenous products, and its free political institutions, a guarantee for its perhaps gradual, but on that account more substantial, progress. It is a favourable specimen of a prosperous agricultural colony able to maintain itself, whose inhabitants, seeking in the peaceable cultivation of the soil their sole reward, are exposed to none of those ruinous reverses of fortune which make life in those lands which are rich only in a metallic currency so stormy and uncomfortable and render the future of those lands so problematical. A colony which already employs annually, in its commerce all over the world, a thousand ships, which has a trade valued at nearly two millions sterling yearly, and before long will be in a position to export thirty millions of pounds of wool per annum, besides a quantity of wines already in great demand, where the soil, owing to its prolific nature, returns under human cultivation crops of one hundredfold, while, in its unexplored districts, as many additional vegetable and mineral treasures, as yet unavailable, lie dormant. Such a colony carries in itself the germs of a splendid development into a great and most enviable future. Provided with laws of a most liberal scope, and institutions corresponding to the spirit of the times, Cape Colony must ere long stand forth as the pattern colony for all others in the different countries beyond sea—a splendid monument of the reward so justly due to the English nation for its policy in promoting the moral and material

progress of mankind in the most remote corners of the earth.'

These remarks of the learned Doctor are pleasing and highly gratifying to us, coming as they do from a foreigner; but we must not forget that although we may be more successful colonisers than either the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Dutch, or the French, we have still the terrible pioneer duty of the wielder of the sword to perform. Charity, mercy, and goodwill must be our chief and guiding principles, but these must not check us by inopportune promptings of peace in the sterner work of preparing the way by cutting down the obstacles. The Pilgrim Fathers who went from this country in the *Mayflower* nearly two centuries ago were men of pure religious feeling, whose very object in leaving England was to find a spot where they might worship God in peace. What was the result? They were thrown face to face with the most atrocious, inhuman savages that ever disgraced the human form. Men it is true, but men sunk so far below the norm that to raise them was impossible! Then the law of colonisation asserted its force, whether the colonists would or not. War to the knife was the only means of self-defence, and so the colony grew and prospered, because the Redman was displaced. No intermarriages could take place between the high-souled Puritans and the debased, bloodthirsty human tigers who opposed their settling down. Are our New England brethren, descendants from the Puritans of old, a

mixed, impure, degraded race, half English and half Indian? Certainly not! The circumstances of the life of those first settlers there rendered the thing impossible, and the inhabitants of Boston and New York are as pure English as their ancestors had been before they left these shores. In the other case, where Spaniards intermarried with the natives of Peru, a mixed, degraded race arose, and so their colonies could never flourish as ours do.

In Africa the English colonist will flourish more and more as he advances and opens up the land. But he must not think his duty finishes with cultivating his own fields and vineyards. The disgusting savage who barters human flesh and blood for gain is lower in the scale of low humanity than the Crow or Blackfoot, who defends his tribe and only scalps his enemy. I am not saying much in praise of Crow or Blackfoot when I say he is superior to the other rascals on the coast of Africa. There is but little difference between them. The North American is not an African any more than an alligator is a crocodile. There is about as much to choose between them. The works of Cooper and of Catlin have done much to give us false impressions of the North American Indians, raising them to a fancied pedestal of excellence to which they have no claim. With Catlin it was an amiable weakness which got the better of his judgment. In Cooper's case the brightness of the colouring was the result of his poetical imagination. He believed in

the savage demons, and painted them up into angels, though, in fact, they were so degraded as to be incapable of culture. Every traveller is supposed to see whatever is presented to his gaze through coloured spectacles, in which case Catlin's spectacles, through which he surveyed the Indians of North America, must have been of the most roseate hue.

The inhabitants of Africa are black, which, indeed, is a deeper dye than the light brown or copper colour of North American Indians, and the deeds of the Africans are in singular harmony with the funereal tint of their skins. The slave trade, conducted as a regular branch of industry, cannot be an elevating pursuit, nor can the reflection that it was first begun by Sir John Hawkins, an Englishman, be a very soothing one to us who are working hard to put it down. The introduction of negro labour into the islands of the Caribbean Sea three hundred years ago gave fresh impetus to the many intestine wars in the south-west portions of the African continent, for they always disposed of the prisoners taken in battle in this manner, and as the demand for slaves became greater, the number of wars increased, so that the population of whole villages was not infrequently started off to the coast as captives to the sword and lance of stronger tribes, and there sold.

The horrors of slave-ships, in which men and women were packed like so much cattle, have been dealt with by many able pens, but it has not occurred

to any writer yet to point out that this depopulation was work done in the direction of the law which requires the withdrawal of aboriginal races before the civilised white man. Of course I am not advocating the slave trade any more than I advocate poisoning Australians with whisky or the cold-blooded murder of the original proprietors to clear the way for ourselves. It is the law of Nature that they should go down before us, as the various nations of the Gentiles had to go down before the Jews. It is a delicate subject to speak authoritatively about, for if war against aborigines be preached as a doctrine, it would not sound a very Christian one, yet if we do not get rid of them, they get rid of us, which brings argument on this part of the colonisation subject to a deadlock. However, something or other always turns up to help us out of the difficulty. First came the slave trade, which carried off millions of blacks to the Caribbean Sea; then came the prevention of slavery, which has also cost a fair amount of negro blood; and finally there are Caffre wars, and rows at the Cape, which tend, though very slowly, to the clearance of the ground all round the colony, and gradually to influence the interior.

To this cause the slow advance made by the Cape Colony is to be attributed, for since 1806, when it first became a regular dependency of England, there has been nothing like the development which we should expect. The ill-feeling manifested by the Boers to us may perhaps be one cause of stagnation, which the

harassing wars with the natives help to increase. The Dutch element is less marked in Capetown than we might have expected, where the Dutch formerly swallowed up the French, to be swallowed in their turn by us.

A great blow to progress at the Cape was the opening up of the Suez route, for, prior to that event, the Cape was the great half-way house not only for the grand old 'East Indiaman' of sixty years ago, but for all passenger traffic to India. The harbour is well fitted to receive ships of great burden, there is now a splendid breakwater to secure the craft at anchor there, and the dock is capable of receiving vessels of large tonnage, and beside the attraction afforded by its brilliant atmosphere, Capetown is rendered delightful by its surroundings. The wild geraniums, the flowing prickly pear, the many charms of a luxuriant vegetation, unite to gem the colony with Nature's brightest hues. But the Cape is not a popular colony; people have their little prejudices and idiosyncrasies, and the feeling against lions, rattlesnakes, and wild Caffres remains still active in the mind of intending colonists, who, after weighing the *pros* and *cons* of the various places open to them, decide against the Cape and in favour of the more distant Australia or the land of the Stars and Stripes.

But few people care to live in Capetown itself, preferring generally the suburbs, especially Ronderbosch. By far the greater number of the colonists are

farmers, and are spread over a large extent of territory. The farmhouse of the Cape is generally built one storey high, with rooms in the roof. Beyond the house there is an enclosure, called by the Caffre name of 'kraal,' in which the cattle are placed for security each night. Gardens, orchards, cornfields, kitchen gardens for vegetables are, of course, the adjuncts we should be prepared to find, but the most important possession of the settler is his waggon. No farm can dispense with it, nor can any journeys be undertaken without it. It is a long, heavily built cart without springs, but, as may be imagined, very strong and very clumsy. What we should call the *tilt* is there the tent, and this shields man and mattress from the winds of heaven. As journeys are undertaken frequently and time is less an object than security, this 'long-shore ark' is well supplied with various requirements which would not be requirements elsewhere. Amongst these the waggon-box must be accorded the post of honour. It contains the tools, so necessary in case of a breakdown, ammunition in case of hostile Caffres, and stores of food and other necessaries for the road.

Within the waggon is the cartel, which deserves special notice. It is a wooden frame fitting the cart, upon which the hide of an ox is stretched, and at night this 'deck of the boat of the bush' is the recipient of the bedding, the tent forming literally what our grandfathers used to call a 'tent bedstead.'

Such a whip as can only be realised by actual in-

spection comes next in importance, the length of thong being in proportion to the number of oxen harnessed to the waggon. There are generally seven pairs.

The waggon is only wanted once or twice a-year to take the farmer and his family to market, and carry the supply of produce that may enable the good man to obtain in exchange groceries, clothes, and other things required by the household, and which will be sufficient to keep them going six months of the twelve.

This state of things is primitive, and may, perhaps, have something to do with the slow rate of progress, not to call it stagnation, of the colony.

The Algoa Bay portion of the colony is a little livelier than the Capetown Settlement, and these colonists have contributed in no slight degree to promote the development of the whole and redeem it from the sluggish taint which decidedly affects it. In the year 1820 about 5000 emigrants from Great Britain settled in a district called Albany, not far from Algoa Bay, on the south-east coast. This province has shown good results from the presence of these colonists whose patience and vigour were both sorely tried. At one time it looked as though they must collapse from sheer destitution. They had to apply to Government for help just to keep them from starvation, and what is most remarkable they actually got it *before they starved*. This is many years ago, and our officials know better how to treat such applications now. Wars with the Caffres meant work for the Colonists.

They had to sustain the chief shocks of the surging waves of savage warfare that beat against the colony, their flocks were repeatedly swept away, and their homesteads ravaged by wild hordes of the northern barbarians. The great centre of these Albany settlers is Grahamstown, a city of 15,000 inhabitants. It is about 80 miles from Algoa Bay, the port, which is itself a flourishing place, where, in the season, long trains of wool-waggons pouring in from the interior contribute to the well-being of the handsome town of Port Elizabeth.

I quote this interesting piece of information from a little work by Gruar Forbes, entitled *Africa*, to which book I am much indebted for many facts regarding the condition of South Africa. The writer is strongly on the missionary side, nor can we be blind to the amount of good which their work has effected; but this very passage bears out my own statement that in the settling of a new district inhabited already by savages, war—an exterminating war—however strange to our notions of Christianity, appears to be the only road to successful colonisation. One cannot help recalling the commands to the Jews not to spare the nations which they had to dispossess, our own work in Britain in the fifth and sixth centuries which has led to the foundation of the most extensive of all Christian empires. This plucky little settlement of Albany, exposed to constant savage attacks, has not only held its own, but has actually done more

to promote the welfare of the older, larger, and more peaceful colony, than that colony could do for itself! If we are to profit by experience, the lessons taught in the whole history of colonisation point to the sword as the pioneer of the Gospel. Writers not imbued with the Christian feelings which prompted Livingstone's glorious career, nor with the love of science that led Denham and Clapperton, my old friend the late Dr. Beke, Barth, Overweg, Richardson, and others, to tempt the dangers of the African waste, but men carried thither by the force of circumstances, in the way of business, and the pursuit of gain, such men, I say, invariably speak of the Caffres and other tribes (excepting the Hottentots) with extreme contempt and disgust, and to a man urge strong measures with the 'niggers.'

I know I am apparently contradicting myself when, in advocating the reign of the highest order of Christian love conveyed to man through the medium of 'Anglian thought,' I seem to suggest a pretty free use of the sword in a sort of parenthesis, but there is no help for it. There are circumstances which call loudly for the steel, as the only instrument for uprooting weeds before seed can be sown. We are to say with the Angelic host 'Peace on earth and goodwill towards men,' but we are warned not to proclaim peace where there is no peace, aye, and even to sell our peaceful citizens' robe to buy a sword in the case of need. New Zealand owes its peaceful condition to

the suppression of the warlike tribes who, taught to respect our arm, would listen to our teachings—but not before. Our wars in the Cape have been disastrous because too partial. We have not the means to subdue Africa. Perhaps we ought to have tried so to have become masters of the various grand keys of her strength as to have possessed thereby the whole interior. Our wars have never been supported properly from home, and the despatch of troops to the Soudan in the last African affair was little short of deliberate murder. But we have plenty of the fighting element left, indeed, the police magistrates hardly know how to cope with it, and we should be gainers, not losers, in the end were we to grant land to fitting individuals on military tenure in Africa. Chains of forts affording proper means of protection should be established to the north of the Cape Colony, and these should be pushed forward until we had obtained absolute possession of all the land south of a line drawn from the mouth of the Congo to Zanzibar on the eastern coast. Subjugation of the degraded human beings which at present occupy the territory would be the first step to their becoming raised, for they only have respect to superior force, and once convinced that we possessed it they would become our servants, and subsequently our allies. Those who would not work with us would in the struggle, of course, go down, and I am not prepared to say that their loss would be a misfortune. Certain it is that a

prosperous, energetic, Christian community is a better and a nobler thing to establish than a herd of savage cannibals who—

> 'Wandering in far Timbucto,
> Would eat the blessed missionary,
> Cap and band, and hymn-book too.'

We must clear the way first and plant after. Our mistake at Capetown is that we try to have a flourishing mercantile capital in a spot where we ought only to have rested as a *pied à terre*, a sort of military depôt whence our operations might have been conducted in the ordinary way.

We have been greatly impeded at the Cape by the Dutch. I have already pointed out the fact that we never 'shake down' with them as allies; at the Cape they are positively our worst enemies. They hate us worse than the Caffres do, and have doubtless much to answer for in helping the savages against us. We don't understand them, and they won't understand us. They look upon us as intruders, much as the Australians regard the intrusion of the German immigrants (a circumstance which promises much bloodshed in the future of Australia), and we, taught by experience, should never have tried to effect a combination of interests with people who have historically opposed us wherever they could. We should have formed a colony quite distinct from them at first and never sought to fuse our notions with theirs.

They hate us so much that when they have a bad ox harnessed to the waggon demoralising the team, they call the offending beast an 'Englishman,' and this expression is used amongst the Caffres, who, as well as the English, have adopted many Dutch words; thus, the processes of harnessing the oxen to the cart, and that of unharnessing them again, are called respectively inspanning and outspanning, as in German we should say *einspannen* and *ausspannen*. Bock is the common name for various kinds of antelope, Boer is the German *bauer* or peasant, and so of many expressions which render the English of Capetown rather mixed.

I have invariably insisted on the importance of the circumstance alluded to by Tacitus of the strict moral lives of the ancient Teutons (including the Scandinavians, of course), and have pointed out the fact that in consequence of the Odinic law forbidding a champion of Odin to intermarry with non-Odinic races, and still more strongly prohibiting immoral conduct, the body of the Scandinavian warrior was stronger than that of the corrupt Roman, and his mind clearer, fresher, and less open to external impressions than the minds of other races. He took his wife with him to be the witness of his prowess in battle, to nurse him if wounded, and to bear testimony, should he fall, that he died a warrior's death.

When the people of the North migrated to the southern parts of Europe they carried along with

them their laws, a chastity and reserve which excited universal surprise. Salvian, a monk of Marseilles, in the fifth century exclaims:—'Let us blush and be covered with a confusion which ought to produce salutary effects. Wherever the Goths become masters, we see no longer any disorders, except among the old inhabitants. Our manners are reformed under the dominion of the Vandals. Behold an incredible event! an unheard of prodigy! Barbarians have, by the severity of their discipline, rendered moral the very Romans themselves, and the Goths have purified those places which the others had defiled by their abominable conduct. A cruel nation, but worthy to be admired for their manly self-respect and moral virtue.'

True to this text we find English families of pure descent all over the world, strong, brave, hardy, and deserving Salvian's praise. Not so the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the French, and the Dutch, for there is a whole district at the Cape called Griqualand, peopled by half-breeds, descending from Dutch and Caffre, and even Dutch and Hottentot parents.

The Dutch were always great encouragers and practisers of slave holding, and this is an institution which carries barefaced immorality with it. And to this cause may be attributed the steady decline of the Dutch in Africa. They are republicans, and their government is vested in the Volksraad or Council of the People (folks mote), whose members are elected by

the people. No qualification is necessary save that of mature manhood. This council meets twice in the year, members receiving 15*s.* a-day for their attendance, and so primitive are the manners of these people in some respects, that many of the M.P.'s live during the session quietly in their waggons drawn up in the market-square. The Republic does not prosper, but after drifting for years and years in that direction has now arrived at a state of hopeless anarchy and confusion. The elements which hold the Dutch together seem to be a desire to outdo the English, and to carry on the slave trade in spite of them. The Caffres in the neighbourhood of the Transvaal are in the main an inoffensive people, and they would live quietly enough if they were allowed to possess their land and cattle in security. But at particular seasons the young Boers rush out upon them, killing as many of the men as possible, allowing the women their freedom, but taking all the children. These they 'apprentice,' as the gentle expression is, to traders and storekeepers, who enter the 'article' so acquired upon their books as 'black ivory.' It was no unusual thing some seven or eight years ago for as many as 6000 per annum to be enslaved in this way in the Dutch territory by the Dutch. Some of the slaves are fairly well treated by the Boers, but cases of kind treatment are the rare exception, and fierce cruelty the general rule.

Of course these Dutch Boers are 'good Christians,'

and a very earnest Christian writer, while admitting the atrocities I have glanced at, says on the same page, 'They are devoted conscientiously to the doctrines and the service of the Dutch Reformed Church!'

How these matters will now be managed I, of course, cannot say, but there is no doubt that the Dutch colony is dying out before us, as the French colony died out before the Dutch. The Boers retire gradually in sulky ill-humour, stand aloof, make friends with tribes at war with those on whom the slave kidnapping is practised, and set these tribes against us. Thus we have a ready-made enemy constantly baffling our efforts, and rendering our military successes difficult. Their own republics are too weak to bind them in any way. There is no personal authority, every man does as seems best to him, and the result is the appearance of a sort of guerilla, who hates us as much as he despises the blacks, so that he is the foe to both.

Mr. Froude takes quite a different view of the Dutch character. He is charmed with their religious observances, and thinks that the slave holding was as much practised by ourselves as by the Boers, which seems to exonerate them, in his eyes, from all blame. As a kind of set-off against any ill conduct on their part, he adduces our annexation of the diamond fields as a simple robbery. His account of the rise of the colony, however, is so cleverly written that I cannot do better than quote his own words in giving an

idea of the origin, rise, and progress of English rule at the Cape. He says, in the third chapter of his *Oceana* :—

'The Cape Colony, as we ought to know, but in practice we always forget, was originally a Dutch colony. Two centuries ago, when the Hollanders were the second maritime power in the world—perhaps not even the second—they occupied and settled the southern extremity of Africa. They easily conquered the Hottentots and Bushmen, acting as we ourselves also acted invariably in similar circumstances. They cleared out the wild beasts, built towns, laid out roads, enclosed and ploughed the land, planted forests and vineyards. Better colonists, or more successful than the Dutch, did not exist. They throve and prospered, and continued to thrive and prosper, till the close of the last century. If we compare the success of the Dutch in the management of uncivilised tribes with our own in all parts of the world, it will be found that, though their rule is stricter than ours, and, to appearance, harsher, they have had fewer native wars than we have had. There has been less violence and bloodshed, and the natives living under them have not been less happy or less industrious. Holland, in the revolutionary war, was seized by the French Directory. The English, at the request of the Prince of Orange, took the Cape under their protection. It was on the high road to India; there was then no alternative route by the Suez Canal, and so important a station could not

be permitted to fall into the hands of Napoleon. At the peace of Amiens it was restored to Holland and the English garrison was withdrawn. On the war breaking out again our occupation was renewed; a fleet was sent out with a strong invading force. The Cape Dutch resisted, fought a gallant action, in which they were largely helped by native allies; they yielded only in the belief that, as before, the occupation would be temporary, and that their country would be given back to them when the struggle was over. It was not given back. At the Congress of Vienna they found themselves transferred permanently to the English dominion without their own consent being either obtained or asked for. They had made the country what it was, had set up their houses there, had done no one any harm, and had been in possession for seven generations. They were treated as *adscripti glebæ*—as part of the soil. They resented it; the hotter spirits resisted; they were called rebels, and were shot or hanged in the usual fashion. If we had been wise we should have made allowances for the circumstances under which the Cape had come into our hands; we should have tried to reconcile the Dutch to an alien rule by exceptional consideration. We did make an exception, but not in their favour. We justified our own conquest to ourselves by taking away the character of the conquered, and we constituted ourselves the champion of the coloured races against them as if they were oppressors and robbers. After the peace, slave emancipa-

tion became the question of the day. They were slaveowners, but so were we; we had been sinners alike. We repented, and voted over twenty millions to clear ourselves of the reproach. We expected that the Dutch should recognise, as instantaneously as ourselves, the wickedness of the institution, and because they are a deliberate and slow people, not given to enthusiasm for new ideas, they fell into disgrace with us, where they have ever since remained.'

Mr. Froude is always glad to attack the Government, and indeed he is very often quite in the right so to do. Our Government action is generally a party matter, where the real merits of the case are entirely forgotten in the desire to uphold through thick and thin the party in power with but little care for justice either way. But in Cape affairs I cannot see how they could have acted differently. To conciliate the Boers is a dangerous game to play. They are clever and suspicious; just the sort of people not to be talked over and won by words. It would be a sure means of increasing their suspicion and dislike if we were to attempt a polite tone. The colony is conquered country, and no difference should have been made in the first instance; the Boers should have been declared English subjects; their abolition of the slave trade would have followed as a logical consequence; they would have fallen in with our views; and the Queen would now have had a loyal population of settlers—Dutch and English—under one code of laws, one govern-

ment, and one influence. As it is, whatever we do is wrong. The Boers are sulky, and their hatred of the English grows daily stronger. We shall soon have more enemies than we shall quite know what to do with, and be compelled either to reconquer the Cape or abandon it as an utter failure. The annexation of the Transvaal is a step in the right direction. Followed up with energy, this new measure may lead to the real occupation by ourselves of South Africa, and if we could arrange to send out a rough-and-ready population as border pioneers, well drilled and well skilled as much in the use of the weapons of war as the instruments of peace, the advance of Anglia from Cape Colony to the line I have supposed could be commenced. It would be well to send out the distressed Highlanders or the Irish Kelts to do this work. They are patient in their industry, fond of fighting as a pastime, and might be glad to exchange the gloom of their cabins and cots in these islands for the free air and generous soil of Africa. Depend upon it, the Boers would give in at once, with a good grace accepting the inevitable; but our shilly-shally tactics and want of colonial policy has nearly lost us the Cape as it would have lost us Canada.

I do not believe in too much conciliation, and where ground has once been completely lost, it is useless to try mild measures to regain it. The Boers have been ill-used, but it would not make them our friends to acknowledge that fact until we were in a

position of such perfect independence of them as to remove all possibility of a suspicion that the frank avowal of being in the wrong was a sneaking way out of the trouble.

Nor do I believe in 'niggers' as such. I don't expect to find in an untutored savage all the advantages which can be expected to arise from a well-designed course of Western Christian culture. If Tahimony Ischadz-yahdarga possessed all the courtesy, refinement of feeling, consideration for others, and general *savoir-faire* that can be acquired by an expensive education at—let us say, Brentford—where has the Principal of that University the pull over the nigger? It might come cheaper to send our sons to the bush rather than to the University, and the results would in many respects be superior in Nature's school. Our daughters?—well they might study Nature's own style of dress improver as possessed, *minus* the dress, by the Hottentot Venus, and the lesson *might* be useful—who knows?

Man, in a state of degradation, reduced to the level of the beasts that perish—reduced, perhaps, below them, for they do not, as a rule, devour other specimens of their own species—brought face to face with civilised life, the savage does not improve up, he *dies out*. That some individuals seem to form an exception and adopt Christianity and other advantages which our civilisation may have to offer, does not militate against the soundness of the

rule. The *race* dies out, notwithstanding those exceptions.

Broadly speaking, the whole continent of Africa is inhabited by lower races, and they must conquer us or we must conquer them. The slaves, as well as the slave-hunters of the western coast, are blacks. Their horrid trade is worthily represented by their frightful hue. Are we, being in juxtaposition with them on that coast, to learn their ways or teach them ours? The Boers have declined; some of their younger men retire to the bush and gradually become half savage; and though great numbers of the colony still remain faithful to the old Dutch thought, those numbers are not so great as once they were. One thing I think is certain, the Caffres and the Hottentots do not dislike the Dutch so much as they dislike the English, whom they fear much more.

A story or two of Caffre life will do more to show how these people live, think, and act, than all the dissertations on ethnology ever published. I give the narrative of an English-speaking Caffre, related to some travellers on an exploring expedition, which, however, had to be abandoned before the desired end was attained.

Before commencing, let me say a word or two about the name Caffre. It is the Arabic Kofir, and means simply a pagan, at least, one who does not believe in Mahomet. When the Portuguese came to this part of the coast they learnt the word from the

Arabs, and soon applied it to the negro population of Eastern Africa as a specific name for them, and thus it came to Europe, where it is taken in that sense only. Occasionally it is used for the entire black population, but, generally speaking, it is used in Africa to denote those tribes which live on the frontier of the Cape Colony and stretch forward north-eastward to Delagoa Bay. As they are closely connected by physical character and language, they may be regarded as forming one nation.

The story is told by a young Zulu of the reason why he was forced to leave the country, and I have ventured to omit certain comments upon the narration made by the audience and certain other interruptions, and to tell it in my own way:—

'My father was a good man and a great warrior. The King gave him a new assagai and a large brass ornament for his arm because he acted valiantly against the Amaswazi. My father was very proud of this notice, and once when a great officer spoke to him he was not very respectful. He did not think that he was running any risk, but the officer told him that his skull should become a home for the field-mouse. That officer was a very great friend of the King, and he it was, as I afterwards learnt, who persuaded him to have my father and all his family slain.

'We knew nothing; my father thought himself a very happy man. He had an ox killed to thank the spirits for giving him prosperity, and we had scarcely

finished eating the sacrifice when there came to the kraal a young man with shield and assagais. He saluted my father; he told him that he had been sent from the great place with a message to a distant chief. He said he was tired with his journey, he would like to rest awhile. My father told him to go to the young men's hut, where food should be given him by-and-by. He did not think this young man meant him any harm; but soon there came another, who said that he was going with a message, and wanted rest. This looked suspicious, for when the King wishes to kill the people of a kraal they do not attack it openly, they try to deceive the people. Sometimes they arrive one by one, with any kind of excuse. When all have assembled they attack the inmates suddenly, and before they can prepare to resist.

'But, augh! my father was *a man!* He thought he would deceive these soldiers. So he told the second to go to the young men's hut, and in a loud voice ordered me to find him food, but in a low voice he directed me to take an assagai and lay it down outside the door of the same house. Then I was to go in with the food and keep them talking. He told me to keep near the entrance (which, you know, is small) so that in case of need I might rush out, seize the weapon, and prevent the man's escape.

'He sent all the women into the garden, where he soon joined them. He then told them that the *induna* (the great officer) had induced Pande to have them all killed.

'He did not tell them this before for fear of their beginning to cry and make a great noise as soon as they heard of their peril, but they did not scream, or howl, or cry, or anything. So then he told them all to go quietly with their children into the bush, and there await his further commands. He then returned. He took an assagai. He went to the gateway of the kraal. He broke off the long tapering shaft of the weapon, so that it should do well in close fight. Then he hid it under the grass. He sat down beside it.

'Then arrived one of the King's petty officers. He sat down near my father. He talked. This man thought himself very cunning. He said his boy was ill. He had been told to apply to my father for a medicine, for he had a particular medicine, like many men who have had the secret passed down from many forefathers far back. Sometimes my father sold this secret. He told this man that he must pay a cow for it, and if he would go home and fetch a cow he should have what he wanted next morning. But the man would not go away; he said he thought a cow was too much to give, he considered an assagai would be enough.

'He evidently expected to keep my father haggling about the price until his companions should come up. But he had a *man* to deal with! My father said that he would take two assagais to-day and two goats to-morrow; if that did not please him the man might leave—he should have the medicine on no other terms.

My father would not talk any more. The officer was in a fix. He gave two of his assagais—he had only three altogether. My father then invited him into the hut. He gave him beer. He said he would go to the bush and seek the medicine, but he was afraid it might take him long to find.

'But instead of going he called a servant whom he had taken captive among the Amaswazi. He put into his hands the two assagais. He told him to stand near the door of the hut and kill the man if he attempted to come out.

'He then (my father, that is) went again to the gate. He sat down near his concealed weapon. He expected more visitors. In a short time two armed men approach. They salute him with very great respect. They sit down and praise him. They call him rich man, great warrior, and so on. They tell him how the King often speaks of his brave actions, and directs his warriors to imitate the son of Dutulu. My father talks awhile; then he asks suddenly, "Who is that coming up the hill?" They turn their heads to look. My father snatches up the hidden assagai. He springs up. He stabs the nearest man. The other jumps on his feet astonished. He stoops to pick up his weapons, which are lying on the ground. My father springs upon him like a lion. Down they both go to the earth, my father uppermost. The fellow is big and powerful. He grasps my father in his long arms. He twines them round his body like the folds of a boa

constrictor. He tries to turn my father over so as to get above him. That would soon have settled the struggle—the son of Dutulu knows it. So he takes care to hold the rascal down. My father is nearly out of breath from the squeezing. At last he gets his fingers on the villain's throat, who now begins to loosen his grasp. He presses the throat still closer; he chokes him to death.

'My father rises and sees two other men coming across the grass. They have seen the struggle, but suppose that their comrades have been in too great a hurry to execute the King's orders, and have already slain the master of the kraal. They come on as if nothing had happened.

'My father takes up the dead man's weapons; he rushes towards the men; he throws an assagai at the first, but it strikes against his shield; it glances aside. They now cast their darts; my father receives them on his shield. Then, holding his shield so as to cover his body, he rushes at the nearest of his opponents; he swerves a little; he pushes aside the man's shield; he thrusts an assagai into his ribs. The man is not prepared for this. He knew that the son of Dutulu had two assagais left; he expected him to throw one; but the son of Dutulu was a wise man.

'The fellow falls with a great shriek. He has been pierced to the heart. The other runs away. He never was so much astonished in his life. How he ran! If a lion had been on his *spoor* he could not

have shown more haste. A brave swaggerer, with his beads, and his tails, and his rings! He boasted before the women; he flourished his assagai in the dance. He thought he was coming to fight with girls and children. He found a *man!*

'Well, the young men who were in the hut heard the noise of strife. They seized their weapons. They tried to rush out. I was out already, and just as one of them was thrusting his head through the door I gave him a blow with an assagai; he went in again. They were both very much frightened. They threatened me, but I would not let them come out. They began to force a passage through the side of the hut. A fire had been lately made near the house; some brands were yet burning. I got one of these; I showed it to them through the door. I told them that unless they sat still I would set the thatch in flames.

'At this moment my father came with a number of thorns which he had taken from the outer fence. He thrust these into the doorway; he blocked it up. He then went to the other house, where his servant was keeping guard over the petty officer; he did the same there. After this we set fire to all the houses in the kraal, and we ran as fast as our legs would carry us to the bush!

'Those men were burnt; but they tried to kill us, so it was all fair. We found the women and children waiting for us in the jungle; it was thick, and no enemy would like to follow. They were sitting in a

small opening amid the trees not much bigger than a cattle-fold. We held a consultation. We judged it best to remain until night, and then start for Natal. We knew that even Pande would not follow us into the white man's country. We had been told that people could there sleep in peace. We have found this to be true. Pande may growl, but he cannot frighten us now.'

The missionary Moffat relates an incident which bears strongly on the subject of the cruelty of these tribes. On the journey homewards from this tour in search of a more suitable place for a mission-station, the explorers were frequently exposed to dangers from lions. Sometimes these beasts of prey became so bold as to rush into the midst of the travellers' oxen at night and scatter them, occasioning long and weary searches for the cattle before they could be collected again. On one such occasion Moffat found at a spot to which he had been led by the appearance of smoke an object of deep and painful interest. This was a venerable-looking old woman sitting with her head resting upon her knees. Being addressed kindly and asked who she was, she replied, 'I am a woman who have been left here for four days already; my children have left me here to die.'

'Your children?'

'Yes, my own children—three sons and three daughters. They are gone to yonder blue mountains, and have left me here to die.'

'But why did they leave you?'

'I am old, you see,' she replied, spreading out her hands, 'and I am no longer able to serve them. When they kill game I am too feeble to help in carrying home the flesh. I am not strong enough to carry wood to make a fire, and I cannot carry their children on my back as I used to do.'

He tried to persuade her to go with him in his waggon, and promised to care for her; but all in vain. She became convulsed with terror, and fearing she might die in his hands if he had carried her to his escort, he was compelled to leave her, having supplied her with provisions; while in reference to her position she said: 'It is our custom; I am nearly dead; I do not want to die again.' He understood afterwards that her family, observing the travellers near to where they had left their mother, had returned, and, being afraid lest the white men should punish them, had taken her home, and were providing for her with more than ordinary care.

Travellers, missionaries, Government agents, all agree in their accounts of the savage cruelty of the African tribes, but there is a curious little book in my possession by a certain William Cole who describes himself as an 'African trader.' He has devoted some of his leisure time to the preparation of a diary which contains many details quite confirmatory of the statements of travellers whose names are more familiar to the reading public. The book bears internal evidence

of being what it professes to be, a simple record of actual facts, of which he took cognisance during his stay on the Niger, at Lagos. I quote quite at random from his extraordinary work :—

'The head man of the Itabues, or brass traders, called upon me, and most bitterly complained about trade. One fellow told me that he had lost twenty slaves last night (well I knew it, for I had sheltered two). The traders were greatly incensed at our continued residence here, and to-day they gave vent in various ways to their displeasure; however, to soothe their animosity I gave their chief a "dash" (bribe) amounting to a guinea. This done, I was asked for permission to kill some rats inhabiting one of my outhouses. The wish gratified, the whole fraternity set to work and caught some sixty good-sized ones; these, I was assured, would form a glorious feast.

'Ajie, the usurper of Aboh (but more of him anon), is on the beach holding trading palavers, and I believe has gotten the precedence over the brass traders. Of one canoe which he visited he made an offer for the entire cargo which was politely declined, and the upshot was that Ajie ordered the trader to leave Aboh before sundown on pain of confiscation of self and cargo.

'I may as well add that I was robbed last night; but, as I have before said, Ajie is on the beach. I have some reason for asserting that I am his prey.

'On the succeeding morning, Prince Akia arrived

here from the up-country, bringing with him a goodly number of slaves and a vast amount of oil, all of which the brass traders are eager to possess. It is a thousand pities that we are without those two essentials, grog and salt, as I make no doubt trade might be done both expeditiously and profitably. . . . .

'Arose this morning by first cockcrow, and when I sallied out my ears were greeted with shouts of the most ardent and enthusiastic description. The cause I learned was that Akia had just succeeded in selling some thirty niggers. . . . .

'Aboh is in the hands of the usurper, Ajie. Here let me describe him. He is of some 6 ft. 10 in. high, and about fourteen stone in weight. He is as black as we, in imagination, consider Satan. In disposition he is as fair a realisation of his demoniacal majesty as one would wish to find. His past actions, and his present bloodthirsty propensities, stamp him at once as the Nana Sahib of his country. His eyes are large and habitually dilated. His head is of the bullet species, and covered with a surface of crisp, short, woolly hair. His physiognomy is the acme of well-stamped villainy and cunning.

'Next in significance comes Akia, a tall, stout, blustering fellow of some thirty-three or thirty-five years of age. He has the swaggering gait of an overfed Dutchman. He is as big a scoundrel as Ajie, but commercially speaking he is more adapted to the slave Rialto than for the seat or station of a barbarian

prince or tyrant; he is rich, and therefore dreaded by his people.

'Bottle of Beer, a young Krooman in my employ, at the request of Tom Liverpool, chief of the Kroo gang, went on the beach to meet a very acute brass trader who had cheated Liverpool to a small amount. The fraud having been discovered, the defrauded wished for the restoration of his money. Bottle of Beer, bent upon this mission, was observed by Ajie, who was on the beach selling slaves, and by his orders he was put in irons. This having been reported to me I went over to Ajie and asked him by what right he had caught one of my men.

'"Did you not," was his reply, "capture two of my men, and keep them for three weeks, and then make me pay a bullock for their release?"

'"Quite true," said I. "Your men were caught in the act of stealing, and I can assure you they got off very easily."

'"Well," said he, "I have your man, and will keep him. As to the property found upon him—ha! ha!—why I will sell it!"

'Upon hearing this I felt my indignation rise' (dander-riled are the actual words), 'and replied somewhat haughtily, "Well, Ajie, I am a white man, and for this insult you shall atone."

'"Ah!" said he, in reply, "white men have died here before!" (Hereupon he counted on his fingers, and looked up musingly, exhibiting three.) "Yes,"

he said, "three of your brothers have been killed, and your Queen spoke of revenge, but she does not think of that. All that she requires" (here he mimiced the voice of one of our company) "is plenty of ile!"

'Calling to mind the fate of Car and Lander, who were murdered in this vicinity, I calmly replied, "Remove your salt from my factory, or liberate my man!"

'"No," said he, "I'll sell him; but touch my salt and you shall die!"'

Eventually the man is given up, and the trader continues his narrative with many revolting details of the devilish brutality and refined wickedness of this king, who has the lives of so many human beings absolutely at his mercy. Mr. Cole being in the very centre of the diabolical trade, speaks with confidence from his own actual experience, and the horrors he records are rather too harrowing for ordinary reading.

One curious link in the relationship of degradation between these abominable and absolutely uninteresting Africans, the negroes of Australia, and the inhabitants of many of the islands of the South Pacific, is the circumstance of their having no God. They believe, like the New Zealanders, in some kind of influence exerted by certain powerful spirits (presumably the ghosts of departed heroes), but there are no idols, no evidence of worship, unless we include the fetish under that rubric. Along the whole of the Gold Coast, including Ashantee, there is a curious belief, namely, that

the Great Spirit, after having created three white and as many black men and women, placed before them a large calabash and a sealed paper giving to the black race the choice of the two. They took the calabash, which contained gold, iron, and the choicest productions of the earth, but left them in ignorance of their use and application; the paper, on the other hand, instructed the white man in everything, and made him the favourite with the Great Spirit, and gave him that superiority which the negroes readily acknowledge. From this legend it would seem as though the people of this part of the continent had the remnant of some nearly obliterated notion of the Supreme Deity, but they have, notwithstanding, lapsed into the absurdities of fetishism, or the lowest and grossest forms of idolatry, while in the south-east districts not even this is found. They have an evil principle of whom they stand in dread; and one of the most solemn ceremonies of many tribes is an assembly of men, women, and children, for the purpose of driving the evil spirit from the towns and villages. Even the Ashantees have no intelligent belief in the future state—kings, priests, and certain other great men are believed to reside after death with the Great Spirit in an eternal renewal of their earthly state, the sacrifice of so many human beings on the graves of their kings being intended to supply them with attendants in the other world. The victims, it is affirmed, are not always unwilling, since they will, it is believed, par-

take of the superior heaven of their chiefs, their own being at best a release from labour in the house of some inferior fetish. A large number of charms, omens, lucky and unlucky days, and an implicit submission to the fetish, complete the superstition of the Ashantees.

With regard to fetish worship, it is originally hardly idolatry: the principal idea being to present an amulet against the evil influences of the bad spirit. This, of course, is profitable to the priest, rain-maker, and seer, who are great people among the negroes proper. The Caffres had absolutely no idea of God whatever until taught by Christian missionaries; and although the remark does not apply to the New Zealand images, there is doubtless reason to believe that the 'memorandum fetish' became a sort of god, as the Russian obraz is certainly worshipped by the peasant, though it is not intended for an idol by either painter or priest in the first instance. Where the power of abstraction ceases to exist, the concrete takes the place in the mind which should be occupied by an abstract idea, the εἴδωλον becomes an idol. In Russia a peasant has been known to take down the '*obraz*' or picture of his patron saint, to which he had prayed for fine weather to allow him to get in his hay, and thrash it well because the rain continued. So in Ashantee, and in portions of the negro country, the rude images of persons of distinction, who are supposed to be living after death, may become actual idols.

I need hardly notice the derivation of the word fetish from the Latin indirectly through the French, from whom we get it. The Latin is *facticius*—artificial, or, perhaps, *fatidicus*, from *fatum* and *dico*. The Portuguese form is *feitigo*, and the French *fétiche*.

The Caffre, having no god, is of course superstitious, and the prophet or seer is a most important member of a Caffre community. He stands in direct *rapport* with the spirits of the departed, and from them he has received the gift of divination. By this means he is enabled to foretell all kinds of future events, and to see things concealed from the ordinary vision of everyday mortals. If any one is sick the prophet has to decide whether the illness is caused by the anger of the 'spirits' or not, and also, in that case, what has to be done to propitiate them.

The prophets are very clever, and have been able to astonish the missionaries with their arts. Of one a missionary relates that he informed him of what his family were doing 200 miles off, and as it was impossible for the conjuror to know anything about the missionary's family the latter was rather staggered. Most likely the interpreter was bribed by the prophet to become the confederate in the trick, and puzzle the missionary.

Owing to so many adverse causes Anglian thought has had less chance of fair development in Africa than elsewhere upon the globe. The task of civilising the vast continent devolves upon us. How we are to ac-

complish it is a delicate question, but certainly the blessings of Victorian rule should light upon it; we should lose no time in spreading a knowledge of the truths of Christianity over the vast area, and we should place the whole under English rule as we have done in India. Our beloved Queen would then be Empress of India, Sultana of Africa, Bretwalder of the whole of Anglia (including America, Australia, the Islands, and little Great Britain). But more than all, and higher than all, she would be, as indeed she is already, the Queen of Hearts.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIA.

The ordinary course of the history of geographical discovery flows from Portugal or Spain in the first instance. The stream appears then to hurry on through Dutch enterprise and French ambition to English love of commerce and strong desire to colonise. The Portuguese, under the Kings John I., John II., and Emanuel the Great, may be said to open up the channel of the rapid stream. Emanuel came to the throne in 1495, and it occurred to the mind of this enlightened monarch that there must be a more convenient way of bringing the wealth of the Indies to Europe than by transporting it in caravans to the borders of the Caspian Sea and thence to Alexandria, from which place it was transported by the Venetians and Genoese, who thus became the mediæval Pickfords, greatly to the increase of the Venetian and Genoese revenues, for the carriers soon became the holders of the precious wares they brought, and, indeed, the only dealers in them. Emanuel, perceiving how these maritime people advanced in wealth and importance, determined to outdo them in their own particular work. He fitted out a small fleet to pursue the dis-

coveries which had shown the way to the Cape of Good Hope farther afield, until the hope of which that cape gave promise should be realised by giving Europe a new route to India.

The Cape was discovered by Diaz, who called it the Cape of Storms, but the first to round this Cape and continue the course to India was Vasco di Gama, who, after a voyage rich in adventure and full of interest, arrived at Calicut, on the Malabar coast, on the 22nd May, 1498, ten months and two days after his departure from the Port of Lisbon.

At that time Secunder, the son of Beloli, sat on the throne of Delhi, and his viceroy, the Zamorin of Calicut, was astonished to see ships arriving there with persons so different in appearance, dress, and arms from his people. Moreover, these ships had arrived in his dominions by a route hitherto considered absolutely impracticable. At first this subking received the new-comers with great politeness and some admiration.

Both, however, wore off, and Zamorin began plotting against Vasco and his little band of daring pioneers. Being convinced that the visit of the Portuguese meant conquest, he thought himself justified in using any means to cut them off.

Vasco di Gama was not the man to be caught napping; he soon showed the Zamorin that he had more than his match in a Portuguese admiral. He returned to the Tagus two years after having left, but with a

terrible loss of men, for out of 148 persons whom he had taken out with him only 55 returned.

Emanuel the Great now devoted himself heart and soul to the acquisition of land and wealth in India. He organized a fresh fleet of thirteen ships greatly superior to those of the first, and gave the command to Prince Alvarez Cabral. This fleet awed the Zamorin into his pristine urbanity, but his good temper again gave way to suspicious fears, causes of quarrel arose, of which the Portuguese knew how to avail themselves, and Cabral seized upon all the shipping in the harbour. Peace was restored, a station and a factory were instituted, but again troubles arose, the Indians burnt his factory and Cabral burnt their ships, and even succeeded in getting his guns to bear upon the town so as to batter the walls.

Of course, before he burnt the ships he took good care to plunder them, rendering the lesson to the Indians more severe, and he departed richer than he ever expected to become. He sailed to Cochin, also on the Malabar coast, and contrived to set the native princes against the Zamorin of Calicut, and obtain their aid in inflicting further punishment. By these means he contrived to return to Europe not only with immense cargoes of valuable wares, but with three ambassadors from the Malabar princes.

On the homeward passage he discovered and took possession of the island of St. Helena.

After this Emanuel sent a fleet of twenty ships

under Vasco di Gama, who, though now an old man, was ready to sail, fight, or do whatever his king required. He was warmly received by the Rajahs of Cochin and Canonor, and by defeating a large force under the Zamorin he completely gained their confidence.

War along the Malabar coast was carried on by the Portuguese with great success, considerable cruelty, and, comparatively speaking, little loss. Goa was conquered by Albuquerque, whose vast plans of conquest were terminated by his death at Goa in 1515.

The Portuguese established settlements all along the coast from the Indus as far as the island of Ceylon, where Lopez Saurez made the king acknowledge the King of Portugal as his superior lord. They had possession of Bombay, named by them Buon Bai, the beautiful harbour, and they sailed round to the Coromandel coast with a view of forming settlements there, which they effected.

1560 was the date of the attainment of the highest power ever gained by the Portuguese, but it saw them by their commerce become the most wealthy nation of Europe, and they now shaped their course to China and Japan, where their success was not inferior to that which had rewarded them in India.

While Emanuel lived things went on prosperously. He was succeeded by John III., his son, who followed steadily in his father's steps, but in the reign of Sebastian the Portuguese empire in India fell under the tyranny of monks and bigots. The Jesuits estab-

lished the Inquisition, and unheard of cruelties were practised. From nearly the same cause Portugal declined in Europe and fell under the dominion of Spain (1580): as geographical adventurers the Dutch took the place of the Portuguese, whose star in India began to decline. Instead of twenty ships sent out to India each year, only five were now despatched, and the success of the Dutch began to alarm the French. The Portuguese lost more ground by their own ill-conduct and rapacity, and as they broke the spirit of the race which they had conquered, they had no allies to help them in resisting the encroachments of the Dutch, who were actively invading the territories which they had acquired. So the Portuguese, after ill-using the natives, retreated and sought in Brazil a recompense for their losses in India.

As the Russians regard our possessions in India at the present day with covetous eyes, so the Dutch in the sixteenth century looked hungrily at the treasures wafted to Europe on the wings of Portuguese adventure, and their energy overcame all obstacles. Cornelius Houtman was the first Dutchman who attempted the navigation of the Indian seas. He commanded a small fleet, or rather squadron, of four ships, and his report, on his return to Holland, of the ease with which these regions might be occupied by the Dutch, induced them to send out another squadron of four ships under the command of Admiral Van Neck, whose prudence and valour soon secured a settlement in Java and the Moluccas,

and he returned with this good news to the Texel loaded with rich treasure.

The Dutch knew how to manage the Hindus and Malays better than the Portuguese had done. They did not pose as conquerors at first, but allowed their assumption of power to come gradually, and, as it were, naturally, for their simple claims could not offend the natives, who, on the contrary, rather welcomed Dutchmen as allies in subduing the haughty, arrogant Portuguese. Thus they formed settlements on very different lines, and the prospect of success with security induced many of the richer Dutch merchants to form a company under the name of the East India Company, for which in 1602 they obtained a charter. Notwithstanding the combined efforts of the Spaniards and the Portuguese, they succeeded in founding the city of Batavia, which rivalled in wealth, population, and grandeur, the proudest cities of the East.

They obtained possession of Calicut, and, in fact, deprived the Portuguese of all their possessions in India save Goa and Diu, and finally established their grand colony at the Cape of Good Hope.

But as the Dutch had grown jealous of the Portuguese, so the French began to grow jealous of the Dutch, the same kind of process was repeated, and in 1664 a French East India Company obtained a charter from Louis XIV. for a term of fifty years, and the French established themselves at Pondicherry. An effort was made at the beginning of the new century to

renew the expiring charter, and by a happy stroke of policy the French possessions in the West Indies were fused into one grand project—uniting their Indian with their West Indian possessions.

And here it may be as well to say a word or two in reference to the name of India, and as no authority on the meaning and history of words can surpass, or indeed equal, that of Professor Max Müller, I quote his own words, taken from his *Lectures on the Science of Language.**

'It may be startling,' he says, 'to find the same name—the East Indies and the West Indies—at the two extremities of Aryan migrations, but these very names are full of historical meaning. They tell us how the Teutonic race, the most vigorous and enterprising of the Aryan family, gave the name of the West Indies to the country which, in their world-comprising migrations, they imagined to be India itself; how they discovered their mistake, and then distinguished between the East Indies and the West; how they planted new states in the West, and regenerated the effete kingdoms in the East; how they preached Christianity, and at last practised it by abolishing slavery of body and mind among the slaves of West Indian landholders and the slaves of Brahminical soul-holders, until they greeted at last the very homes from

* *Lectures on the Science of Language.* By F. Max Müller, M.A. London: Longmans, Green, & Co., 1885. 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I., p. 264.

which the Aryan family had started when setting out on their discovery of the world. All this and much more may be read in the vast archives of language. The very name of India has a story to tell, for India is not a native name. *We* have it from the Romans, the Romans from the Greeks, the Greeks from the Persians. And why from the Persians? Because it is only in Persian that an initial S is changed into H, which initial H is usually dropped in Greek. It is only in Persian that the country of the Sindhu (*sindhu* is the Sanscrit name for river), or of the seven Sindhus, could have been called Hinda or India, instead of Sindia. Unless the followers of Zoroaster had pronounced every *s* like *h* we should never have heard of the West Indies!'

Max Müller here attributes the naming of the West Indies to the English, but certainly Columbus, in discovering San Salvador, imagined that he had discovered India by a western passage, and called that island a portion of the Indies. The English had nothing to do with it for years after, so that the adjective Teutonic is hardly in place here, for by no stretch of the imagination can we call the Spaniards Teutons. With the exception of this little bit of Teutonic zeal, which every German possesses, this extract from Max Müller's delightful book offers an interesting solution of an apparent difficulty as accurate as it is pleasant reading.

Again, the French were the first to unite the ideas of the East and West Indies under one rubric, though the French would hardly thank Max Müller for calling

them Teutons. We might, therefore, with all deference to so great an authority, substitute the word Western for Teutonic; and we have the truth, for they certainly, like the Spaniards, obtained their nomenclature of this part of Asia from the Romans, and the French name of their new company—'*Company of the Indies*'—included both the East and West Indies. Between the years 1719 and 1740, the French had completely and extensively established themselves on the shores of the Eastern world.

But during the seventeenth century the English had not been idle, for in 1600 the merchants of London obtained a charter from Queen Elizabeth conferring upon them the right of exclusive trade with India for a certain time, and even before that time the Portuguese had learnt to their cost that English and Dutch ships *could* act together to oppose a common enemy. For though no love was lost between the Dutch and English, they were both Protestant nations, and viewed with horror the atrocities committed by the 'Holy Office,' as the Inquisition was styled at Goa, and they united to put down the Portuguese in the East. How much of this was religion and how much commerce it is difficult to say, but whether the motives which led to the alliance of the Dutch and English were pure or sordid, their subsequent hatred was sincere enough.

The first fleet fitted out by the British East India Company sailed under the command of Captain James Lancaster on the 5th of June, 1602; they were well

received by the native princes to whom they addressed themselves. They returned with a valuable cargo of spices to the Thames in 1603. Other voyages followed, and, to the annoyance of the Dutch, the English were eminently successful in their enterprises. An alliance was entered into by the Dutch with their old enemies the Portuguese to attack the English, with whom they never could agree for long under any circumstances. In 1611, four stout ships, under the command of Captain Best, sailed for India and established a factory at Surat. The Portuguese with a powerful fleet, aided by their Dutch allies, attempted the task of driving the English out of India. Best, however, defeated their united fleets, in 1612 he inflicted a severe defeat on the Dutch alone, and in 1614 returned to England loaded with riches and glory. In 1622 the Dutch quite distanced both Spaniards and Portuguese in an act, or series of acts, of inhuman barbarities on the island of Amboyna. But they were no gainers by it in the end, and English influence steadily increased until the factory at Fort William, now Calcutta, threw both Portuguese and Dutch into the shade.

In the year 1661, a new charter was granted by Charles II. with the addition of many new and valuable privileges. At this time, too, a great addition to English influence was acquired in the transfer of Bombay from the Portuguese Government to English rule. It was ceded as a part of the marriage portion of the Infanta, daughter of the King of Portugal, when

she espoused Charles II. By Charles the island, fort, and harbour were all transferred to the East India Company for ever. A new settlement was formed by this Company at Madras, on the eastern side of the peninsula. Fort William was constructed, and very soon English perseverance promised to drive all competitors out of the field.

Unfortunately, however, the English, in seeking alliance with native princes, incurred, according to Indian custom, the obligation of aiding them in their petty wars one upon the other. This was an element of weakness, and, added to the increasing enmity of the French, threatened to put an end to English rule in India, for a trial of strength between those rival nations on the Indian soil resulted in defeat of the English and consequent loss of consideration among the Hindus, who naturally attached themselves to the stronger party as the one best able to fight their battles.

Indeed, the losses of the English were terrible. Madras was taken in 1746, and had to be ransomed for 440,000*l*. The English ships sent out to protect the factories were defeated by a French fleet under M. Bourdonnais, and English prestige was dead in India. Still we took part in the terrible war in the Deccan, when the Nawab of Arcot was opposed by his nephew, Masuffir Jung, supported by the French, who gave him men and artillery, the English taking the part of the true Nawab. The question now arose whether the future of India was to be in the hands of

France or England, the advocates on either side being Dupleix and Clive. These two champions were opposed, not openly as French against English on the field of battle, but as allies of the intriguing, murdering, warring Nawab and Nizam. Dupleix was as clever an intriguer as any Indian, and both Nawab and Nizam were properly speaking his puppets.

Without going into the particulars of the great Indian squabble, let us rather observe the action of Clive in deciding the balance of power in favour of England. He saw to what point the few English troops in the Deccan should be moved, and he succeeded in moving them thither. With 200 Europeans and 300 Sepoys he set out on the memorable undertaking, and seldom indeed has any commander moved any troops under less favourable auspices. He himself was not a soldier to begin with, but a clerk in the civil service of the Company. His officers were few in number — eight or ten — and of that number half only had enjoyed any military training; the other half consisted of clerks who resigned the pen for the sword on the chance of a successful issue bringing them actual rank.

He was informed on his march that Arcot was hopelessly in the hands of the enemy, whose numbers were superior to his by more than two to one. On the other hand, the Arcot garrison had heard that Clive's force had marched with perfect unconcern through a terrible storm of lightning and rain, which proof of

English daring so dismayed them that they retreated to a camp some distance from the fort, which the British force entered unopposed. Here they found eight guns with plenty of ammunition.

Clive now laid himself out to stand a siege; but the garrison—which had deserted its post—now largely reinforced, threatened to storm the citadel. At the dead of night Clive sallied out, attacked the camp, slew many, dispersed the rest, and returned to the fort without losing a man.

How he defeated the forces brought against him at Arcot is to be found in any history of India—it is one of the most interesting pieces of Indian history that can be read. Success followed on success, and the crowning and judicious acts of overthrowing the monument of victory raised by Dupleix at Futihabad, and the destruction of that city for having sheltered Dupleix, were the means of completely overawing the native population.

But war is an expensive amusement to the non-combating, paying nation, however agreeable a stimulant to the warrior. Both France and England were tired of the Indian war; Dupleix was recalled, ruined, and died of a broken heart.

Clive was now opposed to a still more formidable foe—the Surrajah u Daula, who was the bitterest enemy of the English in the East. He sought a pretext for quarrel, which was very soon found. A certain rich man, whose wealth this monster coveted, had taken

refuge at Calcutta, and thrown himself upon the protection of the Governor. The Nawab insisted on the fugitive being given up, but the Governor refused to part with him. He then demanded that the fortifications should be destroyed, but the Governor did not accede to his request.

We should have expected something of this Governor, after bearding the Indian prince so boldly, but when the latter advanced 50,000 strong upon Calcutta, which had really no forts worth speaking of, and was quite defenceless, he slipped away to the ships as soon as the guns began to play on the town! I am glad to say that he took the women with him, as well as the children, but there was plenty of room in the boats for the soldiers of the garrison too, and these, to his eternal disgrace, he left behind.

It was a bad business. In the absence of Drake, the Governor, Mr. Holwell admitted the flag of truce which Surrajah u Daula sent. As soon as the Indians bearing it were admitted the rest followed, rushing through the gates and disarming everyone. The Surrajah made for the treasury, and was fearfully wrath at finding only about 50,000*l.* He assured Mr. Holwell, however, that no harm was intended to the prisoners, and so he went to his repose. Without asking what was to be done with them, his officers thrust these prisoners, 146 in number, into a cell about twenty feet square, with only one window in it, which had been used to imprison the most refractory soldiers.

It was in the full heat of the midsummer of India, which is already a trying thing to bear even when a man has the advantage of a punkah in his bungalow and the luxury of large open windows (unglazed), and can sit and sip sangaree at his leisure, but 146 crushed together in one stifling oven! To any one who has been in India the *idea* is maddening. The horrors of that Black Hole will never be forgotten as long as history is read.

Of the unfortunate victims of this frightful cruelty only sixteen ever came out alive, and they died almost immediately after.

But tyrants are generally as cowardly as they are cruel, and the cruelty of the Surrajah was accompanied by a weakness of purpose which gave Clive considerable advantage. He was actually applied to by this very man to help him against the Persians under Nadir Shah, who was desolating Delhi. Clive took advantage of this to attack Chandernagore, which then belonged to the French, whom Clive drove out after a brave defence. And when the city had been won for England the Surrajah sent an order to Clive not to attack it. Chandernagore fell into our hands in 1757. When his success was complete Clive observed, 'We cannot stop here.' And, indeed, we have been advancing ever since.

The Surrajah u Daula had so many wiles that Clive thought it well to beat him with his own weapons, but this was no easy task. The power of overcoming the

Orientals by sheer force of arms is ours, but we were no match for them in intriguing, and the Nawab soon saw through Clive when he descended to Orientalism. A large, well-appointed army, under the command of the Nawab in person, was now collected at Plassy, the numbers of the troops being at least twenty times greater than any body of men Clive could bring to the field. Clive, for the first time in his life, summoned a council; it was the last also, 'and if he had taken its advice the English would never have been masters of Bengal.' He determined to act in direct opposition to their decision, and marched against overwhelming odds. Here his sword was as successful as his wiles had been failures, but after his victory, returning to his principle of meeting trickery by tricks, he lost some of the ground gained by the splendid success at Plassy.

But the sword reinstated him again, and he may be regarded as the man to whom we owe the delivery of India from French military despotism and Dutch intrigue. His prompt and active measures against these nations were the cause of the downfall of their political influence in the country.

The East India Company had become, by the mere force of circumstances, a governing power. Originally nothing more than an association of English merchants, they were compelled, in order to protect their factories and enlarge their sphere of usefulness, to ally themselves with their Hindu neighbours. Their

course was precisely the opposite to that pursued by our ancestors in the conquest of Britain. The consequence was that the fusion led to disorders and disaffection of all kinds, proving the wisdom of the old Odinic law, that *his* champions should not mix with their conquered foes.

Clive had been raised to the peerage on his return to England, but he was soon required back again in India, where he sought to carry out his famous scheme of governing the country by a fusion of the Company with the Government of the great Mogul. This, as is known to all students of Indian history, laid the people of India open to unchecked spoliation, it was a system worse for them than the most outrageous Mogul despotism. The revenues derived from the soil went to enrich the Directors and their civil servants. Clive's scheme proved the curse of India in almost every respect. It produced dissatisfaction, anarchy, and hopeless loss to the land, until the lot fell on Warren Hastings to cleanse the Augean stable. In 1771 he was appointed to the government of Bengal, and he began his reforms by abolishing the system by which the natives had been so ruthlessly pillaged. He abolished the dual or twin system by which the East India Company had worked together with the Indian rajahs, nizams, nawabs, and naibs, in one common attack upon the vitals of the people. These native princes, viceroys, and deputies were, properly speaking, in the English pay. They were paid or pensioned to help the English to pluck the Hindu. Every man

(except, perhaps, the officers of the Company's army) sought only his own interest; his only ambition was to grow rich, and each was a sort of civilian buccaneer. The drain on India became enormous. Hastings was advised to do everything for the good of the natives, to countenance no wrong, exert no oppression, and, in general, to act the part of a good and great man sent on a benevolent mission to reform and civilise the land, *but* (and if there be virtue in an *if*, how much lies in a *but?*), anyhow, he was to send home money—honestly, if he could; then comes in the *but* again.

Whether he was not successful in obtaining enough to gratify the greed at home or whether the part he took in the wretched Rohilla War deservedly lost him the confidence of the English, certain it is that his influence began to decline after that atrocious piece of unprincipled conduct. He was subject to the direct and steady opposition of his colleagues in the Council. The disorders between the native tribes, the Mahrattas, the Rohillas, &c., were as nothing in their baleful effect upon the land of India as the sudden introduction of English law amongst people wholly incapable of receiving it. The reign of the *kings* had passed away, but the reign of the *judges* was harder to bear. Then came a coalition between Hyder Ali, the Nizam Ali, and the Mahrattas, which had for its aim simultaneous attacks upon the three English settlements in Bombay, Madras, and Bengal.

This rising was at first successful, and had not Hastings thrown all the vigour of his mind into its suppression we should have lost every vestige of prestige in India. His measures were vigorous, and he was well aided by his old friend, Sir Eyre Coote, who defeated Hyder Ali at Porto Novo in 1780. With great decision and marvellous courage he overcame Cheyte Sing at Benares and added his territory to the British dominions. To meet the horse-leech cry in England for more, more, more money, Hastings and the infamous judge, Sir Elijah Impey, agreed to rob two princesses, called the Begums of Oude. These ladies were falsely accused of having caused the insurrection at Benares. But demands were still insatiable; the zemindars had to screw down the poor, while the upper classes of English officials endeavoured to reduce the rich to poverty. India a hundred years ago must have been an improving place to the minds of both English and Indian inhabitants! The tone of society in our big towns was low. Hastings was a gambler and a voluptuary. There was not that broad principle of high moral tone that, in the fifth century, raised the pagan Englishman above the Christian Briton. In India the pagan Hindu was, morally, not lower than the conquering Christian.

When Hastings left and Cornwallis had become Governor in his stead, a plan was tried for raising money by regarding the zemindars or tax-collectors as the actual landholders of India, and they were thus to be personally answerable not only for all kinds of im-

provements in the country, but for the money which had to be sent to England. This collapsed the zemindars, which was a benefit rather too dearly purchased by the result. The ryots or farmers were ruined and the zemindars could find no money anywhere, they therefore became bankrupt, their lands were sold, and purchased by native bankers, so that in a very brief space two-thirds of the soil of Bengal was in the hands of all sorts of capitalists who could buy, but as they were all absentees they produced more distress than can well be imagined. Then arose the monster called the '*Ticca-daree*' system. The absentee let his lands at a permanent quit-rent to any one who might be willing to take them on the chance of squeezing a sufficient revenue out of the ryots, the absentee being indifferent to everything but his love of gain, which was thus largely gratified.

The Mogul masters of the unfortunate peasantry were less terrible to them than we were with this abominable system, which has reduced the Indian farmer to more fearful poverty than those who gauge affliction by the miseries of the 'East End' will ever be able to dream of. The simple, unoffending Hindu, needing but a little rice as his food, was by this system robbed even of that. Better far the sword of the English pagan of the fifth century, which only cleared the way, by cutting down the bodies of the inferior race, for a broader field of culture for themselves. They were warriors; we were traders, hiring the bayonets not

only of our own countrymen, but of the people of the soil, to gain from that soil its all with no return.

I am not charging Cornwallis with this crime. He did not understand the true function of the zemindar as a mere tax-gatherer. He meant well, and in the administration of justice showed himself to be a good and great man. His courts of appeal were excellent, and the measure by which every person charged with a crime could demand speedy justice, instead of being kept in prison till he died, was an innovation that we are surprised at finding necessary.

When Hyder Ali died he was succeeded by his son Tippoo, known as Tippoo Sahib. This prince was the very incarnation of cruelty. That the Indians should hate us for what had been effected under the rule of Clive and Warren Hastings was perfectly natural, but the natural ill-will to the conqueror was expressed in an almost supernatural way by Tippoo. He was a Mahometan, and added the rancour of religious hatred to the other elements of dislike of our rule. He formed an alliance with the French, and threatened the Mahrattas and English alike.

To check the French and to extinguish Tippoo were the chief objects of Lord Mornington's mission. Tippoo sent envoys to the Mauritius, proposing to the French Government the entire extinction of the English in India, and he was prepared to welcome Napoleon Bonaparte, who had arrived in Egypt, with open arms.

A French fleet was reported sailing down the Red Sea on its way to the Malabar coast. Lord Mornington sent Colonel Doveton to demand a full explanation from Tippoo, who gave evasive replies, keeping the English in play while he was all the time urging the French to help him, and calling on the Afghans to make common cause against the English.

At last war broke out, and Tippoo was forced to retire to Seringapatam, after a severe defeat, March 27th, 1799. The town was stormed and taken. The soldiers had been exasperated by Tippoo's cruelties to his English prisoners, who were invariably tortured, and his body was found pierced with bayonet wounds under the chief gate. I remember seeing a plaything of his which used to afford him special delight. This was an organ in the shape of a Bengal tiger standing over the figure of a fallen Sepoy. On turning a handle the tiger growled and raised his fore-paw, while the soldier groaned horribly. There was a door in the tiger's side which, when raised, disclosed a series of keys like those of a pianoforte. By touching these Tippoo could modulate the growls and the groans to please his ear by the various notes of suffering thus produced. This pretty toy was sent to the museum at the India House in Leadenhall Street, but where it is now I do not know—I believe it is somewhere in London.

After the fall of Tippoo the possessions of the English in India increased immensely. Lord Morn-

ington, after the taking of Seringapatam, had been created Marquis of Wellesley, and his policy was to make all the native princes tributary to England. They could not make war on each other without our consent, nor could they employ in their service any Europeans without the permission of the English. Each of the larger states was to maintain a force officered by Englishmen, for whose maintenance and pay territory was to be ceded.

But Lord Wellesley was not yet satisfied. He was a thorough soldier, and saw what the French under Napoleon might do, and what the Afghans, the Mahrattas, and other tribes, might accomplish. A chief of one of these put himself under the protection of Lord Wellesley, and in the most abject manner promised to give up everything in his possession if only he were protected from his enemies. He escaped from these enemies to an English ship, and pretended the greatest confidence in English protection. All the time he was intriguing with Sindia and the Bhonsla Rajah to deliver him from the British yoke. A force was sent to conduct him from Bassein to Poonah, and Colonel Arthur Wellesley, afterwards Duke of Wellington, and brother of the Governor-General, was advancing to support him. He, as well as his brother, was disgusted with the insincerity of these people all round, and he told them that if they really meant friendship to England they had better show it by withdrawing their troops.

Then began the series of splendid actions which alone would have raised Colonel Wellesley as the genius who saved India to the highest rank of generals. But neither he nor his brother were understood. The vile chandler-shop policy, which sinks us so low, obtained at home with the Directors of the Company, while the brothers saw that a mere association of merchants was not the proper ruling power to sustain a mighty nation like India. Their representations were not understood by the money-craving Directors, and yet India was saved to us by these two grand men. What the shop-counter was losing to us was saved by the sword.

It is only a further illustration of my position that the only way to deal with inferior nations is by force. They never understand kindness in the first instance, they are always suspicious until they *know* that you are not kind to them with a view of getting the advantage over them. When they recognise the power of their superior they accept kindness gratefully, but, before their complete subjection kindness—at least, weakness—is insane folly. No one is more sensible to kindness than a Hindu, no servants are better, when they have once *recognised their master*, than they. I have never had occasion to be dissatisfied with my servants in India, and I have never bullied them. My valued friend, General Sir James Alexander, who served fifty years in India, has told me some touching tales of the self-devotion of his servants

during the Mutiny. Sir James is one of the kindest men I know, but certainly one of the firmest.

We have been forced by circumstances into empire, and the anomaly of empire in the hands of a mercantile company was made apparent in the disastrous mutiny of 1857, which led to the abolition of the rule of the Company and the direct government of the empire by our Queen. The mask of commerce is thrown off, and the Indians are free and happy. The injudicious acts of such men as Clive and Cornwallis are now rendered impossible by the wise provision that India is governed by her own laws. Instead of crushing the ryots to enrich a few merchants, the present system provides justice for all, and the people are learning to govern themselves.

One great use of the Mutiny was that it taught the Indians our power, and taught us to use it. They were so thoroughly subdued as to feel that we can afford to be kind, and to attribute our wish to serve them to its real motive. Missionaries may now go and teach the Brahmins (though many might with advantage learn from them), for there is now no idea of ulterior political motives behind their work. The Hindus are rather proud of the liberty they enjoy under Victoria, and are not, with all their pride of caste, averse to being treated quite on an equality with those who have shown themselves their superiors and masters.

Another grand result of the Mutiny was the

cessation of the Mogul Empire. It is noteworthy, and shows how far-sighted that policy was which contrived the unification of India, that the empire there is not called the English Empire, but the Empire of India. Her Majesty is Empress of India, not of England, and the Indians are under her rule happier now than they ever have been. By the judicious action of not interfering with their religious observances, and giving them at the same time absolutely the same amount of freedom as we possess here, they have no cause of quarrel; the only danger threatening our peace and theirs is in the north, where Russian intrigue is preparing the way for fresh troubles. That this is no chimera I can avouch, for I have been openly told in Russia that the 'spoils of India should be fairly shared.'

It may be objected that my statement of the right granted to the Indians to preserve their ancient religious customs is untrue, inasmuch as the horrible custom of suttee has been abolished. The cause of the abolition lies deeper than human law or human custom, it lies in '*Language*'—the new science so grandly championed by the indefatigable worker, Max Müller.

The Brahmins of India are among the most learned men breathing. Their studies lead them rather to abstract than to concrete matters; in fact, to them the body is nothing in comparison with the value of the soul; they are therefore prepared to mortify the body by

the endurance of the most frightful tortures if by bearing them they may regain caste. Their religion is the remnant of an ancient faith brought down to the apprehension of man by appealing to his outward senses through the medium of symbols, so carefully employed, as to give on the first perusal merely a story or precept or rhapsody, apparently very simple but really very profound in its teaching.

Besides these legends and tales of the gods, we find in the vedas, as these sacred books are called, precepts for the mode of life to be followed by the true Brahmin, and these are given in the ancient Sanscrit language, which was already a dead language four thousand years ago. In one of these, the Rig Veda, a passage is found, on the authority of which thousands of wretched women have been burnt alive on the same pyre on which the body of the dead husband was 'incremated.' The passage has been read:—

'Let these women not be widowed; good wives adorned with collyrium holding clarified butter in their hands, consign themselves to the fire. Immortal souls, not childless, not husbandless, well adorned with gems, let them pass into the fire, whose original element is water.'

This tremendous ordinance is nothing but a foul misapprehension of the actual meaning of the original, and quite at variance with the mild, benevolent tone of the vedas, and with the gentle, humane character of the Brahmins, which is reflected in the spirit of the

Rig Veda, and in the Vedic ceremonial, according to which the wife accompanies the body to the funeral pile, but there she is addressed with a verse taken from the Rig Veda, and ordered to take leave of her husband and return to the land of the living:—

'Rise up woman, come to the world of life, thou sleepest nigh unto him whose life is gone! Come to us. Thou hast fulfilled the duties of a wife to the husband who took thee by the hand and made thee mother.'

This verse is preceded by the very one which the later Brahmins have falsified and turned to support the horrible custom which they invented, a verse which properly does not apply to the widows at all, but to other women who assist at the ceremony of burning the dead, and should be translated thus:—

'May those women who are not widows, but have good husbands, draw near with oil and butter. Those who are mothers may go up first to the altar, without tears, without sorrow, decked with fine pearls.'

The words, 'Mothers may go up first to the altar,' in Sanscrit—

'Â rohantu ganayo yonim agre,' and this has been changed by the Brahmins into the inhumam:—

'Â rohantu ganayo yonim agneh,' meaning to go up into the fire!

Great as the difference in meaning is, it is due to the slight change produced by the substitution of *u* for *r*, and the addition of an aspirate, by which *agre* is changed to *agneh*, a change very easily made by the scribe, for the

characters in the Devanagari alphabet for the combinations *gr* and *gn* are very similar in appearance, while the insertion of the two dots marking an aspirate was a simple clerical error.

This terrific blunder was discovered in England and put before the Brahmins so strongly that they could not but admit the accuracy of the correction. We had promised to rule according to their laws, and here was one of their laws with a new reading which we undertook to administer ; thus the innovation was in fact a restoration of the more ancient and more correct text. It reconciled an apparent discrepancy, for how was the woman to take leave of the burning body if she leapt into the flames with it ? Farther on are some regulations for her subsequent conduct in life, which would have been absurd to note if she were burned. The abolition became law with very little trouble. If the Queen's reign as Empress of India had effected no more than this, it alone would have stamped that reign with a mark beyond all other signs of greatness.

The Brahmin is a philosopher. His every act is regulated by some religious or philosophical dictum. He is much as he was thousands of years ago as to his outward form and observances, but in many of his opinions he is in advance of the rest of the world, notwithstanding the tremendous antiquity of his views. Upwards of five centuries before the Christian era he was busy investigating the science of language, a study which we have only just commenced.

Language was declared by the Brahmins to be a god, which is only saying in other words that it never was created or invented by man. To this view we are only just slowly and reluctantly coming. They paid it divine honours, saying that it was Brahmi the wife of Brahma, one in essence with him, though different in person. By her instrumentality everything was formed at the wish of Brahma.

This myth was known many centuries before the Christian era, and yet it tells the same truth that we have learnt through our inspired word, for it agrees marvellously with the assertions:—'By the word of His mouth were the heavens made,' and 'In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God.' When we reflect that the writers of our Gospels had not the slightest connexion with the Brahmins, and were most likely unacquainted with the existence of such people or of such a country as India, it must strike us as very remarkable that two such different *cultes* could teach the same truth in different ways according to the medium through which it had to flow. Does it not point to a still more remote revelation of Divine wisdom to man in the remote past, and in the remote East? Those truths when first communicated to man were clothed in fitting congruous symbols perfectly representing them, and accurately corresponding to them by a harmonic law. When men fell away from Divine *love*, Divine *truth* became obscure and a grotesque system of symbolisation was

the result, and this further descended to idolatry. When the spirit was fled the corpse of the doctrine was worshipped.

The Christian dispensation was a gracious condescension to man's level by the Divine, which became manifested in flesh on earth, and this glorious descent is darkly foreshadowed in the Brahminical teachings. One of the avatars of Vishnoo is in the form of a man, called 'Khristna.' At a certain period effigies of him and his mother are exhibited in the streets of Indian towns. When I first arrived at Bombay I saw such an exhibition in the streets of that town, and not knowing much about Indian mythology in those days, I thought the figures were identical with those I had seen at Cologne of the Virgin Mother with our Saviour on her lap. The same female figure, clad in blue with the infant on her lap, each with a nimbus! Christianity is strongly confirmed by these awful prophecies from the far back past. Truth was perceived countless ages ago, and prophesied in the mystic language of the time.

The intimate connexion of the idea of language with the idea of religion is shown by the myth of Brahmi, the wife of Brahma; but besides this there are remarkable doctrines, not generally known even in India, connecting the two ideas. Thus the vowels are supposed to have a peculiar life and spirit within them. 'A,' for example, represents the principle of pure love; hence its presence in such fulness in the name of the god Brahma. 'I' represents motion, or life; hence

love *plus* activity is Brahmi. 'O' is the emblem of wisdom rather than love, and 'U' is power. If we apply this to other systems, we find it of extreme use in giving us an idea of the value of certain teachings which we pass over in general as trivial.

In the Roman mythology derived from the Greek, we find the most popular deity called '*Jove*,' denoting a feeling of reverence for wisdom rather than love. *Ju*piter gives the idea of power. In the Odinic worship, *O*din was a god of wisdom, hence the chief vowel in his name. In the inspired books of the Jews, forming our Bible, we meet with the name of the Divine Being only once, and then it is given as JAH. Here the root vowel is so holy that it has to be guarded, not by two consonants as is usual, but by a semi-vowel and an aspirate. The vowels were too holy in the eyes of the Jews to permit of their being written at all. When the idea of love in the Divine gave place to the idea of wisdom as its superior, the name for the Deity became Jehovah where the root is *o*, while *e* and *a*, or power and love, occur only in the prefix and suffix.

Bearing this in mind, the assertion by the Divine voice in the Revelation, 'I am the A and the Ω,' assumes altogether a new meaning. It tells us that the Divine is the first principle of love and the last of wisdom, hence the be all and end all of life and hope! This is something higher than merely using these two letters, as we might say the A and the Z, because they happen to be the first and last of the alphabet.

Max Müller says that 'The Brahmins call a root "dhâtu," a word itself derived from the root "dha," to support or nourish. The same word is used to denote the five elements—earth, fire, water, air, ether; which shows that they looked upon these elements and the elements of language as identical, and as the feeders and supporters of material things.

'The Greeks had a remnant of the perception of the vital importance of roots. Aristotle says: "Element, we call that of which anything consists as of its first substance, this being as to form indivisible, as for example the elements of language, of which language is composed, and into which as its last component parts it can be resolved, the parts are homogeneous, as a part of water is water." '

The Brahminical idea is that the root is the life, the soul, the real entity of language. It consists of three parts, one of which must be a vowel, and this vowel is the most sacred; the two consonants which stand one before and the other behind this mystic letter, are only guards to defend and keep it. This reminds us of the veneration in which the vowel was held by the Hebrews—a veneration so profound as to prevent their writing vowels at all, the early Hebrew manuscripts being written with no vowel points, which are of later invention. The reason of this is that the Jews, being a very external people, fond of ceremonial observances, were rank idolaters, and would very soon have *worshipped the vowels.* They were pre-

vented by superstition from becoming actually profane, and carefully withholding the sacred name of God from them was the only way to prevent their profaning it. The word 'Jah' occurs only once in Scripture, the Divine being referred to by the expression, '*Elohim*,' a word in the plural number, meaning 'The Spirits,' or, rather, 'elements.' The Jews were thus cut off from the power of uttering a name which embodied in it the idea of the One and indivisible God by the adoption of a word existing only in the plural. And when on the Cross the agonising cry to the Father burst forth in the singular form of the word, it struck no answering chord in the hearts of the sin-hardened Jews, who thought that their victim called upon Elias, the word 'Eloi' not being used in Hebrew.

The Brahmins, in their recognition of the power, life, and value of the interior of a word, showed themselves to be in a higher state of mind than the Hebrews. To the latter people a positive revelation of the Divine will was made, to the former some distorted remnants of a similar revelation had come down some thousands of years before, and the peculiar circumstances of place, climate, and temperament acting upon them, induced by degrees a descent from the pure theism of the original creed to the monstrous deformity of Hindu polytheism.

Like the Jews, the Brahmins had a word for God containing the same mysterious *a*, denoting intense love. Their original god was Brahm; his son was

Brahma, whose wife and sister in one person proceeded out of his mouth. She was '*the word*,' or, as the Brahmins say, 'language.' Is not this in wonderful harmony with the assertion in the Christian Gospel by John?

In the ordinances of Menu (and here I quote from Max Müller again) we are informed how Brahma 'milked out' from the three vedas the three letters of power, A U M, which form by their coalition the triliteral monosyllable *aum*, together with the three mysterious words *chur*, *churah*, *swer*—earth, sky, heaven. The three letters *a u m* are pronounced like '*om*,' and being coeval in birth with the three words *chur*, *churah*, and *swer*, refer to the Deity in His triple capacity of Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer. A Brahmin, beginning and ending a lecture on the vedas, pronounces the word *om* at the commencement and at the close of his discourse, for unless the syllable *om* precede, his learning will slip away from him, and unless it follow, nothing will be retained.

A Holy Trinity is thus the first and most vital portion of the Brahmin's creed, as indeed it is of all others. We have Odin, Villi, and Ve in the Scandinavian mythology, meaning wisdom, will, or *love* and *breath*, equivalent to life or motion. We have Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars answering to Brahm, Vishnoo, and Shiva; other principles being evolved, we obtain names for them, which names are made to refer to

independent but subordinate deities, until the number twelve is reached, which makes the whole system complete.

And herein we have once more occasion to observe the remarkable value of numbers in mythology, already referred to in the first chapter of this work,* when treating of the Scandinavian myths. The remnants of the Brahminical *culte*, being more complete, enable us to trace the system more fully, so that at the risk of repetition it will be as well to examine the subject in its connexion with Hindu mythology. One is the Divinity undivided, the Dyaus of the Brahmins, the Tys of the Goths, the Θεος of the Greeks, and the Deus of the Romans. He is the god of love, the first principle of deity.

Two is the first putting forth or revelation of a new element or constituent in the Divine nature, which is wisdom. In some subsequent systems, as the Egyptian and the Scandinavian, this principle is put first, exemplified in Osiris and Odin. In the Brahminical system Brahmi, or 'the word,' is second in order, though like and perfectly equal in value. As this is the first idea of separation or putting forth from the original, we have the idea of separation in the cardinal numeral two, which is, curiously enough, identical in all Aryan languages—*do, dva, duo, zwei, trâ, two*, &c. —showing their common origin and very slight divergence.

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* *Ante*, pp. 10 to 18.

In the ordinal we have, all round, traces of putting forth, separation, distinction. In English it is *other*, from the root *ot* (*oth*)—'from,' or 'off;' in German, *anderere;* in the Scandinavian languages, *anders;* in Latin, *secundus*, generally derived from *sequor*, but more probably from *seco* (I cut). In either case the idea of separate existence is put forth. We have adopted the Latin ordinal to avoid apparent confusion with the indefinite pronoun 'other.' I don't think we have gained much by the process.

Three has been recognised as the number of all others to contain within it a supernatural meaning. 'The mystic three' is a very common expression, while the equilateral triangle has been taken to denote the unpronounceable name of God. All kinds of wonders are predicated of this awful symbol of Deity. Thus three is of more importance than any other number. It represents Brahma, Vishnoo, and Shiva—love, wisdom, and *power*—power which to the Brahmin or the Jew meant destruction, to the Christian preservation, but power notwithstanding. These three Divine essentials make up the Divine, as heat, light, and chemical action make up the sun; or soul, body, and operation of the two together make up man. This view of the Trinity, though apparently mystic, is the real basis of the creed, and presents, to my mind at least, a beautiful clue to a deep subject hitherto little understood, though largely dogmatised upon. The word remains unchanged through all the Aryan, or, as

the Germans call them, the Indo-Germanic (!), languages. It is the same in Delhi as in Inverness, Madrid, Rome, or Stockholm, we and the Icelanders preserving the ancient *th* sound, whereas the other peoples of Europe use *t* or *d*. *An* = *a*, or one, modified into *en* or *e*, denotes love or existence. *Tvo*, *two*, *duo*, &c., exhibits the *o* or wisdom principle, while *thri* possesses the *i* or *ee* of motion, equivalent to force, and these respective numerals make up the trinity of love, wisdom, and power, the essential attributes of the triune God.

Four is the first square, produced by the multiplication of *two* by *two*, which, considering the meaning of *two*, gives a certain sense of completeness; therefore when we see an idol with four arms it does not mean to imply that it is a model portrait of a monstrosity, but that the god in question, who is only a manifestation of Brahma the Supreme, has complete power, for the hand signifies power.

Five means the hand, and consequently power; hence in our own system the fifth day of the week is devoted to Thor, the god of strength and war. According to the number of hands on an Indian idol we can tell the amount of power predicated, and thus know what god it is intended to represent.

Six is the multiplication of the mystic three by two, and indicates happiness or perfection.

Seven has two meanings, one being bliss and the other trial, but trial which shall purify and render

happy at last. This is beautifully exemplified by our own Saturday, *i.e.*, the day of Satur, the destroyer, under whose flaming sword heaven and earth shall pass away to be succeeded by a new heaven and a new earth which shall not pass away.*

Eight is the intensification of the perfections of four by those of two, and at the same time indicates something *new*.

Nine is the square of three, and indicates the intensity of Divine love and wisdom. This is also prefigured in the double triangle, of which remains are found, held now only in superstitious veneration, the real knowledge of the sacred symbol having passed away.

Ten indicates infinity, a hundred and a thousand being merely the same idea expressed with greater intensity. An idol with ten arms, therefore, implies a god of infinite power, just as would be represented by a hundred or a thousand.

Eleven represents distress and incompleteness, while twelve, being the multiplication of three by four, implies the most complete perfection.

This will explain why there are twelve redschis or gods in the Divine dwelling of Brahmapatam; why there were twelve gods in Olympus; twelve gods in Valhalla, where Odin had twelve names. It will help us to see why there were twelve tribes of the Jews, twelve apostles, twelve gates to Jerusalem, each of which was twelve pearls!

* *Vide ante*, p. 15.

For the system by which outer and worldly things were made as types and shadows of high and eternal truths must be perfect to be true, and true to be perfect, and therefore it must be applicable to all systems teaching similar truths, however varied the systems may have become and however dissimilar in their details. Thus, although we know that the Apostles lived and were real men of thews and sinews, while the 'gods of the nations were idols,' yet we must remember that *originally* those gods were not idols, but merely memoranda of attributes, which, becoming worshipped, in process of time grew into abominations. I should hope not to be charged with the *grotesquerie* of comparing the Twelve Apostles individually or collectively with heathen gods, when I point out that the reason for their number being twelve was the same that assigned twelve gods to Valhalla or to Olympus and twelve rodschis to Brahmapatam. For the congruous relation of twelve to perfect completeness remains the same all through, as do the awful teachings of trinity in unity and infinity in one.

Emblematical language is implanted in man almost as a part of his being, and the love of emblems is a remnant of his happy state when the objects of the outer world of mud and stone at once translated themselves into spiritual or celestial ideas. Nor were the representations of the outer world necessarily beautiful or accurate. They were *only* memoranda, steps on the ladder to the skies. When in the prime of Grecian art

wonderful statues of men and women were produced to represent the gods, that very perfection of reproduction of the means made those means the end. Men instead of mounting stopped to worship and admire the rungs of the ladder, the steps to the temple, and got no higher. In the Indian idol no art is seen of such high or dazzling character as to chain our thoughts to earth. It is a type and nothing more.

The representation of higher thought could not be fettered by mere nature. Abstract ideas are infinite, concrete types are finite. How, then, is the finite to represent the infinite? How can we give an idea through natural objects of something quite above and beyond Nature? How can we represent, for example, the elevation of the human understanding?

The understanding in its rapid and combative phase is represented by a horse, because it elevates man, bears him on, saves him from pursuit, and other things. In Nineveh the understanding was represented by a bull, and we in England talk of ruminating, because the bovine race are ruminants. The understanding, however, enables man to mount on high, and in Nature both horse and bull are confined to the surface of the ground. Then occurs a phenomenon, true in abstract thought, but false in concrete natural history. Pegasus, the winged steed, bears man aloft. In Nineveh the winged bull arises, and here it is curious to note that when the Assyrian bull has wings *its head becomes human*. For the exalted understanding is that of man.

The serpent marks a sensual state, a low, a grovelling desire to let the senses rule; to let the mere external feelings be gratified. The lowest portions of our godlike nature are deified. How is this typified? The serpent is endowed with wings; thus it becomes a dragon, and to meet this dragon gods descend, or man would be consumed. The Brahmins hold the tortoise to be lower than the snake. It represents the stupid, sensual man, the mere man-animal. Higher than this the elephant is seen. He represents the strong and mighty understanding. Then comes the monkey, typical of the cunning man, the spirit that can spring upwards, ascending the highest palms with ease. The perfect microcosm, man, is represented by a combination of these animals; the tortoise is the base; upon his back stands a huge elephant; upon his shoulders sits an ape.

Serpents with human faces are not common things in nature, but they are in Brahminism, for they represent the humanised serpent, that is to say, the condition when man raises himself by his intellect from the grovelling sensuality of his mere corporeal nature. These figures are always rising, though still a portion of the serpent trails upon the ground.

When man was created he appeared in four forms or *colours*, or varnas, as the Brahmins have it, from the colour of the pigment of the tattoo on the forehead. These varnas have been called *castes*, from a Portuguese word meaning breed, or race, and as the Portu-

guese were the first moderns who colonised India the word has been retained, though not indigenous to India, and has crept into English as an Indian word.

These castes are called Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, and Sudras. The Brahmins are the priests. They at creation proceeded out of the mouth of Brahma. The Kshatriyas are the warriors and princes; they proceeded from beneath his arms. The Vaisyas proceeded from his loins; they compose the bulk of the Aryan population of India. The Sudras, or labourers, issued from his feet. Those who have no caste are Pariahs, *outcasts*, not in the sense of being expelled exactly (though that often happens), but in the sense of being outside the system. To lose varna is the greatest misfortune that can befall a man, for upon his retention of caste depends his future state. Terrible are the ordeals through which the poor Hindus willingly pass to regain this distinction when once lost. I remember being shown a slab or stone in Bombay on which a man who had lost caste knelt for twenty years, holding in his hand a flower-pot. The hand was bent backwards, so that the back of the hand should be directed towards the right shoulder. During the whole period he never washed, nor shaved, nor moved from that position. Insects, the huge Bombay rat called the bandicoot, snakes, and lizards, crawled over him. His food was administered by charitable people, and he 'did' his twenty years. But at the end of that period he could not bring back his arm to its place

by his side, he could not straighten his knees. He was a hopeless, helpless cripple, but he died rejoicing that he had regained varna.

Other tortures and other penances have been enjoined to men who have lost their caste, and these have been submitted to with a patience and docility that would shame us Christians to behold. Fearful torments they have been, and they were borne cheerfully in the greater hope held out by these terrific means.

Brahma is at present rather in the background, and during his comparative quiescence the worship of Vishnoo is carried on. Much respect also is paid to Indra, who is lord of the sky, a sort of Indian Baldur, a warrior god whose object is to combat and subdue the giants—the terrible Panis—who will war against him, and for a time overcome him. In this latter particular he corresponds in great measure to Thor rather than to Baldur. He is of great intelligence, represented by his riding on an elephant. He possesses complete power, typified by his four arms. He is omniscient, represented by an immense number of eyes painted over his image. At one time he was the most important of the gods, but his worship has declined. He it is who sends the rain, and blesses mankind in many ways. His thunderbolts frighten away the evil spirits, and they acknowledge him to be a great warrior, the most terrible of the gods. The beautiful dawn myth, in which Saramâ, the Dawn, seeks certain cows (the clouds) which have been stolen by the Panis,

reminds one of the vigorous touches of the Scandinavian scalds.

Max Müller, in explaining the vedic hymns, and the great Icelandic scholar, Finn Magnussen, in treating of the myths of the edda, both adopt the system of Euhemerus, who sees in these stories only a poetical account of meteorological phenomena. I must confess some surprise at this. The teaching of the descent of Divinity to rescue man is patent all through, shining out from the mythic letter like the sun from behind a cloud. And though the return of the sun, heralded by the glowing dawn drawing the rosy curtains of the East to let the sun-god come in splendour, is applicable to an everyday occurrence, yet that occurrence itself is but a type of higher truth; in fact, the rising of the sun is not a real, it is only an apparent fact, while the gradual growth of love to God—be He called Jehovah, Mahadiva, Allfather, or Zeus (the idea is the same)—growth in godly life is not sudden but gradual; there is a dawn before the rising; there is a John before the great incarnation of Love and Wisdom can be received.

There is a remarkable similarity of ideas in the mode of conveying teachings to mortals shown in the edda and in the veda which I do not remember to have seen pointed out.

The Rig Veda tells how Saramâ descends to the Panis, who ask her about Indra. 'What kind of man is this Indra? O Saramâ, what is his look?

He as whose messenger thou comest from afar? Let him come to us—we will make friends with him, and then he may be the cowherd of our cows.'

Saramâ replies, 'I do not know that he is to be subdued, for it is he who subdues everything; he whose messenger I come from afar. Deep streams do not overwhelm him; you, Panis, will one day lie prostrate, slain by Indra.'

In the edda, Odin himself, disguised as Gangrád, descends to the giants. Vafthrudnir asks him, after several questions and replies, 'Who is Odin that Vafthrudnir should steal wisdom from him? Vafthrudnir fears no mortals, and he fears no gods.'

'Odin will teach thee wisdom; he it is who will make thee tremble and lie low at the last day.'

When we bear in mind that the ox is the emblem of the understanding in a peculiar phase which allows it to be represented by the ruminants, the cow, as the female of the ox, having nearly the same signification, we are struck by the parallel between the two myths which, despite certain minor differences of detail, mean the same thing, and are evidently derived from a common source, although neither is directly derived from the other.

No language, dead or living, is so perfect as Sanscrit. Everything in it is complete. Greek is as far behind Sanscrit in perfection of form, delicacy of inflectional power, and exquisite refinement everywhere, as the language of the 'penny dreadfuls' is behind

that of Shakespeare, or the garbled twaddle of a French newspaper is behind the orations of Cicero. And the people who cultivate and know this sublime tongue, written, as the Brahmins say, in the Devanagari character (that is to say the letters of the gods), are they debased '*niggers?*' I trow not. They are infinitely below the grand old philosophers who wrote in those very characters five thousand years ago; but still there is a sense of something higher—a feeling for the abstract which in good and judicious hands might be moulded into a Christianity of a very high and lofty stamp. But they are not to be treated as though they were a low sort of Englishmen, either to be bullied or coaxed. They wanted the sword to show them that we were physically their superiors. We used it freely at the time of the Mutiny, and now may afford, perhaps, to use it as a ploughshare. But we must not err on the side of weakness—it does no good to either party. We must teach them to become good Christians and good subjects to the Queen, but we must not take wives of the daughters of the soil any more than the Jews of old. Let us, as our sires did full fourteen hundred years ago, take our brave, golden-hearted wives over the ocean with us, to teach, to raise, to succour, and to preach, not in words but in example. An Indian friend of mine once told me: 'The Hindu is a liar—he sees no harm in lying—but he reverences those who tell the truth on principle!'

Clive, in his crooked policy of fighting the Indians

with their own ignoble weapons, did us and the Anglian cause more harm than would have happened had he lost each battle that he fought. He gained the fear of those he ruled, but they did not respect him. The Iron Duke thrashed them more than Clive did, but they respected him because he never broke his word. Even the mutineers admired Havelock and Colin Campbell. The lesson those men taught is working in the Indian heart, and I believe that they have now begun to feel respect and not suspicion of the English rule. One thing is certain, they adore the Queen, and she, I verily believe, might gain all India, all America, and all the islands to join in the grand scheme of universal peace which, after all the prefatory bloodshed, shall one day smile on ANGLIA.

CHAPTER VII.

CEYLON.

Of all the islands included in the vast domain of the English empire, Ceylon is second only to England itself in the interest it affords us. But the interest which we feel in the two islands is as widely different in each case as the islands themselves are widely separated from each other. In England we have the nucleus of Anglian thought which, spreading over the whole world, has done more to the unification of the human race than any other element recorded in history.

In its beauty of scenery, in its immense mineral wealth, and in its fauna and flora, Ceylon not only exceeds England, but almost every other country of the globe. The Sanscrit name for this lovely spot is Lunka (holy or shining). In Singhalese it is called Sinha-la-Dwipa, or the Island of Lions. This name was corrupted by the Arabs into Serendib, and by the Portuguese, into Selan. It has been called by many names, one of which, Tenesserim, the Place of Delight, is very telling. It was known to the Greeks and Romans, but the ordinary sequence of European geographical discovery in the middle ages held good here. Marco Polo, a Venetian, visited Ceylon early in the fourteenth

century, but his accounts of the wonders which he saw there were ascribed rather to the exuberance of his imagination than to his veracity. Then came the Portuguese, whose settlements in the island were considerable; they usurped the whole of its commerce, and their presence interrupted the traffic which had been carried on with the mainland of India previous to the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope. But it was the Dutch whose pernicious system of monopoly really destroyed the commerce of Ceylon. From the commencement of the Christian era down to the beginning of the sixth century, Ceylon was the emporium of the trade carried on between Africa, India, and China. The insatiate greed of the individual Dutch Governors was so baleful in its results as almost to crush out the productivity of the island. So terribly was the land drained by these narrow-minded and short-sighted people, that even now, under the more humane influence of English rule, the country has not yet recovered her pristine glory.

The great commercial ports were Colombo and Galle, though grain and provisions were exported in abundance from Trincomalee, in the hands of Mahometan Arabs, who circulated the productions of Ceylon through the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf to the various countries of Asia, Europe, and Africa.

The former principal staple commodity of trade exported from Ceylon was one for which the island seemed to have a monopoly, namely, cinnamon. The

traffic in this is now no longer of importance, but from very remote antiquity down to the last century it was the most valuable spice that ever came from 'The Indies.' Besides cinnamon, her exports now consist of coffee, cocoanut oil, and areca nuts. Formerly the amount of cinnamon exported reached to more than a million of pounds a-year, but it has greatly declined of late.

The spoken language of Ceylon is a peculiar dialect, but the classic language is either Sanscrit or Pali. The Malabars use Tamul for colloquial and literary purposes, while the Brahmins, in Jaffna, employ Sanscrit. Ceylon-Portuguese is spoken by the black descendants of the Portuguese settlers, but by no other people on the island. These are all Roman Catholics.

Ceylon is divided into five provinces, namely, the Eastern, Western, Northern, Southern, and Central. Each of these is again sub-divided into districts. The principal towns are Colombo, the capital; Kandy, the former capital of the King of Kandy; Galle, or Point de Galle, the chief port; Calpentyn, Calturæ Jaffnapatam, Newerra-Ellis, and Trincomalee.

The eastern shore of the island is picturesque in the extreme. Rocky promontories rise abruptly from deep water, bays and inlets are frequent, and these are adorned with a foliage of such luxuriance as the mind would find it difficult to grasp, had not the sense of sight been called in to give its testimony. On the north-western and the western shores, this observation

is still more applicable, for there the bays and inlets are still more numerous, while the land lying lower displays its glories uninterruptedly in broad expanses of Paradisiacal scenery. The southern and south-eastern shores again show higher ground, and are, perhaps, more picturesque than the eastern and north-eastern coasts. There are excellent harbours. One of these on the east coast at Trincomalee, and another at Point de Galle, are capable of receiving shipping of the largest size, while in Colombo Roads the anchorage at certain times is quite secure and safe. Of the harbour of Trincomalee it is said that 'All the navies of the world might anchor there and be protected at any season.' On the south-eastern coast there are four ports in which small vessels may find shelter, and five on the north-eastern.

The island is nearly oval, and may roughly be described as possessing a mountain district as its centre, which centre is encircled by a belt of rich alluvial earth watered by numerous streams from the central heights.

Of the rocky headlands just alluded to, Dondera Head, the southernmost point of the island, and Trincomalee, on the north-eastern side, are the most remarkable.

The heat to which a country lying so near to the equator would be subject is modified by the great currents of wind called monsoons. The difference between the longest and the shortest day is but fifteen minutes,

and the coolest season is about the time of the summer solstice in the interval between the two monsoons. The greatest heat is felt at the opposite period of the year, so that the people of Ceylon, though lying to the north of the line, have the same succession of seasons as their neighbours under the southern tropic. The spring lasts from October to the end of December, summer from January to March, autumn from April to June, and winter from July to September. But we cannot distinguish these seasons so much by their relative heat or cold as by their difference in dryness. The sea breezes moderate the heat on the coast, but the mountains in the interior are not of a sufficient altitude to affect the temperature very materially. Indeed, these central highlands are generally hotter than the low-lying plains near the sea; nor are these mountains so much resorted to for relief as those of the mainland of India, for, being covered with jungle, they are unhealthy in the extreme, the abode of jungle fever and other amenities of Oriental life.

'This mountain region does not exceed in general one or two thousand feet in perpendicular elevation above the level of the sea. The higher tracts are usually of small extent. The most central of these, rising nearly 4000 feet, is only twelve miles long by two or three broad. Another, called Nuwera-eliya, not far from the last, rises 5000 feet, and has a circumference of less than twenty miles. But the highest peak rises considerably above this elevation; it is

called Adam's Peak (Pico d'Adam of the Portuguese, Samanala of the native inhabitants), and is about 5500 feet high. The average height of the hilly region between the mountains and the shore may be estimated at 500, and that of the shore or level near the sea at fifty feet.'*

The abundance of precious stones or gems renders the island a valuable possession, for here may be found amythest, rose quartz, cat's-eye, and prase, the latter more rarely than the rest, and chiefly in the neighbourhood of Trincomalee. Garnets are found, but of no very remarkable quality, and the so-called cinnamon-stone is peculiar to Ceylon. The zircon family is richer here than anywhere else; common zircon, hyacinth, and a third kind are often met with. The yellow sort is sold by the natives as topaz, the red as rubies, and the light grey as diamonds. Rubies are very abundant. Spinel is the most rare, sapphire is much more common. The purple variety, or Oriental amythest, is rare, a green variety still more so. The black corundum is not so common as the sapphire.

The chief object of cultivation is rice, and to effect the necessary irrigation in the dry season immense tanks of a peculiar half-moon shape were, in the remote parts, constructed by the ancient inhabitants, and these tanks still remain, lasting proofs of the ingenuity and industry of the ancient Singhalese.

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* Knight's *English Cyclopædia.*

No place in the world is so rich in vegetation. The productions of other tropical countries thrive here in great luxuriance, besides many which are only found in Ceylon. Fruit is so abundant and so peculiar that the Singhalese need only gather enough of it to be beyond all cares as to food. Of course, where such profusion abounds, those who possess it are indifferent to the blessing.

Among these curious fruits is a kind of spice, gathered before it is ripe, boiled, dried, and then ground, to make a condiment for the Portuguese, which in their language is called a *carree*. This word has become naturalised in India, and comes back again to Europe as an Indian word.

The trees are very extraordinary. There is one, called the talipot palm, from a word signifying 'a woman's fan,' and the leaves of this tree are of such enormous size that a single one of them serves as a roof under which some fifteen or twenty men may find secure shelter from the rain. These leaves are plaited, and may be folded like a fan, so as to be readily portable. Though perfectly waterproof and tough they may readily be cut with a knife. The whole when spread out is circular, and resembles a gigantic umbrella, but it is cut for use into segments which are almost triangular, and serve as a protection against rain, heat, and the thorny shrubs of the forest. Every Singhalese soldier carries one, which is his parasol or umbrella by day, and his tent by night. These leaves

grow on the top of the tree, which bears no fruit whatever until the last year of its life, I believe the fiftieth, and on the top appears a sort of tuft of great branches, all full first of yellow blossoms. This tuft developes into a globular fruit about the size of a large cherry, which, however, is useless for food, and only fit to plant as seed. The pith, like that of the sago-palm, is very good to eat if the tree be cut down before it runs to seed. They beat it in mortars to flour, and then make cakes of it, which taste somewhat like European white bread.

In the Ethnological Gallery of the British Museum there are specimens of these regimental fans, exhibiting much of the native taste in their adornment. The priceless collection in the national storehouse, arranged under the superintendence of Mr. Franks, is remarkably instructive on colonial matters. Ceylon is well represented.

Perhaps the most wonderful of the productions of Ceylon is the banyan-tree, whose branches, descending to the earth, take root and form fresh stems, so that in process of time one tree becomes a forest of most peculiar kind; for, owing to the connexion between the parent stems and the branches which have become trees, there is an uninterrupted succession of green arcades such as might have given rise to the immortal line,

'And arched groves that Sylvan loves.'

In such a climate, where the rays of a tropical sun attack poor undefended man like the constant discharge

of a Gatling gun, the provision for his needs in the talipot and the banyan-trees is wonderful, the one providing him with a portable home and the other affording him a 'cloistered shade' such as no human architect could construct.

The kitul is a kind of palm, which is of great service to the natives of Ceylon. An ordinary tree will yield three or four gallons a-day of a liquor sweet and pleasing to the palate and as wholesome as water, but no stronger. This liquor they boil, and make from it a kind of brown sugar called jaggory. The branches of this tree supply the natives with materials for ropes, its trunk with wood for pestles. Its buds, like those of the cocoa and the betel-nut-tree, have a strong flavour similar to that of the almond.

The dunekaya gha, the leaves of which are manufactured into mats and the roots into ropes, is extraordinary in its usefulness, while the bó-gha, or divine-tree, is as much an object of veneration among the Singhalese as among the followers of Brahma, for they believe that under its shade Buddha delighted to repose while he dwelt upon earth.

The jaggee-tree bears a nut which is the largest fruit in the world. It is so large that a woman can only carry one at a time on her head when going to market, for it is as large as the head of a horse. It does not hang from the tree by a stalk, which might be awkward for the inhabitants, but grows out of the top of the trunk, where it resembles the capital to a

column. The outside of this nut is not unlike the custard apple, or a green pineapple, but the interior is full of kernels like beans. The wood is hard and of beautiful grain. From it a sap is drawn which is called jagger or jaggee. This ferments, and forms a species of arrack, which is greatly exported. The sailors call this tree the Jack-tree, and by this name it is generally known.

In a commercial point of view the cinnamon-tree was long the pride of Ceylon. Native children were employed in chipping off portions of the bark, which were subsequently treated by other hands, until it assumed the form of long rolls of bark known as sticks of cinnamon. Other industries have been opened up, which afford the Singhalese a wider scope for their ingenuity and better remuneration for their labour.

The elephants of Ceylon are celebrated as the finest in the world, the leopards are the fiercest, and for the rest the fauna of Ceylon may be said to be the same as that of the continent of India. There is one very remarkable little fellow, who is brought down to Colombo by the natives as a great curiosity in a cage. This is a stag about the size of a common hare. It is well formed, and very fierce.

The inhabitants of the island may be divided into four classes or kinds. First we have the European settlers, who are the chief traders; next come the Mahometans from various parts of Asia; thirdly, the Malabars; and, fourthly, the Singhalese. Of these

the Mahometans are called by the Dutch, English, and Portuguese settlers, Moors; and these latter are more numerous than the Europeans, being derived from various Mahometan tribes scattered over the adjacent islands and continents, as well as from the Mussulman soldiers employed by Europeans. More numerous than these are the Malabars, who are Hindus from the opposite coast. But far exceeding these, again, in number are the genuine Singhalese, who are subdivided into Singhalese proper and the Veddas or Beddas.

These latter are dwellers in the interior of the forests; they are very tenacious of their customs, and will not brook intrusion upon their territories unless permission for such intrusion be first obtained from one of their chiefs. They are shorter than the average height of men amongst ourselves, but they are very muscular; the women wear a short petticoat or kilt descending from the waist half-way to the knee, and the men wear a cloth wound round the loins, very similar to that worn by the *bearers* in Bombay. They are excellent archers and carry a bow which, when unbent, is ten or twelve feet long, and being armed with a lance-head, forms a spear as well as a bow. The arrows are bamboo shafts tipped and barbed with iron. It used to be said of them that they never missed their aim. The chief object of their worship seems to be the bó-gha or pippal-tree which they surround with a stone enclosure and adorn with lamps. They offer up a sacrifice of three or four red fowls to

Buddha under these trees, when they are sick and want to get well.

The Singhalese proper are not black but of an olive complexion, those nearest the coast being, like our own fishermen and sailors, browned into a darker hue. Some of them are as yellow as the Chinese. They are not robust, but thin, slight, and very agile; they are clever and capable of a considerable amount of learning. They are grave and courteous in their demeanour, but have an overweening idea of their superiority over all the rest of the world. The spirit of caste is quite as strong as it is amongst the Hindus. Lying is habitual, and with them it is accounted no sin. But they, like the Hindus, greatly venerate those who are truthful. They have no idea of morality, and are extremely superstitious.

They rise with the early dawn and retire to rest a few hours after sunset; a mat spread on the floor or a couch constitutes all their bedding, though the rooms in which they sleep are said to have perpetual fires burning. This reminds one of the custom in Russia of having the rooms so heated as to render much bed-clothing, even in winter, superfluous.

The Portuguese on settling in this island appear to have taught the natives cruelty, for the little Singhalese are not a cruel people. This was one vice which they had yet to learn, and the Portuguese taught it. They were tolerably low in a moral point of view, but the Portuguese brought them lower. We know that the

Portuguese were white, that they were *officially* Christians, that is to say, they believed in what the Church of that time could teach them, and even that, perverted as it had become by human traditions, they perverted still more, until the Christian body of the Church, so to speak, was dead, and the spirit fled for ever. Lower and lower sank these men until they reached the sensual or merely animal stage in which man is hardly elevated above the brutes—in some respects he is lower than they, as the Australian negroes are. The Portuguese sank thus. All moral ties were loosened. They had not, like our Viking forefathers, brought their wives to bless them in 'the far off Ind.' No, they preferred an animal existence in this respect, that brought them lower than the beasts that perish. The native Singhalese were olive—there were no negroes on the island—but the result of Portuguese descent in vice and crime has shown us the phenomenon of a degeneration as startling as it is real. There *are* negroes on the island now. But they are all Portuguese holding, indeed, the externals of the faith which their progenitors professed no farther back than the sixteenth century,,and speaking Portuguese, and yet as black as any negro on the coasts of Africa.

Here is a case of pure degeneracy. A white race lost and fallen to the colour of the negro! There was no black admixture to help this downward progress and meet it, as it were, half-way. The women of the

land were not much darker than the Portuguese—and the result of Portuguese licentiousness is that their descendants are negroes.

I have had these negroes in my service and know that they are clever to an incredible extent, speaking four or five languages with equal inaccuracy, but quite and utterly devoid of principle. They possess no moral feeling, no sense of right or wrong. They have a strong craving for another's goods which must be gratified at any risk to him who has the property, provided it be not attended with risk to him who seeks it.

These people are not yet so low as the poor savages of the Australian desert. We know not now how many ages the latter have taken to decay. Their fall is quite outside our knowledge of our race. But these degenerate Portuguese have sunk in such a brief and modern period that we can trace their fall as easily as we may read the history of any modern family whose pedigree is known.

There is no parallel *per contra*. There is no instance of a negro race improving up to white; for where a mixture of the races has occurred the loss of whiteness in the offspring of the whiter parent is a set-off against the gain of such white element in that offspring as being son or daughter of a black. What is gained from one is lost by what is derived from the other.

Besides, such improvement up supposes always the

presence of a higher race whose offspring is to fall. There is no case on record of a darker race improving up into a white of itself, but this most glaring instance of a race descending into blackness stands before us.

The influence of climate may have something to do with this, but the pure Singhalese are very far from black. There are no blacks in India save such men whose skin by long exposure to the sun has tanned itself into so deep a mahogany as to leave but little margin to the negro, but this will all wear off. The Arabs are more prone to blacken in the sun than the Hindus, nor are they negroes in the sense I mean. Had we been monkeys, educated up to full Caucasian beauty by the schoolmaster and priest, I should expect to find some means of tracing such a rise—but, no! All through the many races on this earth of ours the case is otherwise; we have *decay*, we have a falling from the perfect norm until a race dies out, we have abundant evidence to show us how man fell, but not a single instance of his rise from black up to the white.

We need not go so far as to Ceylon to see a similar phenomenon. Here, in this very town of London, we see decay of form, though on account of absence of climatic influence there is no change—as yet—in colour. Take a low London rough, one of the true Bill Sykes's breed. Look at his profile. The facial angle is acute as in a negro. The forehead as receding

as any black man's brow, the nose as flat, the lips as sensual. Blacken him with charcoal and put him side by side with any Dyak of the old pirate days of Borneo, and none could tell which was the truest negro. Here we have brought home to us the very principle I started from, that we have traces of degeneracy before our very eyes, but not an instance of development. Bring me an instance—only one—where a black race has raised itself, and I will yield to Darwin; until that be produced I shall believe the teachings of the Bible—the only book that claims to be inspired—that man was made in God's own image, that is, he was created as a perfect man to be a perfect man by One whose work could only be most perfect. Now to enhance the glory of that work, man was provided with a sense of freedom. He had the power of choice, superbly told us in figurative phrase, that gives the story of our fall by the misuse of free volition in a parable.

In the last chapter I have pointed out how curiously the Brahmins made their outward figures to be the vehicles of inward thought. Are *they* to be the highest in the world of emblematic writers? God forbid! We have a prize in a far holier book teaching us higher truths than can the vedas or the eddas ever teach, but it is written on a system common to the common ancestors of the Semitic and the Aryan races. There we are taught how a serpent tempted Eve—or woman. Woman tempted man, who ate the fruit

which gave him power to assimilate the knowledge to himself of what was good or evil.

Now we have seen that serpents signify the low and sensual lusts and vile concupiscences of the natural man. Woman is that part of man that bears the form of love, while he is more the exponent of wisdom—not to deny to woman wisdom, or to man love, but she is more a form of love as wife and mother, while he, the colder, sterner intellect, *feels love alone through her*. Now when the cunning sensual part of man appeals to *love* within him until it gains the approval of his intellect, then man is lost. The garden of delight is closed—he cannot bear its glories—he has listened, through that dear one's ears, and both are fallen, never to rise until the highest shall assume the lowest, and combat what could not approach Him but for such gracious condescension, and through His mercy bruise the serpent's head, crushing all sensual vice and low desires beneath the mighty heel.

I am not going to enter into a minute discussion of the various points of the Darwinian theory of development from lower principles, but what I have adduced as an example on my side of the question proves the contrary to take place, and is also in harmony with the only book that claims to be inspired and to teach us the truth from its Divine original.

Such figurative language, or, I should rather say, such language of pure symbols, was common to the ancient people of the globe in times long antecedent to

the Christian era. The congruous emblem was as fit to be the vehicle of truth as any ray of light that leaves the sun is fit to be the vehicle of heat. All things around those early people bore a charmed life, and told a tale of high interior thought, 'sermons' they read 'in stones and good in everything.' Man lost the faculty of seeing into spirit life through forms of mud and clay, and then the holy teachings were withdrawn —the corpse alone was left. Still, if we gaze upon a mummy case, and know a little of the hieroglyphic teachings painted there, a human life is partially revealed. So in a higher measure the stories of the vedas, of the eddas, nay, the very Buddhist legends, may become useful in giving us a key whereby to open a treasure-house of teachings of the highest kind of truth.

Before I leave this subject I must point out how completely the Portuguese were abandoned, as it were, to their own resources. They went away, bent on the search for wealth, far from control of priest or friend, beyond the pale of civilised society, and so were left in freedom. They listened to the serpent, and they fell. In Europe there is always some restraint, and now-a-days in India, thanks to the Viking thought that sends our women to watch over us, the youths who at the present time go thither are not exposed to such temptations as those which proved too much for Clive and Warren Hastings. No; for the Queen is there. I do not mean Victoria in the flesh, but that

peculiar phase of Scandinavian life of which her rule is emblematical.

Much has been said, and more written, about the religious observances of the East. But, unfortunately, travellers who have thought it worth their while to look into this matter at all have generally remained, so to speak, on the threshold of the temple without making the slightest attempt to penetrate into the holier mysteries jealously guarded within. We have heard of the ablutions of the Brahmins, of the forms and observances at various festivals, of the names of certain idols, of the forms of temples and the like, but no writer has sought to raise the veil and show what these mysterious, strange, and weird observances might mean. The carpenter's work and gilder's art have both been criticised, while the lessons to be taught within the temple have been left unread.

And when Brahminism became encrusted over with external forms, they killed her and grew monstrous. Foul superstition arose, and superstition is ever cruel. So the rites *were* cruel to an unprecedented degree.

Some of these outer forms that killed the life of Brahma were recognised as cruel and opposed to Brahma's nature by men who yet believed in him, and one of these sought to improve the *cultc* and raise it from its low position by claiming in himself to be the form assumed by Brahma in his incarnation, as the demi-god called Buddha. Curiously enough, as in the North there were two Odins, the hero and the

god, so in Buddhism there is an historical Buddha and a mythological Buddha. Nor does the parallel stop here, for as the historic Odin is less interesting, and certainly less to be believed in, than the mythological personage, so the historical Buddha is less worthy of our attention than the mythological personage. However, in Ceylon these merge so much into each other that it is difficult to say where one begins and the other ends.

One of the manifestations or incarnations of the Divine was to be in the form of Buddha, which name means neither more nor less than wisdom, and this is an almost miraculous circumstance when we consider that in our creed of Christianity the manifestion of Divine love takes place through Divine wisdom —'the *word*' (or wisdom) 'was made flesh and dwelt among us.'

With such an expectation as was opened by this prophecy still fresh in the Hindu mind, it was not surprising that an individual, shocked at the cruelties to which the humane teachings of Brahminism had been reduced, should have assumed the character of Buddha to effect reforms such as he saw were necessary, but it is somewhat singular that he should have been believed in to such an amazing extent, for in round numbers one-third of the human race are Buddhists.

Leaving our mythical considerations, I will try to give the reader a general idea of the historic Buddha,

assisting my memory by references to the various works mentioned as part of my authority.

The founder of Buddhism was, as we are told, the son of Suddhódana, king of Magadha, in South Behar, and Mayâ, the queen. His name was originally Sarvârthasidha, but he had several others, and was best known either as Sâkya or Buddha. The title of Buddha does not appear to have been given him until he obtained a very superior amount of sanctity as a teacher of religion. This name has been corrupted by various processes in various parts of the East, and in China his appellation appears as Fo-ta and Fo. The date of the introduction of this sect is traced back to the sixth century before the Christian era.

The desire of having a reliable biography of a person living nearly two thousand five hundred years ago is not likely to be gratified in a very satisfactory manner. What is related of him, therefore, must, like the story of the historic Odin, be received with much reserve. We are told that when, as an infant, he was, as is the custom in India, presented to an idol, this idol bowed, as recognising the superior power of a present deity, or at least as presaging the infant's future greatness. His progress in learning under a skilful tutor was remarkable, and at the age of twenty his person was of transcendent beauty. At that period he married a noble virgin of equal gifts as far as personal charms were concerned. His children were one son and one daughter. At this time, falling into a

reverie on the subject of human depravity, he resolved to retire from the world and become a hermit. His father appointed guards to watch his motions and to prevent his doing this, but in vain. He escaped to the banks of a river called Arnassara in the kingdom of Udipa. Here he lived six years undisturbed in his contemplations. At the end of this time he came forward again at Warnashi, or Benares, as a religious teacher. It is said that when first his doctrines were promulgated many began to doubt the soundness of his mind, but they soon gained credit, and spread so rapidly that Buddha himself lived to see them extend all over India. He died in the eightieth year of his age.

To become a Buddhist it was necessary to assert belief in him and to call upon his name, and the neophyte desiring to enter the priesthood had to shave his hair, to wear a cloak made of yellow rags, and to study under an older believer. No person could be admitted to the society by a single member. It could only be done by the general assembly. This assembly, of which Sâkya was the chief, consisted of male and female mendicants, who bound themselves by a vow to perpetual chastity and poverty ; but besides these were other members, who had not taken this oath which connected them for ever with perpetual poverty and asceticism. From among the ascetics the elders were chosen according to their rank and seniority. The highest rank was that of the aryas, or those who had

realised the truth of the four axioms which are the foundation of the Buddhist doctrine. These are the following:—First, that pain exists; secondly, that all that is born in this world suffers pain; thirdly, that it is necessary to deliver ourselves from it; fourthly, that knowledge alone offers the means of this deliverance.

Transmigration of the soul, rewards for good acts and punishment for bad, lead to the idea of expiation to be effected by the performance of good actions, but the only good act prescribed, formally, is the practice of confession, and this was enjoined by Sâkya himself.

The original worship of Buddha was extremely simple. The ceremonies consisted in offering flowers and perfume accompanied by instrumental music, hymns, and prayers. There were no sacrifices of bleeding, suffering victims, nor were the prayers addressed to one god or any number of gods, but to Buddha under his compound name of Sâkya-Muni, corporealised in a figure representing him, and in the buildings which were made to cover his bones. An image and relics, therefore, are the only tangible or outward elements in this extraordinary worship. With so little external material, the worship of Buddha was of an abstract and refined order in its original conception, but the formalities with which it has become encrusted in later times have degenerated into the grossest idolatry.

The abstract ideas referring to Sâkya ascribe to him supernatural personal beauty, of which they assert that

he possesses thirty-two attributes, or rather characteristics, and eighty secondary signs. He is always represented under the figure of a man sitting as the posture of contemplation. Round this has become grouped a series of incarnate principles, notably the five Dhyani, representing the power of Buddha as a teacher or leader. They have been thought, as usual, to be mere impersonations of five phenomena of the physical world, but they are only various embodiments of the power of Buddha.

The relics consist of the ashes of Sâkya, which, after the body was burnt, were collected into eight metal cylinders and buried under the like number of chaitayas. The uninterrupted tradition of seventeen centuries confirms the destination of these topes or columnar erections, of which some have been opened by General Ventura, Major Cunningham, Lieutenant Massy, and other investigators of more recent date.

The books now extant form three classes—the Sutrapitaka, or discourses of Buddha; the Vinayapitaka, or the discipline; and the Abhidharmmapitaka, or his manifested laws or metaphysics. The whole are termed Tripitaka. This division is also recognised among the Chinese, who name them sacred books, precepts, and discourses.

The sutras are dialogues, in which Sâkya is the teacher, and this again reminds one of the mode in which instruction is conveyed in the eddas, where Odin, as Gangrád, tells the giant Vafthrudnir all the

learning of Valhalla in a series of answers to his questions. In the poetic or elder edda there is a divine song called the Vólaspá, where the refrain is, 'Have ye understood this or not?' and the vala, or priestess, who utters the verse, refers to her memory and to what she has learnt. In a similar manner in the sutras, information always commences with the formula, 'Lo! what I have learnt!' supposed to be uttered by Sâkya.

Sâkya was a great reformer, and one of his greatest and most useful reforms was the abolition of the system of caste in religious matters. Caste in secular affairs is as much insisted on by the Singhalese as by the Brahmins, but any one whose life and piety may prove him a fitting recipient for so great an honour may become a Buddhist. A sudra may, if he pass through the proper ordeals, become a priest, which is a grand step in the direction of religious freedom, admitting that all men are equal in the eyes of God. But the names of the castes are constantly quoted. A response of the great reformer is recorded which is important as giving us a key, as it were, to his views of the religion he was introducing among men. The Brahmins had been ridiculing him on account of a new disciple, whom he had converted, and who was sunk in the lowest degree of misery and abasement. 'My law,' he said, 'is a law of grace for all, and what is that but a law of grace for all which enables the most miserable to become religious?' A doctrine so very Christian in

its tendency that we cannot wonder at its finding adherents all over the East. This, too, was long before the birth of our Lord, consequently the Divine grace breathed from the lips of the Saviour could not have influenced Sâkya. There are those who would assert that some of these teachings, on the contrary, influenced our Lord Himself, but this is only one of the wild and unconsidered theories of those whose hatred of the Christian name will make them grasp at any means through which they may exude their venom on the true and good to their own injury. How could these teachings have been known in Bethlehem or at Jerusalem? How could they have found hearers among the Jews of that momentous period? And even if they had been heard of there or known, the doctrine of the universal goodness of the God of love and of His grace to all alike who chose to be partakers, though a grand point in Christianity, is not its all in all.

The style of the Buddhist writings is not so rich as that of the Mahabharat, nor does it affect the monotonous strain of the puranas. The plan is simple and inartificial. In the sutras Sâkya is usually placed in some town in India, where he is surrounded by a number of hearers, all intent on becoming religious, and not infrequently his audience is augmented by the addition of some of the gods of the Brahminical system. In his lectures, however, he does not refer to these gods; he only mentions Buddhas, of whom the Sâkya is the last and best. All men are, like

himself, the sons of kings—that is, of Brahmans. He claims to have had a previous existence, and occasionally relates what occurred to him before his incarnation. He admits the existence of the gods of the Brahmins, but he declares their power to be inferior to that of Buddha, whose divine essence, he asserts, is constantly moving in an ever-active current of life through animals, criminals, men, and gods, that all the visible world is perpetual change, that death succeeds life and life death, but by the practice of six transcendent perfections — alms, morals, science, energy, patience, and charity—a man may hope to obtain rest from this continued change, and arrive at the state of nirvâna—deliverance or annihilation.

One very important difference between Sâkya and the Brahmins was the mode by which conversion was effected and the new faith conveyed. He preached, which the Brahmins do not, and herein we may see another link with Christianity, the practisers of which are commanded to preach. The Brahmins repeat, read, and to some extent expound the vedas and puranas, but they do not preach: therefore this was a great innovation, and it was a successful one because popular, and it was doubtless one of the causes of the extraordinary success with which his efforts were crowned. Religious teaching was now no longer the exclusive property of a privileged class, but became accessible to all who were willing to acquire it. This was, of course, unpleasant for the Brahmins, who were nothing

if not of caste. Hence it is that they succeeded in driving Buddhism out of India proper.

Buddhism having for its object thus to bring all men together, notwithstanding caste, was not directed to the destruction of their caste, for how could it hold together that which it destroyed? Nor do the Buddhists make any very high claims for the remote descent of their own form of religion, admitting that it is only a modification of Brahminism. It is, in fact, a great simplification of Brahminism; it is more popular, I had almost said democratic, but as Brahminism is so essentially aristocratic in its tendencies, the expression *more* democratic would be absurd. It is much more simple, which is again a difficult position, for Brahminism is extremely complicated. But it is not in the least dogmatic, and herein lies another grand difference. All its teachings are essentially moral, and this morality rests upon an imitation of Buddha, which is as much as to say that he forms the ideal to copy which is to attain a religious life in the world. The whole gist of his commands may be summed up in the command to imitate Buddha.

In the last chapter reference was made to the mystic syllable 'Aum' pronounced by the Brahmins at the commencement and the end of a lecture on the vedas. This solemn and mysterious syllable is retained by the priests of Buddha, who use it in the same way.

The practice of the virtues referred to and the belief in Buddha are sufficient to ensure nirvâna or

annihilation, and this is where the unpleasant part of Buddhism comes in. The Brahmins hope to become assimilated to the person of Brahma, their chief god, after death, but the Buddhist seeks no after-life—he wants to have his body destroyed and his spirit annihilated. No god whatever is sought for after all; the incarnation of the divine—which some say Buddha was—became a simple mortal, and sought in annihilation peace.

This is atheism with a vengeance, and the great spread of the views can only be accounted for by the absence of caste in religious faith on the one hand, and the indolence inculcated on the other.

Of late years there has been a powerful admixture of Brahminism, which is, in so far, better, that the man Sâkya pales before the divinity of the incarnate Buddha, in whose train, as a Hindu god, other subordinate deities are introduced; and Buddhism pure becomes mixed up with the worship of Siva and the female deities of his special *culte*. And yet, by an apparent contradiction, Buddha should not mean a man, but a *state* of wisdom. To this state of wisdom any one may attain by a life of asceticism and the practice of certain virtues. Those who have reached this position of virtue are called Boddhisâttwas, and they may hope for the state of annihilation. He who wishes to attain this state cannot do it of his own will. He must, by passing through many stages of transmigration, have merited the favour of one or two of

the gigantic Buddhas, in whose reality most Buddhists believe. And here steps in the new feature, which relieves the atheistic tendencies of the older faith. When he is in full possession of the favour of these beings, in one of their heavenly mansions above the earth, he awaits, under the title of Boddhi-vatthu, the moment of his reappearance in the world. Descended upon earth, he is not yet Buddhas; it is not until he has undergone all the proofs afforded by transmigration, accomplished the most exalted duties, and penetrated the most sublime truths by sciences, that he can become Buddhas. Then he has the power of delivering men from the conditions of transmigration by teaching them charity, and showing them that those who practise the duties of morality in this life, and strive to attain scientific knowledge, may one day attain to the supreme state of Buddha. At length, having taught the law, he enters into the Nirvana. Sâkya claimed to be one of these mysterious Buddhas.

We can see the descent from the worship of a god of *love* (strange and grotesque as that worship had become) into the worship of *wisdom*, and thence into the worship of mere science.

The Buddhist doctrines comprise, besides these simple *dicta*, a very abstruse system of metaphysics, in which speculations occur, in essentially Indian forms, on the absolute, on the first cause of the universe, and on the essence of things. All these problems are treated in the Abidharma (one of the Buddhist books),

just as they are treated by European *savans*, and the solutions arrived at are frequently identical, allowing for the difference between the European and the Indian mind.

The first foreign country into which Brahminism was introduced from India proper was apparently Ceylon, which remains its chief seat still. The chronicles of the island, written in Pâli, go back to its first civilisation by Buddhists. Remains of Buddhist temples of very high antiquity are found there, and in modern times Marco Polo refers to the pilgrimages in the thirteenth century, when he visited Ceylon, made by the Buddhists to the so-called print of Buddha's foot on Adam's Peak in Ceylon. He speaks in the following terms of the Buddhists:—

'The idolaters of Kampion, the principal city of the province of Tangent, have many religious houses or monasteries and abbeys, built after the manner of the country, and in those a multitude of idols, some of which are of wood, some of clay, and some of stone, and covered with gilding. These images are held in extreme veneration. . . . Those persons among the idolaters who are devoted to the services of religion lead more correct lives, according to their ideas of morality, than the other classes, abstaining from sensual and carnal appetites.'

The Buddhists reject entirely the authority of the vedas and the sacrifices and religious observances kept up by the Hindus. It seems strange that what can

only be regarded as a sect should now become so formidable a rival to the older form, and yet the case was precisely similar with the Reformation.

This leads us back to the original settlement of the Portuguese in 1517, who, after assuring themselves of the possession of the island, commenced a series of incessant attacks, with their accustomed cruelty and dogmatism, upon the natives. And the bigotry and intolerance of the Portuguese were the sources of perpetual dissension. When the Dutch, under Admiral Spilbergen, appeared in 1601, landed on the coast, and sought the alliance of the King of Kandy, in the interior of the island, every encouragement was given to them by the Kadians, who hoped by their means to drive out the Portuguese. Nothing seems to have come of this until, in 1639, the Dutch attacked and rased the Portuguese forts on the east coast, and in the following year landed at Negombo, but without establishing themselves in any strong post. In 1643 Negombo was captured and fortified by the Dutch, and fifteen years afterwards the fall of Colombo gave them the full command of the whole of the seaboard of Ceylon.

More tolerant or less ambitious of rule than the Portuguese, the Dutch contrived to make friends of the Singhalese, and to establish commercial relations with India and with Europe on a different basis from that which formed the groundwork of the old Singhalese commercial system. But Dutch rapacity proved a

heavy drain upon the people on the one hand, while the extortions and cruelties of the King of Kandy on the other reduced them to the extreme of wretchedness.

The King of Kandy was never better pleased than when he could glut his eyes with the sufferings of his subjects. Of course there were plenty of criminals to be had, and it was 'his custom always of an afternoon' to have batches of these wretches butchered under his balcony of state with details of cruelty such as the pen refuses to chronicle.

And here is a very remarkable fact to be noted. It is well known that tyranny and cruelty are always joined with cowardice. The Singhalese are not brave men, but they are cruel. When the Dutch came among them these latter (the Dutch) were a bold, courageous nation, who, acting as allies, drove off the Portuguese by dint of bravery. They settled on the island, and a century later found them cowardly and imbecile. Their cowardice and imbecility lost them, in the year 1796, what their valour had gained them in 1653. The first intercourse of the English with Ceylon took place in 1766, when an embassy was despatched from Madras to the King of Kandy, which, however, did not lead to any special result. On the rupture between England and Holland in 1795 a force was sent out against the Dutch possessions at Ceylon, where the opposition offered was so slight that by the following year the whole of the Dutch forts were in the hands of the English commander.

At first the island was placed under the care of the Honourable East India Company, but in 1802 it reverted to the Crown; but the English dominion at that time extended no farther than to the maritime provinces. The central tract of hilly country, hedged in by impenetrable forests and precipitous mountain ranges, remained in possession of Wickrama Singh, the last of the Malabar dynasty of kings, who showed no sign of encouraging communication with his European neighbours.

Of course we had to take Kandy, which we did in 1814 after a series of severe, perhaps disgraceful, disasters; but on the 2nd of March, 1815, the entire sovereignty of the island passed into the hands of the English, and it is now called (in punning allusion to its fisheries) the pearl of the English crown. I may here adduce the writings of a contemporary author to show that work is being done in other directions than in mere merchandise to improve the condition of the Singhalese, and I take the liberty of giving an account of the impression made on the mind of a missionary by one particular form of his work in nearly his own words. Mr. Moffat tells us that—

'About twelve miles from Colombo, the chief town of Ceylon, on the high road to Galle, which is the second town, there is a rich belt of land lying between the sea on one side and an extensive lagoon on the other. On this bank of land stands the thriving village of Morotto, remarkable for its fishermen and its

carpenters. And here it was that the incident I am going to relate occurred.

'Turning our backs upon the weird and wonderful scenery, we remark a dome with gilded pinnacles glittering in the sunbeams on the top of the hill, and surrounded with bó-trees. That dome belongs to a Buddhist temple where learned priests are thronging, each ordained by a chapter organized with profound policy, and venerating legitimacy of succession as much as any ecclesiastical body in Rome—priests, but with this reservation, that *man* is the only god they acknowledge, while, for man, alas! notwithstanding his possible godhead, when this life is over they allow no heaven better than annihilation. The common people do perhaps worship Buddha as if he were a real being, great and powerful, and consciously existing somewhere. But the sacred books adore his memory only, and the priesthood proclaim no god to the multitude but themselves. This is bad enough. What can be worse than atheism? And yet let us hear what the boatman says of the headland on the other side of the lake, so remarkable for its hoary trees and dense, impenetrable jungle. There is a hidden treasure there, he says. Then why not go and dig it up?

'"Ah! it is guarded by a devil."

'This answer reminds me of a custom much practised at Ceylon, I am told, at no very remote time, the very thought of which makes the blood run cold. It was this:—

'The owner of a treasure, when he apprehended from any cause that such treasure was not safe at home, having selected some lonely spot in the jungle, dug two holes there close beside each other. One of these holes is large enough to hold the treasure, the other much larger. This done, he returns to his house, and having provided himself with a large knife and concealed it in his dress, calls a trusty servant, and showing him the bag of treasure, bids him "follow." The faithful servant obeys, and when they have arrived at the secret spot the treasure is deposited in its hole and committed to the keeping of the servant, on which his throat is cut and his body buried. And therefore he who receives this reward for his fidelity is believed to be a demon, and the treasure safe in the keeping of Yakka.

'This is a sample of the atrocities which demon worship prompts. Barbarities like these were only practised in former times, but still demon worship forms the only positive religion of the heathen in Buddhistic countries. It prevails to a vast extent not only in Ceylon, but in all Southern India, and this is truly lamentable, both in a religious point of view and because it is so gloomy, unsocial, and inhuman. It is to a priest of this religion that the incident relates to which we now proceed.

'He was an old man, and the temple where he ministered was his own. It presented its dismal front in a shady grove, almost fifty yards off a much-fre-

quented by-road which led from the highway to a populous village on the banks of the lake. And there had the old demon priest remained for many a long year by his idols. And many orgies had he celebrated in every hamlet around. Wherever there was any one sick who could afford to pay, or anything secret which was wanted to be known—haply a new-married woman anxious about her child—he was in request. Nay, I have been credibly informed that daughters of Christian parents have stolen away to ask the Kapruála about their fortunes; such is the hold which demon worship has in the human mind. Was this much-frequented road, then, in one of the loveliest by-paths in the world, to be left with no retreat for the piously-disposed, but a demon temple with its priest? But the Wesleyan Missionary Society has long since had a station at Morotto, and it was resolved that a mission chapel should be erected opposite the demon temple on the other side of the road.'

Just as I have seen in India a Hindu temple erected to counteract the baleful effects of a newly-erected railway-station.

'It was arranged, however, that each building should be out of the sight of the other. The chapel was accordingly built, and at the time to which this narrative refers the missionary who ministered in it was a pure Singhalese, Peter De Zylva by name, a man of great kindness of heart and energy of character.

'Mr. De Zylva's domiciliary visits were reaching

every house and hamlet in Morotto, and his voice was ringing with the mysteries of redemption, musically yet powerfully, from the desk in the Morotto chapel, Sunday and weekday, while the passengers were arrested more and more, until his little flock became a large one.

'But how was it going with the old priest in his old demon temple over the way? Was he plotting mischief and plying a bad tongue against the missionary who was thus turning the people from his temple to another, where his own religion was denounced as most sinful and most unholy, and the Christian faith proclaimed as the power of God? This was nothing less than might have been expected from human nature under the circumstances, but not so here. While the people who used to frequent his temple were turning away in the opposite direction, the old priest, sitting inside, listened day after day to the hymns and prayers and to the preaching in his own language of the Christian minister to the Christian congregation.

'At last one morning the Christian preacher was surprised by a visit from the devil priest, who respectfully saluted him. De Zylva received him with some suspicion, for the demon worshippers are very cunning and know how to turn everything to their advantage, and get money out of their clients by every means in their power.'

And here I must apologise for any inaccuracy in the rest of my quotations from a highly interesting book

on Ceylon by Mr. J. Ferguson; I have not the volume at hand and only give the substance of his remarks as nearly as my memory will serve. Though this is not a word for word quotation, the spirit of the narration is preserved.

'I want to ask your advice,' said the devil priest.

'What does that mean in money?' asked the missionary.

'Don't think that I am playing any of my old tricks upon you. I have heard so much that I want to know more. Is it possible for me to be a Christian?'

The incongruity of a priest of the devil being a Christian struck the missionary forcibly, so to prove the sincerity of the new aspirant he said, 'All things are possible with God; but you must give me the key of your temple; and there is no money to be had whatever I may do.'

'I have brought the key of the temple—I meant to give it up. I ask no money. Here is the key.'

Hardly convinced even yet, the Christian missionary took the key, and replied, 'Well, then, look here; to-morrow I shall come and smash all your idols, and destroy all that I can destroy of the temple.'

'Let it be so—I am content.'

Next morning the work of destruction went merrily forward. The devil priest became a Christian, and the ruins of the temple are standing off the pleasant by-path leading from the road.

But there are devil priests still working their

peculiar line of business at Ceylon, and by all accounts it must be very profitable, for not only do all classes of the community ask the devil priest's aid, but those who visit Ceylon for amusement are accustomed to pay well for a 'Devil's dance.' The ceremonies consist chiefly of dancing, and what in the fourteenth century was called disguisements. His reverence, the priest, dances and sings, with his face painted or hidden by horrible masks. He has small bells attached to his legs, and a flaming torch in his hand. During the performance another priest beats a loud drum in time, to which his reverence N° 1 dances and sings, not infrequently the whole night long. There is more than mere dancing in this devil service, for the priest changes his garments rapidly in harmony with some idea connected with the worship. Sometimes he assumes a black jacket, sometimes a white one, sometimes he throws himself down with horrible contor tions, then he jumps up again and performs so many extraordinary capers as to render it no easy examination for a neophyte in the priesthood to pass. The 'Greats' must be particularly difficult to obtain.

The object of this gymnastic exhibition is ostensibly to coax the devil out of the sick person, but in reality to conjure as much money as possible out of the pocket of the relatives of the sufferers. They are immensely popular, and might with effect be introduced as a new kind of ballet in London. At Ceylon the attention is apt to become strained when people have

to listen too long to the somewhat drowsy tones of the Buddhist priests, but they will watch these devil dancers all night, and never close an eye. Nor could one hesitate long as a visitor to the island which service to attend. Dull sermons are occasionally met with in England, but a priest of the devil in full canonicals would be a new sensation, and anybody having the opportunity of seeing the dance and hearing the 'music' would not be likely to throw it away.

In this short account, culled from various sources, and containing some results of my own very slight experience, enough has been said to show what a paradise on earth Ceylon might be made with some vigorous pushing on the part of the English Government. Much has been done, but *very* much remains to do.

A healthy climate, or one that will be perfectly wholesome as soon as the jungle is cleared away, a docile people, who are already thankful for what is being done for them, great capabilities of agriculture, and, finally, the finest harbours in the world, combine to render this place the most desirable acquisition that England has ever made. Nature points to it as ours. There the Anglian fleets should lie that would render us masters of the globe and enable us to say that no war-ships should be built by any nation than our own.

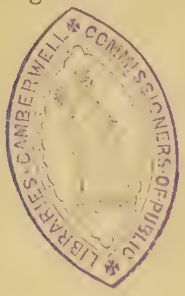
The commanding position of Ceylon as a depôt for our ships is palpable to anyone who looks at the map of Asia. It covers both the eastern and the western

coast of the Indian peninsula. It is the key to the islands and Australia. Thence the Anglian fleet could sail up the Persian Gulf on the one side of Arabia and up the Red Sea on the other, and meet the other portion of the mighty armament on the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. England and her firstborn daughter forgetting old sores should reunite in the bonds of mutual love and good fellowship, to form this vast, this irresistible alliance. If this were done, war would be impossible, for the care of the world's peace would lie in the Anglian fleet. So on land. Territory should be given to a class of fighting borderers who would safely repel attacks made by any bears or eagles on the fold.

The study of the English language is now beginning. I am living to see the glorious language of Alfred and of Shakespeare taught to English boys, where formerly nothing was to be learnt but a little Latin and less Greek. My hope is that this is a sign of greater good to come. I raised my feeble voice in the cause of 'English classic' learning some five years ago when I returned to England, and now I see existing chairs of English in all our universities. Surely the discovery that language is an exponent of the heart must be of use in bringing those, severed by continents and oceans, close together in a new Anglian home. There are two words applied to Englishmen which are, I think, objectionable, as tending to dissever those whose union should bring

'Peace on earth and goodwill to men.' Those words are 'Briton' and 'American.' We are neither one nor the other. We are both of us *English*. But as our brothers on the other side of the Atlantic might, from a feeling of false pride reject the dear old word, the softer Anglian is suggested as applicable to both, giving offence to neither.

Three queens mark different epochs. We have Bertha lending her aid to form a Christian England in the far distant past. Then Elizabeth giving authority and weight to English ventures in the new-found western lands, giving a charter to a set of merchants, which in the East was destined to endow the third great queen with Oriental empire. Now let the spirits of the three unite to form an empire far more solid than that of Roman tyrants, because it is an empire based on *love* and flourishing in wisdom. My hope is, now that I have seen my own dear home of England once again, to see before I die the Greater England one and indivisible.



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